

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY SPEAKER



FOR
HOME, SCHOOL,
SUNDAY SCHOOL,
EASTER GREETINGS,
CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR,
ENTERTAINMENTS,
TEMPERANCE,
ETC.

FOR
CHRISTMAS,
THANKSGIVING,
LABOR DAY,
PIONEER GATHERINGS,
PATRIOTIC OCCASIONS,
ETC.



From Photograph by Morrison, Chicago

"'CAUSE 'T WAS ME THAT FELL"
(See Recitation, "The Reason Why.")



EMMA GRIFFITH LUMM.

THE
TWENTIETH CENTURY
SPEAKER

CONTAINING

THE BEST AND NOBLEST READINGS AND ORATIONS THAT
HAVE BEEN PRESENTED DURING THE LAST
ONE HUNDRED YEARS

INCLUDING

DRAMAS, DRILLS AND TABLEAUX
WITH OLD TIME COSTUMES

ALSO



RECENT PATRIOTIC PIECES, BOTH PATHETIC AND HUMOROUS, AS WELL AS
SELECTIONS APPROPRIATE FOR CHRISTMAS, NEW YEAR'S, EASTER,
THANKSGIVING, OLD SETTLERS' GATHERINGS,
LABOR DAYS, ARBOR DAYS, ETC., ETC.

COMPLETE FOR BOTH PRIVATE AND PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENTS

BY

EMMA GRIFFITH LUMM

OF THE AMERICAN CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC AND ORATORY


COPYRIGHTED
BY
K. T. BOLAND
1899


... PREFACE ...



“COMING events cast their shadows before.” We are at the dawning of the “Twentieth Century.” The achievements of the last one hundred years fill the minds of the whole world with wonder. The century just closing has been one of triumph in every line of human thought and action. Science and invention have wrought miracles in the daily life of all people. Time and space have been annihilated in the commerce of the world. The college of aristocracy has yielded to the high school, and the manual training school of democracy, while the realms of broadest culture are open to all. Art, literature, music and the drama have done for the mind of man what science and education have done for his body, until to-day poise, gesture, intonation and intelligent expression are as essential in transmitting thought as is the power to think. The age is rich in priceless tributes of thought covering every phase of the last century’s development, and the people of the dawning century are searching for them.

The children, the young people, and even the old people are looking through old papers and periodicals for something new to read or speak—something appropriate for the days gone by—hence we as publishers deem this a most fitting occasion to gather together the most sacred and popular of all these tributes and under one cover supply them to the sons and daughters of America.

Can you conceive of a more fitting opportunity than this? Already plans are being heralded to celebrate in a most magnificent manner the new era. In every city, village and hamlet, in every church, school, club and organization, will be exercises fitting and appropriate. Our author has for months had this matter in mind and brings, fresh from the field of thought, hundreds of readings, poems, songs, tableaux and dramas which have been arranged specially along these lines, with something suitable for every one.

Miss Lumm has not only culled from her own repertory those selections which have been received with appreciation by large audiences, but she has added a number of original gems which have as yet been given only at private entertainments. Here also have been brought together, from many sources, some of the old yet “ever new” selections. These are not only varied in character and excellent in literary quality, but they also meet all the requirements for public delivery. Here are eloquence and wit, heroic sacrifice and moral sublimity, clothed in the sweetest language of the poet and the orator; and here, too, are stories that move us to tears, although clothed in the homeliest dialect of the people.

With the hope in view of making this Speaker a help to every one, we are,
Most respectfully,

THE PUBLISHERS.

SPEECH

TALK happiness. The world is sad enough
Without your woes. No path is wholly rough.
Look for the places that are smooth and clear,
And speak of those to rest the weary ear
Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain
Of human discontent, and grief, and pain.

Talk faith. The world is better off without
Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt.
If you have faith in God, or man, or self,
Say so; if not, push back upon the shelf
Of silence all your thoughts till faith shall come;
No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.

Talk health. The dreary, never-changing tale
Of mortal maladies is worn and stale.
You cannot charm or interest or please,
By harping on that minor chord, disease.
Say you are well, or all is well with you,
And God shall hear your words and make them true.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

INTRODUCTION.



AMONG the opportunities in life to give pleasure and win honor, there is none of greater magnitude than that offered to the orator and trained speaker. The people of to-day are quick to realize this, hence in our larger cities there are being organized schools of oratory where expression in all its phases is being taught. Books of elocution, too, are growing more and more in demand. With the advance of civilization literary entertainments, which bring no lingering regrets of wasted time, are replacing the church social. Our public school boards, too, are realizing this necessity, and are now advocating text books along this line. It is of vital importance that our youth become not only strong, patriotic citizens, but that they know how to *speak* in the world's campaigns, in the country and city elections, as well as in the quiet family circle. In this way, and this way only, can the state, the church, and the home be protected.

I believe the time is not far distant when not only society will take the subject of vocal and physical culture in hand, but when the boy on the farm and the girl in the shop will desire and demand its refining influence. This is one of the many good things left for the twentieth century to accomplish.

In the work at hand I have aimed to give such hints and suggestions to amateurs in physical culture, gesture and oratory as I have felt would prove helpful, stimulating and permanent. The "selections"—many of them are of my own arrangement, and will supply a long-felt want for "something new to speak." In rendering them let no one be discouraged who does not by nature possess the art of speech—may he strongly *will* to do the thing he would, and then set to work. What others have done he can do; therefore, let him select something suitable for the occasion and practice until he is able to interpret the author. If he is capable of *feeling* joy, grief, anger, or exultation, he is certainly capable of *expressing* these emotions.

While the compilation of this volume celebrates in sweetest strains my love for the work, yet I realize that much of the merit of the book springs from the selections themselves.

My thanks are due to the authors and publishers who have kindly accorded me permission to use their valuable selections herein.

The variety presented will furnish matter for scores upon scores of entertainments—suitable for all occasions, all classes and all ages. I believe with Longfellow: "Of equal honor with him who writes a noble poem is he who *reads* it nobly."

With the hope that I may give to the world a little of the good I feel for all,
I am,

Most sincerely, your friend,

E. G. L.

SONG OF THE DECANTER.

There was an old decanter,
and its mouth was gaping
wide; the rosy wine
had ebbed away
and left
its crystal side;
and the wind
went humming,
humming;
up and
down the
sides it flew,
and through the
reed-like
hollow neck
the wildest notes it
blew. I placed it in the
window, where the blast was
blowing free, and fancied that its
pale mouth sang the queerest strains
to me. "They tell me—puny con-
querors!—the Plague has slain his ten,
and War his hundred thousands of the
very best of men; but I"—'twas thus
the bottle spoke—"but I have con-
quered more than all your famous con-
querors, so feared and famed of yore.
Then come ye youths and maidens,
come drink from out my cup, the
beverage that dulls the brain
and burns the spirit up; that
puts to shame the con-
querors that slay their
scores below; for this
has deluged millions
with the lava tide
of woe. Though,
in the path of
battle, darkest
waves of blood
may roll; yet
while I killed
the body, I have
damned the very soul.
The cholera, the sword,
such ruin never wrought,
as I, in mirth or malice, on
the innocent have brought.
And still I breathe upon them,
and they shrink before my breath;
and year by year my thousands
TREAD THE FEARFUL ROAD TO DEATH,

NOMS DE PLUME OF WOMEN WRITERS.

IT is a curious fact that the majority of women who become really distinguished in literature under a nom de plume have done so under names that were either masculine or had no sex suggestion. Nobody could tell whether or not Currer Bell was a man or a woman, neither could they, George Sand, George Eliot, and others.

ASSUMED NAME.	REAL NAME.	ASSUMED NAME.	REAL NAME.
A. L. O. E.,	Miss Charlotte Tucker.	George Eliot,	Mrs. Marian Lewes Cross
Amy Lothrop,	Miss Anna B. Warner.	George Sand, {	Mme. Amantine Lucille
American Girl Abroad,	Miss Trafton.		Aurore Dudevant.
Aunt Kitty,	Maria J. Mackintosh.	Grace Greenwood,	Mrs. Sara J. Lippincott.
Aunt Mary,	Mary A. Lathbury.	Grace Wharton,	A. T. Thompson.
Christopher Crowfield, {	Mrs. Harriet Beecher	Harriet Myrtle,	Mrs. Lydia F. F. Miller.
	Stowe.	Hesba Stretton,	Miss Hannah Smith.
Claribel,	Mrs. Caroline Barnard.	Howard Glyndon,	Laura C. Redden.
Cousin Alice,	Mrs. Alice B. Haven.	Ianthe,	Emma C. Embury.
Cousin Kate,	Catherine D. Bell.	Jennie June,	Mrs. Jennie C. Croly.
Charles Egbert Craddock,	Miss Murfree.	John Oliver Hobbs,	Mrs. Perry Cragie.
Currer Bell, {	Charlotte Bronte (Mrs.	John Strange Winter,	Mrs. Stannard.
	Nichols).	Kate Campbell,	Jane Elizabeth Lincoln.
Dolores,	Miss Dickson.	Louise Muhlbach,	Clara Mundt.
E. D. E. N., {	Mrs. Emma D. E. N.	Marion Harland,	Mary V. Terhune.
	Southworth.	Minnie Myrtle,	Miss Anna C. Johnson.
Eleanor Kirke,	Mrs. Nolly Ames.	Mintwood,	Miss Mary A. E. Wager.
Elizabeth Wetherell,	Susan Warner.	Octave Thanet,	Miss Alice French.
Ella Rodman,	Mrs. Eliza Rodman.	Olivia,	Emily Edson Grigg.
Ellis Bell,	Emily J. Bronte.	Ouida,	Louisa De La Rame.
Fanny Fern, {	(Wife of James Parton	Patty Lee,	Alice Cary.
	and sister of N. P.	Perdita,	Mrs. Mary Robinson.
	Willis.)	Saxe Holm,	Miss Rush Ellis.
Fanny Fielding,	Mary J. S. Upsher.	Shirley Dare,	Mrs. Susan D. Waters.
Fanny Forester,	Emily C. Judson.	Sophie May,	Mrs. Eckerson.
Florence Percy, {	Mrs. Elizabeth Akers	Sophie Sparkle,	Jennie E. Hicks.
	Allen.	Straws, Jr.,	Kate Field.
Gail Hamilton,	Miss Mary Abigail	Susan Coolidge,	Miss Woolsey.
	Dodge, of Hamilton.	Una,	Mary A. Ford.

NOMS DE PLUME OF MEN WRITERS.

ASSUMED NAME.	REAL NAME.	ASSUMED NAME.	REAL NAME.
A Country Parson,	Archbishop Whately.	Bibliophile,	Samuel Austin Allibone.
Agate,	Whitelaw Reid.	Bill Arp,	Charles H. Smith.
A. K. H. B.,	Rev. A. K. H. Boyd.	Blythe White, Jr.,	Solon Robinson.
Alfred Crowquill,	A. H. Forrester.	Bookworm,	Thomas F. Donnelly.
Americus,	Dr. Francis Lieber.	Boston Bard,	Robert S. Coffin.
Artemus Ward,	Charles F. Browne.	Boz,	Charles Dickens.
Asa Trenchard,	Henry Watterson.	Brick Pomeroy,	Mark M. Pomeroy.
Barnacle,	A. C. Barnes.	Burleigh, {	Rev. Matthew Hale
Barry Cornwall,	Brvan Waller Proctor.		Smith.
Benauly, {	Benjamin Austin, and	Burlington,	Robert Saunders.
	Lyman Abbott.	Carl Benson,	Charles A. Bristed.
Besieged Resident	Henry Labouchere.	Chartist Parson	Rev. Charles Kingsley.

Noms De Plume of Men Writers—CONTINUED.

ASSUMED NAME.	REAL NAME.	ASSUMED NAME.	REAL NAME.
Chinese Philosopher,	Oliver Goldsmith.	Old Humphrey,	George Mogridge.
Chrystal Croftangry,	Sir Walter Scott.	Old 'Un,	{ Francis Alexander Duri-
Country Parson,	A. K. H. Boyd.		vage.
Danbury Newsman,	J. M. Bailey.	Oliver Optic,	William Taylor Adams.
Diedrich Knickerbocker,	Washington Irving.	Ollapod,	Willis G. Clark.
Dow, Jr.,	Elbridge G. Page.	Orpheus C. Kerr,	Robert H. Newell.
Dr. Syntax,	William Combe.	Owen Meredith,	Lord Lytton.
Dunn Browne,	Rev. Samuel Fiske.		{ Wm. Gunnaway Brown-
Edmund Kirke,	James Roberts Gilmore.	Parson Brownlow,	low.
Eli,	Charles Lamb.		J. T. Trowbridge.
Eli Perkins,	Matthew D. Landon.	Paul Creyton,	Rev. Edward Eggleston.
English Opium-Eater,	Thomas DeQuincey.	Pen Holder,	Charles W. March.
Ettrick Shepherd,	James Hogg.	Pequot,	Benj. Perley Poore.
Eugene Pomeroy,	Thomas F. Donnelly.	Perley,	S. C. Goodrich.
Falconbridge,	Jonathan F. Kelly.	Peter Parley,	Dr. John Wolcot.
Fat Contributor,	A. M. Griswold.	Peter Pindar,	D. R. Locke.
Father Prout,	Francis Mahoney.	Petroleum V. Nasby,	Sir Henry Martin.
Frank Forrester,	Henry W. Herbert.	Phoenix,	Benjamin Franklin.
Gath, also Laertes,	{ George Alfred Town-	Poor Richard,	David H. Strother.
	send.	Porte Crayon,	Charles G. Halpine.
Geoffrey Crayon,	Washington Irving.	Private Miles O'Reilly,	Daniel Defoe.
George Fitzboodle,	William M. Thackeray.	Robinson Crusoe,	Lord Beaconsfield.
George Forest,	Rev. J. G. Wood.	Runnymede,	Robert Dinsmore.
Hans Breitmann,	Charles Godfrey Leland.	Rustic Bard,	Thomas C. Halliburton.
Hans Yokel,	A. Oakley Hall.	Sam Slick,	F. S. Cozzens.
Harry Hazell,	Justin Jones.	Sparrowgrass,	Thomas Carlyle.
Harry Lorrequer,	Charles Lever.	Teufelsdröckh,	William Jerdan.
Hibernicus,	DeWitt Clinton.	Teutha,	Thomas J. Wooler.
Historicus,	{ Wm. G. Vernon 'Har-	The Black Dwarf,	Thomas Davis.
	court.	The Celt,	Henry H. Dixon.
Hosea Bigelow,	James Russell Lowell.	The Druid,	Henry Morford.
Howadj,	George William Curtis.	The Governor,	Isaac Stary.
Howard,	Mordecai Manuel Noah.	The Traveller,	J. C. Hotten.
Hyperion,	Josiah Quincy.	Theodore Taylor,	Rev. R. H. Barham.
Ik Marvel,	Donald G. Mitchell.	Thomas Ingoldsby,	Thomas Moore.
Irenæus,	{ Rev. S. Irenæus Prime,	Thomas Little,	Thomas Chatterton.
	D. D.	Thomas Rowley,	William B. Rands.
Isabel,	William Gilmore Simms.	Timon Fieldmouse,	Robert Syme.
Janus,	Dr. Dollinger.	Timothy Tickler,	Dr. J. G. Holland.
Jaques,	J. Hain Friswell.	Timothy Titcomb,	Thomas Hughes.
Jay Charlton,	J. C. Goldsmith.	Tom Brown,	Joseph E. Babson.
Jedediah Cleishbotham,	Sir Walter Scott.	Tom Folio,	Theodore W. A. Buckley.
John Chalkhill,	Izaak Walton.	Tom Hawkins,	John A. Cockerill.
John Darby,	J. C. Garretson.	Trinculo,	Thomas B. Macaulay.
John Paul,	C. H. Webb.	Tristram Merton,	A. and C. Tennyson.
John Phoenix, Gentleman,	George H. Derby.	Two Brothers,	Parker Gilmore.
Josh Billings,	Henry W. Shaw.	Ubique,	William Senior.
Joshua Coffin,	H. W. Longfellow.	Uncle Hardy,	Elisha Noyce.
Kirwan,	Rev. Nicholas Murray.	Uncle John,	Rev. Dr. F. L. Hawks.
K. N. Pepper,	James M. Morris.	Uncle Philip,	Rev. Tobias H. Miller.
Laicus,	Rev. Lyman Abbott.	Uncle Toby,	E. D. Mansfield.
Launcelot Wagstaffe, Jr.,	Charles Mackay.	Veteran Observer,	John Corlett.
Lemuel Gulliver,	Jonathan Swift.	Vigilant,	George H. Lewes.
Major Jack Downing,	Seba Smith.	Vivian,	W. M. Praed.
Mark Twain,	Samuel L. Clemens.	Vivian Joyeux,	William Beale.
Max Adler,	Charles H. Clark.	Walter Maynard,	William Palmer.
M. Quad,	Charles B. Lewis.	Warhawk,	W. P. Robinson.
Mrs. Partington,	B. P. Shillaber.	Warrington,	F. O. Otterson.
M. T. Jug,	Joseph Howard.	Warwick,	William H. Russell.
Ned Buntline,	Edward Z. C. Judson.	Waters,	E. C. Massey.
Nym Crinkle,	A. C. Wheeler.	What's His Name,	William Haering.
Old Bachelor,	George William Curtis.	Wilbald, Alexis,	John Corlett.
Old Cabinet,	R. Watson Gilder.	Wizard,	



From Photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

GRADUATING DAY—HIGH SCHOOL.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.



PATRIOTIC RECITATIONS.

About Fire-Crackers	67	In Manila Bay	77
Address at Gettysburg	53	Kipling's "Recessional"	72
A Georgia Volunteer	66	Leave "Old Glory" as It Is	73
A Good Country	61	One in Blue and One in Gray	49
An Alphabet for War Times	72	Our American Women	47
A Nation Born in a Day	56	Our Soldier Boy	78
A Reminiscence of the "Fourth"	65	Sheridan's Ride	76
A Southern Scene	55	Story of the "Star Spangled Banner"	61
At the Crisis of Our War with Spain	68	The American Boys	67
A Woman of the War	50	The American Flag	62
Ballad of Manila Bay	70	The Baby's Kiss	68
Battle Hymn of the Republic	62	The Countersign was "Mary"	74
Before Santiago	75	The Little Black-eyed Rebel	48
Birthday of the Stars and Stripes	57	The Point with Old Pete	69
Canadian Camping Song	79	The Red, White and Blue	52
De Bugle on de Hill	46	The Republic	69
Dominion Day	79	The Soldier's Wife	78
Fourth of July Record	60	The Song of the Camp	47
"Good-By, Old Arm"	52	The Two Great Flags	43
Grandfather's Story	44	The Meaning of the American Flag	66
Her Papa	60	The Volunteer	53
Hurrah for the American Flag	71	The World's Decisive Battles	54
Independence Day	57	To the Red, White and Blue	69
It's Spanish, Quite Spanish, You Know	75	Why He Wouldn't Sell the Farm	58

HOLIDAY READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

Annie and Willie's Prayer	85	Sherman—on the Veterans	133
A Tribute to Our Honored Dead	131	Something Better	124
Brothers Once More	132	Speech for Decoration Day	124
Charlie's Letter to Santa Claus	102	Thanksgiving at Grandma's	112
Christmas, Bells	92	Thanksgiving at the Farm	116
Christmas Day	96	Thanksgiving for All	115
Christmas Day Has Come at Last	97	The Bad Little Boys	95
Dat Chrismus on de Ol' Plantation	98	The Best of All	108
Decoration Day	130	The Brownies' Christmas	93
Give Thanks for What?	116	The Christmas Ball	97
Johnnie's Letter	102	The Day's Oration is in Flowers	134
Just 'fore Christmas	83	The First Thanksgiving Day	111
Landing of the Pilgrims	119	The Gift That None Could See	88
Let the Angels Ring the Bells	101	Them Yankee Blankets	126
Like Washington	123	The Postman's Story	88
Little Rocket's Christmas	90	The Pumpkin	110
"Liza"—A Thanksgiving Story	113	The Puritans' Thanksgiving	119
Maxims of George Washington	124	The Things I Want	102
Memorial Day	129	The Three Holidays	95
Memorial Day (No.2)	132	Twenty-Second of February	125
New Year's Deed	105	Washington	120
On Christmas Day	84	Washington's Birthday	121
On Christmas Eve	84	Washington's Life	121
Our Dead Heroes	128	What they Found on New Year's	103
Panegyrics on Washington	122	We Thank Thee	119
Santa and His Reindeer	102	You Put No Flowers on My Papa's Grave	126

DESCRIPTIVE READINGS.

Betsy and I Are Out (to be recited in ordinary farmer costume)	157	The Bald Headed Tyrant	150
Betsy Destroys the Paper	159	The Barefoot Boy	147
Grandfather's Barn	142	The Clown's Baby	143
He Saw It in Another Way	142	The Doll's Funeral	151
In Hospital (from "Songs of the Great Dominion")	170	The Fate of the Grumbler	140
In School Days	141	The First Party	161
Kate Shelley's Bravery	140	The Homes of England	162
Mountain and Squirrel	164	"The Injun" (from "Songs of the Great Dominion")	145
My First Reading	166	The Night Wind	150
"My Shadow"	160	The Old Clock on the Stairs	144
On the Skaguay Trail	174	The Re-settlement of Acadia (from "Songs of the Great Dominion")	175
Our Two Opinions	137	The Old Settler's Story (from "Songs of the Great Dominion")	177
Over the Hill from the Poor-House	156	The Miller of Dee	166
Over the Hill to the Poor-House	152	Trick vs. Trick (monologue for a young man)	162
Quebec (from "Songs of the Great Dominion")	170	Which Way?	152
Robert of Lincoln	165	Whistling in Heaven	138
Shakespeer at Dead Hos' Crick	148		
Taapookaa—A Huron Legend (from "Songs of the Great Dominion")	168		

PATHETIC SELECTIONS.

A Child's Dream of a Star	191	On the Other Train	196
A True Story	180	Poor Little Joe	198
Death of Little Joe	194	Prince's Feather	186
Good-Bye	193	Saving Mother	181
How Tim's Prayer Was Answered	182	The Bootblack	199
Lasca	184	The Child Musician	202
Little Boy Blue	179	The Gambler's Wife	179
Lorraine	186	The Little Hunchback	188
Me an' Pap an' Mother	199	The Old Story	188
Measuring the Baby	202	The Unbolted Door	197
Nobody's Child (in costume)	200	Two Little Shoes	201
"One, Two, Three"	193	With the Children	187

HUMOROUS RECITATIONS.

A Boy's Plea	203	Mr. Caudle and His Second Wife	221
A Girl's Conversation Over the Telephone	232	"My Ma, She Knows"	249
A Kentucky "Water-Million"	237	"Partnership"	204
All She Said (a monologue)	250	Putting Up the Stove	216
As Revealed to Him (in Quaker costume)	211	"So Was I"	203
Aunt Doleful's Philosophy	217	That Yaller Gown (costume of a Southern "Mammy")	229
A Warning	212	The Charity Dinner (a monologue)	243
Bob and the Watch	230	The Courtin'	214
Booh	230	The Fate of Charlotte Russe	248
Bridget O'Flannagan	214	The Fourth of July at Jonesville	238
Consult Thy Wife (excellent for parlor entertainments)	210	The Irish Philosopher	235
Domestic Economy	222	The New Church Organ	247
Gone with a Handsomer Man	241	The Parting Lovers	246
How Tom Sawyer Got His Fence White-washed	206	The Runaway Boy	245
It Takes a Man to Be Brave	219	The Spoopendykes	228
Kate Ketchem	251	The Tables Turned	250
Mark Twain's Watch	224	The Tell-Tale	218
Miltiades Peterkin Paul	205	The Whistle	223
More Ways Than One to Pronounce It	234	What Would You Call It?	236
		Widow Bedott and Elder Sniffles	213

TEMPERANCE SELECTIONS.

A Glass of Cold Water (a stirring temperance oration)	257	Pledge With Wine	263
A Temperance Lecture by the County Judge	268	Price of a Drink	255
A Song Pledge	419	Ring-a-Ling-Ling	270
Closed for Invoice	256	Temperance Speech	265
Counting the Cost	266	There Was Once a Topper	262
Drinking a Home	261	The Rum Maniac	258
"Good Night, Papa"	266	The Snake in the Grass	253
If We Could Save Our Father	420	The Two Glasses	256
"I'll Sign the Pledge To-night"	254	What the Temperance Cause Has Done for John and Me	261
Pitcher or Jug	269		

RELIGIOUS READINGS.

A Boy's Lecture	280	Our Own	296
Answered Prayers	271	Our Traveled Parson	291
A Story With a Moral	274	Ring, Happy Bells	275
Easter Flowers	282	Surcease	285
"God is Nowhere"	275	The Bridge (for Poet's Day in the Public School)	288
Gradatim (for Poet's Day)	295	The Creeds of the Bells	287
Guilty or Not Guilty	282	The Hot Axle	286
Hannah Brown's Baby	293	The Kaiser and the Little Maid	272
"If I Were a Flower"	281	The Kingdom of Heaven	284
Legend of Easter Eggs	273	The Perfect Word	283
Love One Another	271	There'll Be Room in Heaven	290
Mercy	280	Throwing Kisses	272
My Creed	285	Twenty-Third Psalm (arranged for five little boys or girls)	279
My Mother's Bible	296	The Two Words	289
Nobody Knows But Mother	279	Willie's Signal for Jesus	281
Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep	289		

HISTORICAL POEMS AND ORATIONS.

Address to the Sun	321	Regulus to the Roman Senate	318
A Legend of Bregenz	314	The Battle of Waterloo	299
Ancient and Modern Oratory	316	The Destruction of Sennacherib's Army	321
A Roman Boy's Trophies	322	The High Tide	301
Cato on Immortality	320	The King of Denmark's Ride	309
Defense from the Charge of Tyranny	319	Toussaint L'Ouverture	305
Deathbed of Benedict Arnold	297	The Progress of Humanity	308
Mother and Poet	303	The World We Live In	310

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

A Boy's Opinion	335	My Suffering Brother	333
A Little Girl's Lecture	337	One Rainy Day	334
A Little School	331	Papa was Stumped	341
A Young Seamstress	324	Poor Little Teddy and Rich Little Tom	324
Birds of No Feather	323	Remember, Boys Make Men	340
Christmas	340	Seven Times Two	332
Closing Address	328	Spelling in the Nursery	333
Do Your Best	335	Ten Little Servants	342
Early Rising	325	The Chicken's Mistake	337
For the Children	333	The Children's Hour	386
Grind Your Axe in the Morning	227	The Little Girl Who Wouldn't Eat Crusts	332
He's Scotch as He Can Be	332	The Rock-a-By Lady	330
Keep It Before the People (suitable for Labor Day recitations)	331	The Wind in the Chimney	339
Life's But a Dream	338	Which Loved Best?	341
Little Kitty	336	Will and Won't	334
Little Steenie	326	Writing to Grandmamma	338

ENCORES.

Abou Ben Adhem	345	Life	347
A False Oracle	349	Not Built That Way	351
A Misunderstanding	347	Only an Understanding	350
A Problem	352	Palmistry	343
A Puzzle	346	Playing School	349
A Romance of Pronouns	345	She Liked Him Rare Well	350
Baby Sleeps	348	Specially Jim	345
Boys Make Men	352	The Adaptable Poem	352
Croquet	343	The Broken Pitcher	346
Cupid Swallowed	346	The Discontented Buttercup	351
Her Name	348	The Love Knot	344
How to Propose	348	The Reason Why	344
Irish Coquetry	351	The Seeds	347
John Anderson My Jo	344	What Else Could He Do?	344
Josiar	349		

DIALOGUES AND DRAMAS.

A Grove of Historic Trees	354	Scenes from Shakespeare	376
Arbor Day Recitation	386	Scripture Selections	375
Beware of a Flatterer	357	The Large-Hearted Little Ones	377
Choosing a Tree	378	The Months of the Year	368
Gossip	359	The Seven Days of the Week	368
Kindness and Cruelty	387	The Sick Baby	376
Occupation of Girls	388	The Silent System	369
Preaching a Sermon	385	The Story of a Peach Pie	353
Quarrel of Brutus and Cassius	380	The Way of the World	389
		True Courage	374

EXERCISES WITH MUSICAL ACCOMPANIMENT.

Abide With Me	407	The Catholic Psalm	398
Arbor Day March	410	The May Pole	394
Children's Praise Song	410	The Minuet	396
Cuba's Kindergarten Song	393	The National Flag Drill	391
Her Letter	397	Twickenham Ferry	409
Patriotic Drill with Posing	402	Widow Malone	408
Plant the Trees, Children	401		

TABLEAUX.

Canadian Patriotic Tableaux	411	Hiawatha (in verse and tableaux)	413
"Charity"	412	"Ready for the Party"	412
Contentment Better than Riches	416	"The Three Graces"	412
"Diana"	412	"The Toilet"	412
"Faith"	412	"The Singing Lesson"	412
"Friends"	412	United States Patriotic Tableaux	417

Liberty's Jubilee Song 420

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

OR THE

HEALTHFUL AND GRACEFUL DEVELOPMENT OF THE ENTIRE
BODY AS AN AID TO EXPRESSION.



IN private life the ability to think and truly express thoughts and feelings is the greatest charm of man or woman; in a public career, such ability is the open door to success.

The Rev. Charles Spurgeon said: "I believe that every man should train his voice and body under some system of elocution; first, because of the health it affords; second, because of its educating effects; third, because of the advantage it gives a man over others for usefulness."

Physical culture is "conscious effort to improve the body," and since the body is the *only* means of expression for the individual life, it is necessary to train the body until it is absolutely under the control of the will.

DELSARTE, THE GREAT FOUNDER.

Francois Delsarte, born in 1811, in a small French town, and early apprenticed to a porcelain painter of Paris, would not seem a likely person to develop into a great teacher. Yet in him, as in many others in life, the germ was planted, and he found a way to nourish it. At the age of fourteen Delsarte entered the Conservatory at Paris. At this time he possessed a beautiful voice, but through faulty methods of teaching at the Conservatory he lost it. This was to him the sorrow of his life, but out of that sorrow came, not the great artist, but the *teacher of artists*—the exponent of the laws of an art which up to his time was no more nor less than individual inspiration. Delsarte

HIT THE KEY NOTE TO GREATNESS.

He made a study of life. The hospitals and prisons were his text-books, as well as children at play, and the men and women whom he met on the streets. He spent years in medical colleges to learn the construction of the body, after which the great genius of the man became devoted to one object—namely, to formulate this study into principles known to-day as the *Delsarte Philosophy of the Art of Expression*.

A good artist always demands perfect instruments when expressing his thought. The pianist trains his fingers, the painter his eye, the singer his voice. The piano

must be in tune, the canvas perfect, the throat and lungs strong. And why should not the student of practical, every-day expression be equally particular? Poise, control, flexibility and strength are necessary. How many are hampered by an awkwardness that results in embarrassment! Perfect control brings ease. Repose and individuality in bearing are sure to follow.

THE DELSARTE PHILOSOPHY OF EXPRESSION.

Steele McKay, America's first exponent of the so-called *Delsarte Philosophy of Expression*, went from Harvard to Heidelberg, thence to Paris, to study. At the latter place he found a wonderful school. In a large hall, bare of furniture, except a piano, many artists of various lines of expression met to exchange views under the guidance of Monsieur Delsarte. Delsarte himself often sat at the piano, frequently saying, "I think this should interpret itself in this way."

DELSARTE'S GREAT SUCCESS AS A TEACHER.

About 1876, five years after Delsarte's death, America became wild over *grace of movement* as opposed to the old system of gymnastics and the Dio Louis method of development. Esthetic evolutions became the subject of the day. Artists saw that there should be harmony between the sentiment and the expression of that sentiment, hence a little later a system was adopted, not only favoring grace of movement, but giving a reason for that grace. Delsarte did not teach "posing," nor did he lay down fixed rules showing how one must stand or walk, but he did teach the principle of harmony in every movement, and emphasized the fact that meaningless gestures were superfluous and undesirable.

GRACE OF MOVEMENT.

To-day, the same as then, the great principles from which we work stand before us, enabling us to draw what we need to help interpret ourselves. The old triangular form in the heavens still stands for the three-sided nature of man. The base-line, representing the material. This must be strong. "Beauty rests on strength;" the mental and emotive uniting with the base, make the form necessary to enclose space. The question is, which of these lines do we wish to develop and train? Remembering always that perfect expression is dependent on a perfect instrument, we reply, *all*.

HOW TO OVERCOME DEFECTS.

Suggestion and teaching are helpful, but the drill *we* must apply if we would make a success. Any thought that is brought about to overcome defects will doubt-

less for a time cause self-consciousness, but better self-consciousness for a time, if it result in a cure, than to be always hampered with imperfect mechanism.

To produce an ideal body, the best of which the individual is capable, and through which shall be, as Ruskin says, "the soul made visible," is the task Physical Culture has to perform.

POISE, WHAT IS IT?

Poise means simply the muscles brought under the control of the will. The body must be poised before it can act with intelligence. From it radiates all motion, therefore the poise of the body is of the utmost importance. It is truly said that "there is no thought possible without a corresponding change in muscle-tension. This is the basis of those slight movements that constitute mind-reading, which is in reality muscle-reading. The two are inseparably connected—when we educate the brain we educate the muscles."

Movements of self-control are termed Educational. Free exercises—so called to distinguish them from exercises dependent on apparatus—have the advantage that there is little opportunity for overwork, since the weight lifted must keep proportionate to the individual. Free exercises are usually taken standing, and good equilibrium is the result. When exercising with a machine, the coördination of movement becomes dependent on the apparatus. You have only to notice the sailor on land, or watch a skilled horseman walk, and you will be convinced of the truth of this statement.

HOW TO DEVELOP EASE.

Free exercises develop in the individual a consciousness of his body, of its strength, and of his ability to use it. This creates that knowledge of power which forms the basis of courage and good bearing.

The feet, the support of the body, have three natural divisions—toes, instep, and heel. The weight of the body may be carried over the toes, over the heel, or exactly between the two. With the center of gravity over the instep, the poise is normal; tending toward the toes, active; toward the heel, passive.

When the center of gravity is carried directly over the instep—the arch of the foot—with the line of the body unbroken, we have normal poise.

EXERCISES TO DEVELOP POISE.

(The count should be four.)

FIRST EXERCISE.

1. Stand erect, heels together, toes at an angle of 30 degrees, weight of the body over instep, or *normal position*.

2. Shift weight slowly backward to heels, keeping toes on the floor, and the line of the body unbroken.
3. Shift weight to toes, not allowing heels to separate.
4. Shift weight to insteps, or normal position.
(Repeat twenty times.)

SECOND EXERCISE.

1. Normal position, arms at side.
2. Shift weight slowly to heels, arms folded on chest.
3. Shift weight slowly to toes, heels together and raised slightly from the floor, arms extended horizontally, elbows straight, arms at sides.
4. Bow weight to normal position, arms at sides.
(Repeat twenty times.)

THIRD EXERCISE

1. Normal position, arms at sides.
2. Advance right foot and weight, right hand extended, as if in greeting.
3. Shift weight to left foot, right hand repelling.
4. Normal position, left foot brought to right, arms at sides.
(Repeat twenty times.)

FOURTH EXERCISE.

1. Normal position, arms at sides.
2. Advance right foot and weight, arms raised above the head, palms upward, fingers touching, framing the head.
3. Bow weight to left foot, arms hanging in front, hands loosely clasped.
4. Right foot to left, normal position, arms at sides.
(Repeat twenty times.)

NOTE.—In the above exercises, hold the head balanced over the spine, not drawing the chin in, but holding the head free. Make the line from the shoulder to the belt a long line, not by throwing shoulders back, but by keeping hips under shoulders.

EXERCISES TO FREE THE CHEST.

FIRST EXERCISE.

Stand perfectly erect, heels together, arms extended straight to the front, palms touching; now separate palms and let the arms sweep backward, at the same time inhaling deeply. When the lungs are well expanded the operation is reversed, the arms being brought to the front position and the breath exhaled.

(Repeat ten times.)

SECOND EXERCISE.

Stand perfectly erect, heels together. Drop the arms close to the hips, then raise them above the head without bending the elbows, exhaling—inhalings as the arms are dropped to the hips.

(Repeat five times.)

NOTE.—If the head is held well poised over the spine, not resting on the chest, and the body brought to its utmost height, the bearing will be distinguished and dignified. Most occupations tend to bring the head and shoulders forward, cramping the chest. Only by conscious effort until good positions are established as a habit can this tendency be corrected.

EXERCISES TO POISE THE HEAD.

(The count should be four.)

FIRST EXERCISE.

1. Normal position, crown of head in a line with instep, bearing weight, hips, and shoulders.

2. Exhale slowly, and bow the head forward till the chin touches the chest.

3. Inhale slowly, and bend the head backward.

4. Bring head to normal position.

(Repeat twenty times.)

SECOND EXERCISE.

1. Normal position, head turned towards the right shoulder.

2. Normal position.

3. Normal position, head turned towards left shoulder.

4. Normal position.

(Repeat ten times.)

THIRD EXERCISE.

1. Normal position, bow head to chest.

2. Roll head towards right shoulder and over spine.

3. Roll head towards left shoulder and center chest.

4. Head raised to normal position.

NOTE.—In this exercise the head should describe a complete circle, the eyes closed on first count and opened on four.

(Repeat ten times.)

FOURTH EXERCISE.

1. Normal position, raise arms perpendicular to body at shoulders.

2. Bend elbows and touch finger-tips at back of neck.

3. Touch finger-tips, palms upward, on crown of head, stretching the body to its full height.

4. Normal position.

(Repeat five times.)

TO CORRECT PROJECTING SHOULDER-BLADES.

(The count should be four.)

FIRST EXERCISE.

1. Normal position, raise arms straight at the sides, palms toward head.
 2. Bend elbows and touch finger-tips at back of neck
 3. Press elbows back and chest forward.
 3. Normal position.
- (Repeat five times.)

SECOND EXERCISE.

1. Normal position, raise arms perpendicular to body at shoulders, palms up.
 2. Describe a segment of a circle toward the front, touching the fingers.
 3. Retrace circular movement and gradually press arms toward the back, keeping shoulders well down.
 4. Normal position.
- (Repeat five times.)

TO CORRECT UNEVEN SHOULDERS

When right shoulder is the lower.

1. Normal position, placing finger-tips on shoulders.
 2. Force the shoulders down as if weight were suspended from elbows.
 3. Thrust the right hand up and the left hand down.
 4. Normal position.
- (Repeat ten times.)

NOTE.—If left shoulder be the lower, in third count reverse the directions.

After becoming reasonably accurate in these exercises, they can be made even more beneficial by making of them breath-control exercises, always being guided by the

RULE FOR RESPIRATION:

Exhale the breath when the lungs are contracted. Inhale the breath when the lungs are expanded.

GESTURE, WHAT IS IT?



GESTURE is magnetic, and reveals what speech is powerless to express. In its larger meaning, gesture is the habitual attitude of the mind finding expression through the body. Observe the man whose predominating characteristic is caution—the quiet, cat-like walk, the half-shut hands held close to the body, the furtive glance of the narrow eyes, the slow speech. Now opposed to him is the optimist, the man who believes in himself, and so in others. See his strong, free, graceful walk, open palm, frank eyes, and speech full of life and magnetism, then call to mind what was said by one of our greatest thinkers: “Show me a man’s habitual gesture and I will read you that man.”

The accepted division of the body as regards expression is: That of the head mental, of the limbs vital, and of the torso emotive.

GESTURE AN ADDED CHARM.

Gesture was probably our earliest language, and is a universal one, understood by all. The man of heart or impulse makes many gestures of the shoulders; the mental man, many of the head; the man of action, many of the arms. Speech which demands an entire page may be altered by a single gesture. Gesture must precede speech, and gestures of the face precede all others. There are faces so alive in expression, so rippled by the play of thought, that it is hard to find what the mere features really are. Gesture is not the use of the arms or hands alone; it is the immediate expression of thought.

The logical sequence of expression is thought, eye, gesture, and speech. To prove this to your own satisfaction, let the gesture follow speech and see how even the noblest sentiment is made ridiculous.

Downward gestures correspond with an earnest and emphatic mood—“I will.”

Upward gestures correspond with a light and unemphatic mood—“Yes.”

Obliquely upward gestures correspond with a flippant or idle mood—“I can snap my fingers at that.”

Obliquely downward gestures correspond with a disdainful or scornful mood—“I despise them.” Always remember, we must—

“Suit the action to the word, and the word to the action.”

BREATH.



“**A**ND the Lord God . . . breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.”

Breath is Life, the muscle is only the medium through which that life is expressed.

Vitality is the result of normal lung capacity directed by a strong will.

Common sayings, as, “When angry count a hundred,” “I lost control of my (breath) self,” show how widespread is the knowledge that the breath is directly under the control of the will.

That normal lung capacity gives endurance, and is a more important factor in success than simply muscular development, has been proven in examinations made in Physical Culture departments in colleges without number.

THE POWER OF ORATORY.

Every great surging move of advancement has been stirred and started by the breath of some great orator.

There are crowds of speakers—men with a multitude of words at their tongue's end—but of *orators*, in the real sense of the word, there are few. The gift of speaking, of being able to make people listen to what you say, of inspiring men with ideals and convincing them of truths, is the most superb power a man can possess. Mr. Chauncey Depew, being asked if he thought the influence of oratory was declining, said: “Much is said in these days to the effect that oratory is no longer effective or useful. But it is the experience of political leaders of all parties that the orator never had a larger field or could exercise more influence than to-day.”

WHENCE COMES THAT POWER?

The old saying, “Practice makes perfect,” is doubly true in public speaking. “All the great speakers were bad speakers at first. Stumping it through New England for twice seven years trained Wendell Phillips. No genius can recite a ballad at first reading so well as mediocrity can at the fifteenth or twentieth.”

GESTURE PANTOMIME

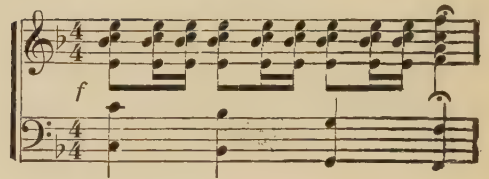
With Musical Accompaniment

ARRANGED ESPECIALLY FOR THIS VOLUME BY MISS LUMM.

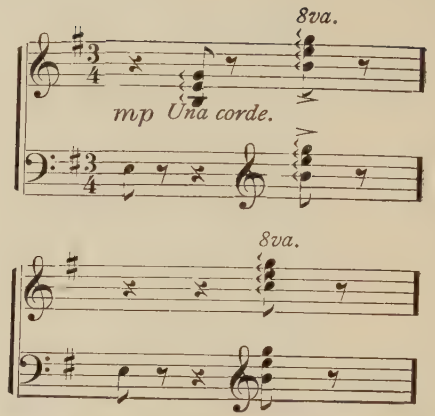


We are indebted for the following life poses to Cora Holmes Mogg, a graduate under Miss Lumm from the Physical Culture and Oratory department of the American Conservatory. Miss Mogg, while only eighteen years of age, has already won the admiration of thousands by her simple, unassuming and graceful manners which she carries with her, whether in her home or on the stage.

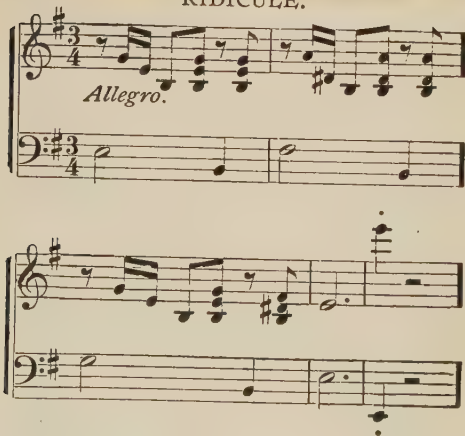
INTRODUCTION,



GESTURE.



RIDICULE.



COMEDY.

GESTURE.

Near - er, my God, to Thee,

Near - er to Thee,

E'en though it be a cross

That rais - eth me.



PRAYER.

PITY.

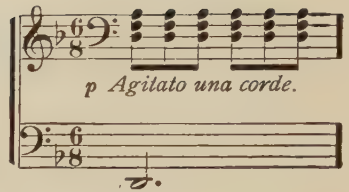
p Cantabile.

Rit.

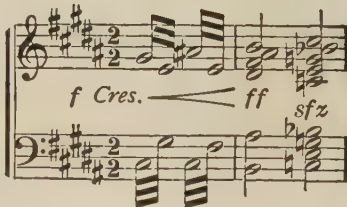
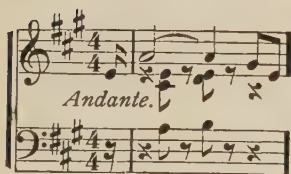
GESTURE.



TIMIDITY.

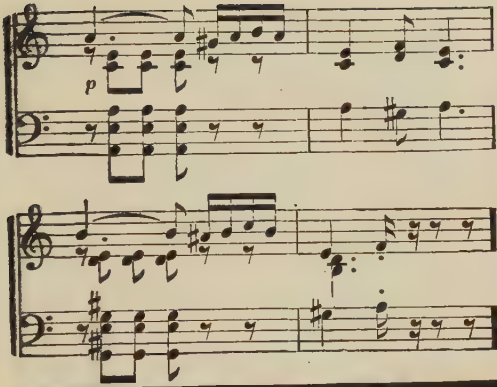


DEFIANCE.



REMORSE.

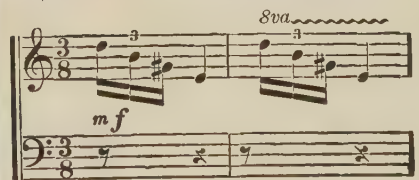
GESTURE.

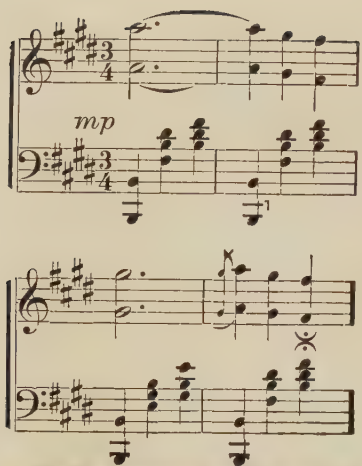


SUSPICION.



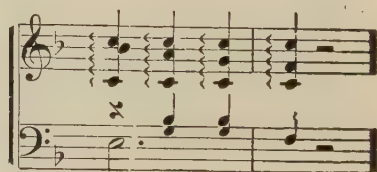
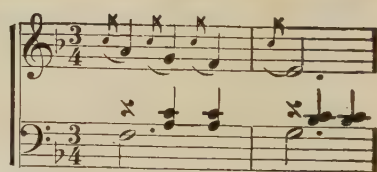
IMPUDENCE.



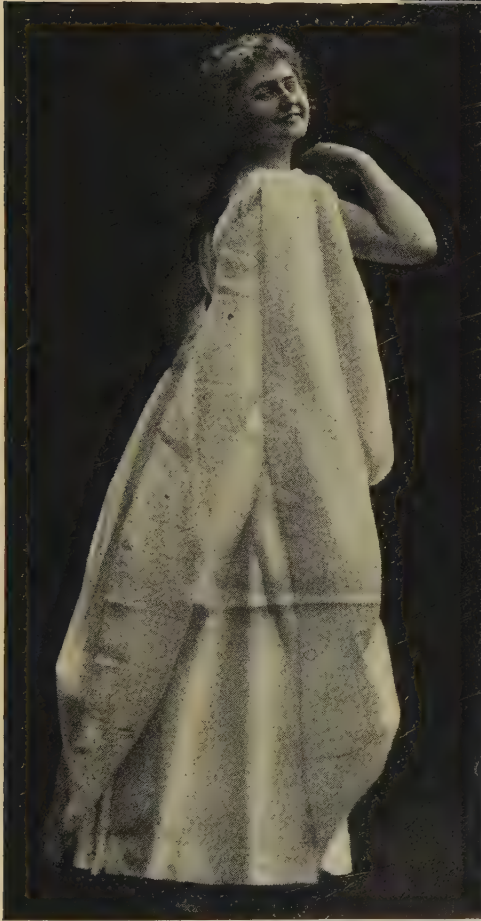
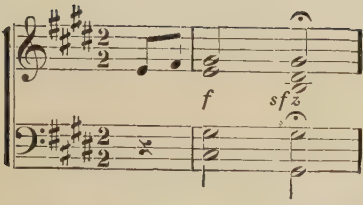


LISTENING.

VANITY.



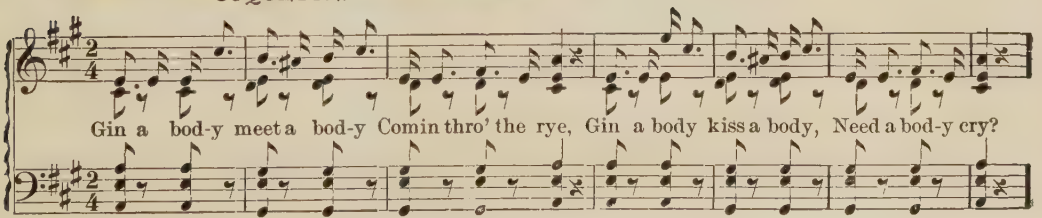
GESTURE



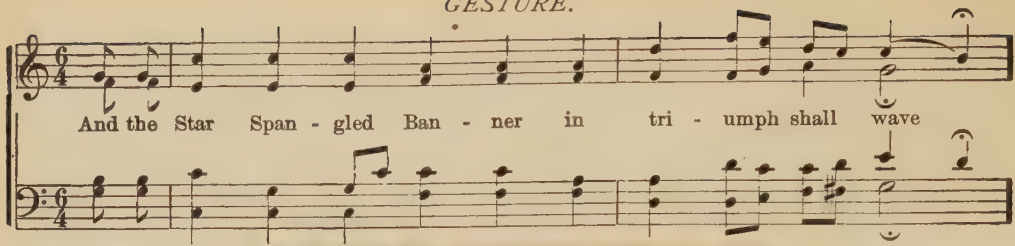
COQUETTE.



ACCUSATION.



GESTURE.



And the Star Span - gled Ban - ner in tri - umph shall wave



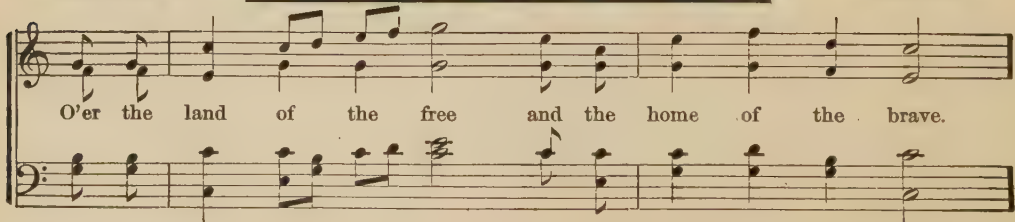
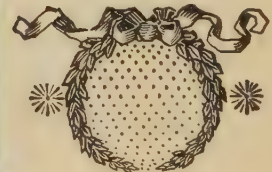
O, say, can you see by the
dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed
at the twilight's last
gleaming;
Whose broad stripes and
bright stars, through the
perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we
watched, were so gallantly
streaming;
And the rocket's red glare,
the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night
that our flag was still
there—
O, say, does the Star-spangled
Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and
the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen thro'
the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty
host in dread silence re-
poses,
What is that which the breeze,
o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half
conceals, half discloses?



Now it catches the gleam of
the morning's first beam
In full glory reflected, now
shines on the stream;
'Tis the Star-spangled Ban-
ner—
O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and
the home of the brave!

O, thus be it ever, when free-
dom shall stand
Between their loved home
and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace,
may the heaven-rescued
land
Praise the power that hath
made and preserved us a
nation!
And conquer we must, when
our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In
God is our trust!"
And the Star-spangled Banner
in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and
the home of the brave.
—FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.



O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Rhetoric and elocution combine to make oratory. Rhetoric is not high-flown language, but is simply the most effective shaping of speech. Nor is elocution a spread of the hands or a display of the vocal powers, but it is the most impressive way of uttering this speech.

Men with purposes, like *Emmet* and *O'Connell*, men of conviction, like *Luther*, and all the immortal line from Demosthenes to Patrick Henry, Webster, Beecher and Lincoln, were orators.

It took the pebble to make Demosthenes natural, and any pebble that does this for us is entitled to honorable use. The let-alone policy, the non-cultivation theory, never promoted the growth of a single art.

In real education scrupulous regard must be paid to the *individuality* of the pupil. Oratory has too often been taught on the basis that good delivery is pretty much the same in all. Uniformity is the curse of the shallow elocutionist. Styles of oratory should be as individual as suits of clothes

BIBLE READING.

"The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life."—*Bible*.

Those who attempt to render truly this greatest of all literature must render it in spirit and in truth.

SUMMING UP PHYSICAL CULTURE.

We desire to say it means *culture of the entire body*; hence it is the foundation stone of voice culture.

Voice-culture means the development of the individual voice to its highest possibility—including range, flexibility, strength, beauty, and variety of tone-color. It rids the voice of natural or acquired impurities and mannerisms, which mar the perfection and eloquence of habitual speech. It is an erroneous thought that only the public speakers, readers, actors and singers need voice-culture. Gladstone once said: "Many a professional man now in obscurity might rise to the highest rank if he were far-seeing enough to train his voice and body, as well as his mind."

"The tones of the voice must vary with the sensations. Beautiful but uniform voices resemble fine bells, sweet-toned, but which after all are only bells, signifying nothing. To always use the same action and the same tone is like giving the same remedy for all diseases."

WHY AMERICAN VOICES ARE CRITICISED.

The American voice has an unenviable reputation for its supposed disagreeable quality. "This reputation is in part deserved," says a writer in one of the late magazines, "for no careful observer can fail to notice that many people in ordinary conversation are constantly in error in regard to their natural pitch, and utterly fail in purity of tone. They speak in either too high or too low a key, and the tones are

more or less forced into a disagreeable mixture of the nasal muscular quality. This has been attributed to the nervous temperament of the people and to the disastrous effect of a variable climate." The true explanation, however, is found in a lack of proper training. The American voice, when properly educated, is no less melodious and agreeable than that of other nationalities. Bad quality of voice is due simply to bad habit. Correct this habit, and the voice becomes what it was designed to be by the Creator—sweet and musical. It is amazing that so many young men spend four years in college, and an equal period in professional schools, then go to the pulpit or the bar totally unfitted vocally for the successful prosecution of their life work. Not all are public speakers or readers, but everybody talks, and to speak in a well modulated, melodious voice is an accomplishment worth effort to obtain.

THE AUTHOR.

"Her voice was ever soft—,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman."
—SHAKESPEARE.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS

TO AMATEURS.



How to Bring into Expression the Best of One's Self.

“**T**WIXT what thou art and what thou wouldst be,” lies much thoughtful, earnest and painstaking work.

Elocution is not only an art in itself, but an accomplishment, and is of value only when there is something to say; therefore, when going before the public, make your selection with care, and then put yourself into that selection.

1st. *Think* what you wish to express.

2d. *Avoid stage fright.* Remember it is simply a lack of poise. Put the weight of the body on one foot. Full control of the weight is a great help towards control of the breath.

3d. *In going on to the platform* have the lungs well filled, bow slightly as you enter, and keep the weight well over the advanced foot.

4th. *After the recitation* bow slightly, leaving the audience and walking directly to the stage exit.

5th. *Make a thorough study of the English language*, its construction, its pronunciation, and its enunciation.

6th. *Practice makes perfect.* Read aloud fifteen minutes every day. *There is no greater discourtesy* to an audience than to speak so that you cannot be heard. *Miss Anna Dickinson*, after reading in Boston Music Hall before an audience of three thousand people, upon being asked how she was able to be heard so distinctly, replied: “When I come on to the platform and find myself facing a great audience, I make a full pause, take a good ready, and then speak to Apollo”—referring, of course, to a marble statue which had been presented to the city of Boston and which was placed high above the audience opposite the stage.

So let me say to you, my friend, always select something you enjoy, and then read that selection each day for one week. Read it to an imaginary audience, if you have no other. Persistent practice will perfect the pronunciation and strengthen the vocal cords so that the weakest voice *can be heard*.

7th. Use your best manners every day. An audience is quick to see when a manner is assumed for a special occasion.

8th. *The eye leads the hand in gesture.* A gesture made by the hand is wrong unless justified in advance by the face. Beecher once said: “I owe much of my

oratorical success to the fact that for thirty years I spent a part of each day in elocutionary drills."

9th. *Stand still*, unless the change in position is first indicated in the thought you are expressing. A constant shifting of the weight from one foot to the other denotes extreme nervousness. The weight carried over the *back foot* shows thought. When the weight is carried well over the *advanced foot* it shows your wish to give to others the result of that thought.

10th. *Finish the sentence*, make the pitch of the voice high enough at the beginning of a sentence to keep the last word from dropping back into the throat. A failure to use this suggestion is the cause of much throat irritation and hoarseness.

11th. *Speak slowly*, take time to *think* the words, and the words will express your thought.

12th. *Do not imitate* another, no matter how perfect that other may be. All imitation is weak. Study to bring into expression the best of yourself, and be satisfied with nothing else.

HAMLET'S INSTRUCTION TO THE PLAYERS.

"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you,—trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spake my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness.

"Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word; the word to the action; with this special observance—that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature. Now this, overdone or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. Oh! there be players, that I have seen play, and heard others praise, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of pagan, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well,—they imitated humanity so abominably!"



THE FLOWER FESTIVAL.

PATRIOTIC RECITATIONS.

Heroic, Humorous and Pathetic

— FOR —

THE HOME, SCHOOL AND CAMP-FIRE.



Let it not be forgotten that patriotism is one of the positive lessons to be taught in every school. Everything learned should be flavored with a genuine love of country. Every glorious fact in the nation's history should be emphasized, and lovingly dwelt upon. The names of her illustrious citizens should be treasured in the memory. Every child should feel that he is entitled to a share, not only in the blessings conferred by his government, but also in the rich memories and glorious achievements of his country.—Richard Edwards.

[Directions for the decoration of a hall or school-room in which patriotic exercises are held are almost superfluous, as it requires only flags, banners, bunting, etc., representing the colors of the country.]

THE TWO GREAT FLAGS.

TWO proud flags to the skies unfurled,
Types of an English-speaking world;

Types of the world that is yet to be,
Rich and happy and proud and free;
Types of a world of peace and law,
Closer together in friendship draw!
Can ye descry with the sight of seers,
What shall be wrought in coming years?
E'en but a century more will teach
A thousand millions the English speech!
Vast Australia, from sea to sea,
Peopled all with our kin will be.
Grand New Zealand, a busy hive,

Britain in duplicate then, will thrive;
While the Dark Continent, dark no more,
Lighted with industry, law and love.
India's boundless, human sea,
Great and honored and justly free,
India then shall speak the tongue
Shakespeare uttered and Milton sung.
What of Columbia's later fame?
What for her can the century claim?
Ask what the century past has done;
Gaze on the triumphs that she has won.
Give the imagination rein;
People each tenantless hill and plain;
Swell her borders, and all around,
View the Republic, ocean bound!

Yes, but a century more will teach
 A thousand millions the English speech.
 And, as the centuries onward roll,
 Earth shall feel it from pole to pole.
 Speech, the grandest that man has
 known,
 Gathering thought from every zone;
 Law, the best that the human mind
 Ever devised to rule mankind;

Literature, from every pen
 Ever wielded to gladden men,—
 Covering Earth like a whelming sea,
 Anglo-Saxon the world shall be.
 Two proud flags to the skies unfurled,
 Types of an English-speaking world;
 Types of the world that is yet to be,
 Types of a world of peace and law,—
 Close together in friendship draw!

—Hubert M. Skinner.

GRANDFATHER'S STORY.

(In old-time English costume.)

DO my darlings want the story
 I have told so oft before,
 Of the little drummer laddie
 And his gallant deed of yore?
 But you love to hear about it?
 Aye, my children, that is well,
 'Twas a bright and brave example
 Of the spirit that should dwell
 In the hearts of British children,
 Be they high or be they low;
 Just "Fear God and do your duty,"
 It is all in that, you know.

Little Jack—I think I see him,
 Stand as you are standing now,
 With his cap set trim and jaunty,
 On the curls around his brow.
 He was but a child, my darlings,
 Not much older, Will, than you,
 And his cheeks were just as rosy,
 And his eyes were just as blue.
 Not a man of us but blessed him
 For the spirit kind and gay;
 That we never knew to fail him
 From the time we marched away.

From the time his mother kiss'd him,
 As she held him to her heart,
 And he kept the childish tears back,
 Though God knows 'twas hard to part.
 Then the great ship bore us over
 The blue ocean, lone and wide,

To the distant land where many,
 Many a British soldier died.
 Many a mile our army plodded
 'Neath the burning foreign sun;
 Many a night we had no shelter
 When the toilsome day was done.

Very often sick and hungry,
 We marched on in sorry plight;
 But in marching, or in halting,
 By the camp fire's blaze at night,
 Little Jack, the drummer laddie,
 Cheered us as we onward went;
 Making light of every hardship,
 Always blithesome and content,
 Full of boyish pranks and laughter,
 Full of kindly winsome ways,
 And his gallant spirit bore him
 Through the hardest, longest days.

Not a man of us but loved him,
 Though we were but rough and wild,
 E'en Sir John, our grim old Colonel,
 On the drummer laddie smiled.
 But, at last, our march was ended,
 And, at last, we knew the foe
 We had come to fight was near us,
 In the valley down below.
 Well, the night before the battle
 Our young Captain spoke to me,
 Short and sharp, as was his custom,—
 "Sergeant Moore, that gap you see,

Pick your men, and guard it strictly,
 Post a sentinel outside,
 And be smart, my man, about it"—
 And he turn'd away to ride.
 Up jumped Jack, the little drummer,
 "Sergeant Moore, you'll let me go?"
 And he looked with eyes beseeching,
 "I've sharp ears, as well you know."
 Aye, I knew it; not a hunter
 Of a red deer on the track,
 Was so keen and quick of hearing
 As our blithesome drummer Jack.

So I took him, it was wrong, dears—
 He was such a child, you see,
 And 'twas older hands we wanted,
 And the captain trusted me.
 Down the dark defile we scrambled,
 And beyond the gap we saw
 Where the foe was camped before us;
 'Twas not wider than a door—
 That dark gap between two hillsides;
 And I saw if we could keep
 'Gainst the enemy its entrance,
 Safe that night our men might sleep.

Little Jack crept just outside it;
 "I shall hear them if they stir,"
 In my ear he whispered softly,
 As he leaned against a fir.
 "And you'll stay there!" I commanded,
 As I held him by the arm—
 "You'll not stir a step, my laddie,
 Save to give us the alarm!"
 And he answered, "Trust me, Sergeant,
 I'll not stir, or close an eye;
 'Twill be safe to-night—our army—
 Or I'll know the reason why."

'Twas his safety that I thought of;
 Do you mark me, Bess and Will?
 I was fearful of his straying
 Into danger down the hill.
 For I knew his fearless spirit,
 And I meant he should abide

Where, at lightest hint of danger,
 I could call him to my side.
 But 'twas long before the dawning
 That a breathless comrade came,
 Bidding us fall back, and quickly—
 Speaking in the captain's name.

They'd not try to pass, he told us,
 As along the path we filed,
 And we all—may God forgive us!
 In our haste forgot the child.
 But not far had we proceeded
 Ere we heard the rolling boom,
 Up the narrow path behind us,
 Of our lad's familiar drum,
 Followed by the crack and rattle
 Of a rifle in our rear.
 So we turned upon the instant—
 (In our hearts an awful fear
 For the child we had deserted)—
 Face to face we met the foe.
 There were but a score of them, Will—
 How we cut them down, you know.

On we went; some few were wounded;
 It was but the chance of war—
 'Till we heard a feeble drum-beat,
 And a well-known blithe "hurrah!"
 There was Jack beneath the fir tree,
 With a broken leg and arm,
 While, with but one hand, brave laddie,
 He was beating the alarm.
 Dropping shots, you see, had struck him,
 And he fainted, so he said,
 And the enemy had left him
 'Neath the dusky fir for dead.

But he soon came to, and fearing
 They'd surprise us in the pass,
 On his drum he beat a warning
 As he lay upon the grass.
 "But what ailed you not to follow
 When you heard us move away?"
 Thus I asked him, sitting sadly
 By his little cot next day.

"Follow you?" he cried. "Why, Sergeant,

You had told me not to stir
From the spot where I was posted,
In the shelter of the fir.

Could I disobey my orders?

I was sentinel, you know,
And you were not out of hearing
When I caught a sound below;
And the enemy was on me—
I'd have beat you a tattoo
If I'd had the time; but, Sergeant,
I was hit before I knew.
Then I tried to warn you after,
Lest they took you by surprise;
It was but my duty, Sergeant,"
Said the lad with shining eyes.

Thus he saved our camp; we knew it;
And the bravest in the land,

When the boy got well, have said it,
As they shook him by the hand.
"But we cannot all be heroes;"
Nay, my lad, you're right enough;
But we can be brave and faithful,
And, believe me, that's the stuff
Which makes best and bravest soldiers—
Strong to bear and swift to do—
Are the boys who learn contentment,
And are patient, kind and true.

Don't make much of little hardships,
Help a comrade when you can;
You'll have many a foe to fight, Will,
Ere you come to be a man.
So will you, my darling Bessie,
As to womanhood you grow;
But "Fear God and do your duty,"
That's the safest rule I know.
—Helen Marion Burnside.

DE BUGLE ON DE HILL.

I DOAN' like de noise er de marchin'
ob de boys—

An' I 'low I doan' s'pose I evah will—
Er de trampin' ob de feet to de drum's
wild beat,

Er de blowin' ob de bugle on de hill.
Hit minds me ob de day when Gabe
marched away

An' ole missus stood beside de cabin
do';

Sumpin' whispahed in my eah 'bout my
little volunteah,

An' sade he nevah will come back no
mo'.

I's thinkin' mos' to-day ob how he
marched away,

Wid de bright sun a-climbin' up de sky;
Marched out an' down the street to de
drum's wild beat,

An' den how dey fotched 'im home to die.

Oh, de sad, moanful way missus bowed
her head to pray,

When Gabe said, "Hit's gittin' mighty
still,

But I'll rise an' jine de boys when I heah
de cannon's noise,
Er de soun' ob de bugle on de hill!"

Dar's a spot mighty deah to dis ole darky
heah,

Whar de sunshine am peekin' frough
de palms.

Wid his hands 'pon his breast dar my
soldier's gone to rest,

Jes peacefully a-sleepin' in de calms;
An' de drum's wild beat er de tread
ob marchin' feet

I know cain't disturb 'im now until
De Lo'd gibs command, den I know he'll
rise an' stan'

At de blowin' ob de bugle on de
hill.

Hit 'peahs as ef I seen de ole plantation
green,

An' sometimes I reckon dat I heah
De reg'ment pass by, and I 'low I hear a
cry

Like de moan ob my little volunteah,

An' de sobbin' on de day po' ole missus
kneeled to pray.

An' sometimes when all aroun' is still,
I kin heah de tread ob feet, to de drum's
wild beat,

An' de soun' ob de bugle on de hill.

—Bow Hackley.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

AN INCIDENT OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.

"GIVE us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the
camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said,
We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon:
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory:
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion

Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring.

—Bayard Taylor.

OUR AMERICAN WOMEN.

THE maid who binds her warrior's
sash
With smile that well her pain dis-
sembles,

The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear-drop hangs and
trembles,

Though Heaven alone records the tear,
And Fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As e'er bedewed the field of glory!

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
Mid little ones who weep or wonder,

And bravely speaks the cheering word,
 What though her heart be rent asunder,
 Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
 The bolts of death around him rattle,
 Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
 Was poured upon the field of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief
 While to her breast her son she presses,

Then breathes a few brave words and
 brief,
 Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
 With no one but her secret God
 To know the pain that weighs upon
 her,
 Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
 Received on Freedom's field of honor!
 —Thomas Buchanan Read.

THE LITTLE BLACK-EYED REBEL.

The British occupied Philadelphia between Sept. 26, 1777, and June 17, 1778. Mary Redmond was the daughter of a patriot citizen, and remained during the hostile occupation, making herself useful to the American cause by assisting in the transmission of correspondence through the lines, by such ingenious strategy as is related in these lines. This amusing poem may be found, with others of the kind, in the Young Folks' Centennial Rhymes, published in 1876.

A BOY drove into the city, his wagon
 loaded down
 With food to feed the people of
 the British-governed town:
 And the little black-eyed rebel, so inno-
 cent and sly,
 Was watching for his coming from the
 corner of her eye.

His face looked broad and honest, his
 hands were brown and tough,
 The clothes he wore upon him were
 homespun, coarse, and rough;
 But one there was who watched him, who
 long time lingered nigh,
 And cast at him sweet glances from the
 corner of her eye.

He drove up to the market, he waited in
 the line;
 His apples and potatoes were fresh and
 fair and fine;
 But long and long he waited, and no one
 came to buy,
 Save the black-eyed rebel, watching from
 the corner of her eye.

"Now who will buy my apples?" he
 shouted long and loud;
 And "Who wants my potatoes?" he
 repeated to the crowd;
 But from all the people round him came
 no word of a reply,
 Save the black-eyed rebel, answering
 from the corner of her eye.

For she knew that 'neath the lining of
 the coat he wore that day
 Were long letters from the husbands and
 the fathers far away,
 Who were fighting for the freedom that
 they meant to gain or die;
 And a tear like silver glistened in the
 corner of her eye.

But the treasures—how to get them?
 crept the question through her mind,
 Since keen enemies were watching for
 what prizes they might find:
 And she paused awhile and pondered,
 with a pretty little sigh;
 Then resolve crept through her features
 and a shrewdness fired her eye.

So she resolutely walked up to the wagon
old and red;

"May I have a dozen apples for a kiss?"
she sweetly said:

And the brown face flushed to scarlet; for
the boy was somewhat shy,
And he saw her laughing at him from the
corner of her eye.

"You may have them all for nothing, and
more, if you want," quoth he.

"I will have them, my good fellow, but
can pay for them," said she;

And she clambered on the wagon, mind-
ing not who all were by,
With a laugh of reckless romping in the
corner of her eye.

Clinging round his brawny neck, she
clasped her fingers white and small,
And then whispered, "Quick! the let-
ters! thrust them underneath my
shawl!

Carry back again *this* package, and be
sure that you are spry!"

And she sweetly smiled upon him from
the corner of her eye.

Loud the motley crowd were laughing at
the strange, ungirlish freak,

And the boy was scared and panting, and
so dashed he could not speak;

And, "Miss, I have good apples," a
bolder lad did cry;

But she answered, "No, I thank you,"
from the corner of her eye.

With the news of loved ones absent to
the dear friends they would greet,
Searching them who hungered for
them, swift she glided through the
street;

"There is nothing worth the doing that
it does not pay to try,"

Thought the little black-eyed rebel, with
a twinkle in her eye.

ONE IN BLUE AND ONE IN GRAY.

EACH thin hand resting on a grave,
Her lips apart in prayer,
A mother knelt, and left her tears
Upon the violets there.

O'er many a rood of vale and lawn,
Of hill and forest gloom,
The reaper Death had reveled in
His fearful harvest home.
The last red summer's sun had shone
Upon a fruitless fray—
From yonder forest charged the blue,
Down yonder slope the gray!

The hush of death was on the scene,
And sunset o'er the dead,
In that oppressive stillness
A pall of glory spread.
I know not, dare not question how
I met the ghastly glare

Of each upturned and stirless face
That shrunk and whitened there.
I knew my noble boys had stood
Through all that withering day—
I knew that Willie wore the blue,
That Harry wore the gray.

I thought of Willie's clear blue eye,
His wavy hair of gold,
That clustered on a fearless brow
Of purest Saxon mold;
Of Harry, with his raven locks
And eagle glance of pride;
Of how they clasped each other's hand
And left their mother's side;
How hand in hand they bore my prayer
And blessings on the way—
A noble heart beneath the blue,
Another 'neath the gray.

The dead, with white and folded hands,
 That hushed our village homes,
 I've seen laid calmly, tenderly,
 Within their darkened rooms;
 But *there* I saw distorted limbs,
 And many an eye aglare,
 In the soft purple twilight of
 The thunder-smitten air;
 Along the slope and on the sward
 In ghastly ranks they lay,
 And there was blood upon the blue,
 And blood upon the gray.

I looked and saw his blood, and his;
 A swift and vivid dream
 Of blended years flashed o'er me, when
 Like some cold shadow, came
 A blindness of the eye and brain—
 The same that seizes one

When men are smitten suddenly
 Who overstare the sun;
 And while blurred with the sudden stroke
 That swept my soul, I lay,—
 They buried Willie in his blue,
 And Harry in his gray.

The shadows fall upon their graves;
 They fall upon my heart;
 And through the twilight of my soul
 Like dew the tears will start,—
 The starlight comes so silently,
 And lingers where they rest;
 So hope's revealing starlight sinks
 And shines within my breast.
 They ask not there where yonder heaven
 Smiles with eternal day,
 Why Willie wore the loyal blue—
 Why Harry wore the gray!

A WOMAN OF THE WAR.

(A true story. The grave of the heroine, Margaret Augusta Peterson, and that of her lover, the young surgeon, may be seen side by side in the Mt. Hope Cemetery, Rochester, N. Y.)

THROUGH the sunken arch of that
 gateway tower
 Where my humblest townsman
 rides at last,
 You may spy the bells of a nodding
 flower,
 On a double mound that is thickly
 grassed.

And between the spring and the summer
 time,
 Or ever the lilac's bloom is shed,
 When they come with banners and wreaths
 and rhyme,
 To deck the tombs of the nation's dead,

They find a little flag in the grass,
 And fling a handful of roses down,
 And pause a moment before they pass
 To the captain's grave with the gilded
 crown.

But if perchance they seek to recall
 What name, what deeds, these honors
 declare,
 They cannot tell, they are silent all
 As the noiseless harebell nodding there.

She was tall, with an almost manly grace,
 With wisdom strange for one so young,
 And fair with more than a woman's face,
 With dark, deep eyes, and a mirthful
 tongue.

The poor and the fatherless knew her
 smile;
 The friend in sorrow had seen her tears;
 She had studied the ways of the rough
 world's guile,
 And read the romance of historic years.

What she might have been in these times
 of ours,
 At once it is easy and hard to guess;

For always a riddle are half-used powers,
And always a power is lovingness.

But her fortune fell upon evil days—
If days are evil when evil dies—

She was not one who could stand and gaze
Where the hopes of humanity fall and
rise.

Nor could she dance to the viol's tune
When the drum was throbbing through-
out the land,

Or dream in the light of the summer
moon

When Treason was clinching his mailed
hand.

Through the long, gray hospital's
corridor

She journeyed many a mournful league,
And her light foot fell on the oaken floor
As if it could never know fatigue.

She stood by the grand old surgeon's side,
And the sufferers smiled as they saw
her stand;

She wrote, and the mothers marveled and
cried

At the darling soldier's feminine hand.

She was last in the ward when the lights
burned low,

And Sleep called a truce to his foeman
Pain;

At the midnight cry she was first to go,
To bind up the bleeding wound again.

For sometimes the wreck of a man would
rise,

Weird and gaunt in the watch-lamp's
gleam,

And tear away bandage and splints and
ties,

Fighting the battle all o'er in his dream.

No wonder the youngest surgeon felt
A charm in the presence of that brave
soul,

Through weary weeks as she nightly knelt

With the letter from home or the
doctor's dole.

He heard her called, and he heard her
blessed,

With many a patriot's parting breath;
And ere his soul to itself confessed,
Love leaped to life in those vigils of
death.

"O, fly to your home!" came a whispered
dread,

"For now the pestilence walks by
night."

"The greater the need for me here," she
said,

And bared her arm to the lancet's bite.

Was there death, green death in the
atmosphere?

Was the bright steel poisoned? Who
can tell?

Her weeping friends gathered beside her
bier,

And the clergyman told them all was
well.

Well—alas, that it should be so!

When a nation's debt reaches reckoning
day—

Well for it to be able, but woe

To the generation that's called to pay!

Down from the long, gray hospital came
Every boy in blue who could walk the
floor;

The sick, and the wounded, the blind and
the lame,

Formed two long files from her father's
door.

There was grief in many a manly breast,
While men's tears fell as the coffin
passed;

And thus she went to the world of rest,
Martial and maidenly to the last.

And that youngest surgeon, was he to
blame?

He held the lancet—Heaven only knows.
No matter; his heart broke all the same,
And he laid him down, and he never
arose.

So death received in his greedy hand,
Two precious coins of the awful price
That purchased freedom for this dear
land—

For master and bondsman—yea, bought
it twice.

Such fates too often such women are
for!

God grant the Republic a large increase
To match the heroes in time of war,
And mother the children in time of
peace. —Rossiter Johnson.

"GOOD-BY, OLD ARM."

A HOSPITAL INCIDENT.

THE knife was still—the surgeon
bore

The shattered arm away;
Upon his bed, in painless sleep,
The noble hero lay;
He woke, but saw the vacant place,
Where limb of his had lain,
Then faintly spoke—"O, let me see
My strong right arm again!"


"Good-by, old arm!" the soldier said,
As he clasped the fingers cold,
And down his pale but manly cheeks
The tear-drops gently rolled;
'My strong right arm; no deed of yours
Now gives me cause to sigh;
But it's hard to part such trusty friends;
Good-by, old arm! good-by!

"You've served me well these many years
In sunshine and in shade;
But, comrade, we have done with war—
Let dreams of glory fade.
You'll never more my saber swing,
In battle fierce and hot;
You'll never bear another flag
Or fire another shot.

"I do not mourn to lose you now,
For home and native land;
O, proud am I to give my mite
For freedom pure and grand!
Thank God! no selfish thought is mine,
While here I bleeding lie;
Bear, bear it tenderly away,
Good-by, old arm! good-by!"
—George Cooper.

THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

(For a boy. Holds a flag in his hand.)

 H, flag of a resolute nation,
Oh, flag of the strong and the free,
The cherished of true-hearted mill-
ions,

We hallow thy colors three!
Three proud, floating emblems of glory,
Our guide for the coming time;
The red, white, and blue, in their beauty,
Love gives them a meaning sublime.
Thy red is the deep crimson life-stream
Which flowed on the battle-plain,
Redeeming our land from oppression,
And leaving no servile stain.

Thy white is a proud people's honor,
Kept spotless and clear as light;
A pledge of unfaltering justice,
A symbol of truth and right.

Thy blue is our nation's endurance,
And points to the blue above;
The limitless, measureless azure,
A type of our Father's love.

Thy stars are God's witness of blessing,
And smile at the foeman's frown;
They sparkle and gleam in their splendor,
Bright gems in the great world's crown.
—Montgomery.

ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG.

(This matchless address is to be perpetuated in letters of bronze upon the battlefield, the Secretary of War having set aside five thousand dollars for the tablet.)

FOUR score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have

consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from the same honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead should not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

—Abraham Lincoln.

THE VOLUNTEER.

(Appropriate for a boy in soldier's costume.)

THERE'S always a cheer for the volunteer,

There's ever a welcoming host,
The wide land stretches a greeting hand—
Glad hail from the hill to the coast!
There's none but will vaunt the deeds
he's done—

Let us praise them and pledge him
high!

.

Who rushed the lines on the San Juan hill?
Who at Caney fought alone?
The enlisted regular fighting man—
The soldier—*bred to the bone!*
Who bore the big brunt of the battle
front?

Should we speak it below a breath?
The enlisted regular fighting man,
Who cheered as he charged to death!

Who he was, the public seldom knows—

Who he is, it does not care—

Just Private Blank of the —ty-third,

Recruited from God knows where!

Just a name put down on a muster roll;

Yes, numbered and stencilled from shirt
to soul—

And he doesn't object a bit!

No; he takes it all as it all may come,

And it's more of work than play—

From the goose-step into the awkward
squad—

Then into a trench some day.

He answers "sir" to his officer,

He watches his sergeant well,

And if things they happen to rub him
wrong,

He cannot run home and tell!

For "The Army" spells his name for
Home,
And "The Post" proves his abode;
And he's taught his company manners
there,

Up to: "Numbers! Ready! Load!"
Oh, he gets his fill of the family drill,
And they train his hand and eye!
Till he stands or moves and questions
not—

Let his captain know the "why."

For the service adopts the enlisted man,
And he's treated as a child!
And he's cautioned how to mind his
health

In tones not over mild.
Oh, he's bound to go and do just so;
But when things are at the worst,
He learns that the men with the
shoulder-straps
Are thinking of him first!

From the colonel down to the officer lad,
They share his fare and lot,
And they train his trigger finger right
And his feet to falter not;

For war's a trade for which tools are made
Out of names on a muster-roll;
And the soldier's a bound-to-obey
machine,
With a human heart and soul!

He asks for no praise as a patriot,
He lays claim to no laurel wreath,
Tho' he's proud of his nation and regiment
And the flag that he fights beneath!
He "serves for pay," they were wont to
say,

But before an advance began:
"A trench or a height to be taken?
Where's the regular fighting man!"

God keep in the breast of the Nation's
sons

The soul of the volunteer;
Let there always be men when the country
calls

To join in the great "We're here!"
*And to God be thanks that we've men in
the ranks,*

*Let the lines be black or white—
The men at arms who stand on guard
To keep the flag in sight!*

—James Barnes.

THE WORLD'S DECISIVE BATTLES.

PROFESSOR CLEARY denominates
these battles "decisive," not alone
by reason of their immediate re-
sults, but because in each a reversed
victory would have changed materially
the history of the world:

B. C. 490.

The victory at Marathon,
Greece over haughty Persia won

B. C. 431.

At Syracuse the Spartan's name
Attained in Hellas naval fame.

B. C. 338.

From Arbela Darius fled,
While Alexander onward sped.

B. C. 307.

On the Metaurus Rome foretold
The speedy doom of Carthage old.

A. D. 9.

With Varus into wilds decoyed,
Rome's trusted legions were destroyed.

A. D. 431.

By Visigoth and Roman spurned,
The "Scourge of God" from Chalons
turned.

A. D. 732.

At Tours fierce blows from Charles
 "Martel"
 The "Infidels' " retreat compel.

A. D. 1066.

At Hastings fought the Saxon lords,
 When Norman William claimed their
 swords.

A. D. 1429.

Joan of Arc, of France the pride,
 At Orleans turned the battle-tide.

A. D. 1588.

Spain's huge Armada, greatly feared,
 In English waters disappeared.

A. D. 1704.

At Blenheim Marlborough held sway,
 While Prince Eugene helped win the day.

A. D. 1709.

Pultowa saw a triumph framed,
 Which Russia over Sweden claimed.

A. D. 1777.

At Saratoga, in our States,
 Burgoyne gave up his sword to Gates.

A. D. 1792.

The young Democracy of France
 At Valmy checked their foe's advance.

A. D. 1815.

But great Napoleon we view,
 Vanquished at last at Waterloo.

A. D. 1854.

Balaklava, a victory grand,
 To Turkey, France, and to England.

A. D. 1865.

The North and South of this great land
 In peace at Appomattox stand.


A. D. 1870.

At Gravelotte the French gave way
 And lost a deal to Germany.

A. D. 1898.

In East and West Spain's rule is o'er,
 Ended on Santiago's shore.

A SOUTHERN SCENE.

 MAMMY, have you heard the
 news?"

Thus spake a Southern child,
 As in the nurse's gentle face
 She upward glanced and smiled.

"What news you mean, my little one?
 It must be mighty fine,
 To make my darling's face so red,
 Her sunny, blue eyes shine."

"Why, Abri'am Lincoln, don't you know,
 The Yankee President,
 Whose homely picture once we saw
 When up to town we went?

"Well, he is going to free you all,
 And make you rich and grand,
 And you'll be dressed in silk and gold,
 Like the proudest in the land.

"A gilded coach shall carry you
 Where'er you wish to ride;
 And, Mammy, all your work shall be
 Forever laid aside."

The eager speaker paused for breath,
 And then the old nurse said,
 While closer to her swarthy cheek
 She pressed the golden head—

"My little missus, stop an' res'—
 You talkin' mighty fas';
 Jes' look up dare, and tell me what
 You see in yonder glass?

"You sees ole Mammy's wrinkly face,
 As black as any coal;
 And underneath her handkerchief,
 Whole heaps of knotty wool.

"My darlin's face is red and white,
Her skin is soff and fine,
An' on her pretty little head
De yaller ringlets shine.

"My chile, who made dis difference
'Twixt Mammy and 'twixt you?
You reads de dear Lawd's blessed book,
And you can tell me true.

"De dear Lawd said it mus' be so,
An' honey, I for one,
Wid tankful heart will always say
His holy will be done.

"I tanks Mas' Linkum all de same,
But when I wants for free,
I'll ask de Lawd of glory,
Not poor buckra man like he.

"And as for gilded carriages,
Dey's nothin' 't all to me;
My massa's coach, what carried him,
Is good enough for me.

"And, honey, w'en your mammy wants
To change her homespun dress,
She'll pray like dear ole missus
To be clothed with righteousness.

"My work's been done dis many a day,
And now I takes my ease,
Awaitin' for de Master's call,
Jes' when de Master please.

"An' when at las' de time's done come,
An' poor ole mammy dies,
Your own dear mother's soff white hand
Shall close these tired old eyes.

"De dear Lawd Jesus soon will call
Ole Mammy home to Him,
And He can wash my guilty soul
From ebery spot of sin.

"An' at His feet I shall lie down,
Who died and rose for me;
And den, and not till den, my chile,
Your mammy will be free."

—Anonymous.

A NATION BORN IN A DAY.

John Quincy Adams was the sixth President of the United States. At the end of his term of office he returned to his home, but was not long permitted to remain in retirement. In November he was elected Representative to Congress. He thus recognized the Roman principle, that it is honorable for the general of yesterday to act as corporal to-day, if by so doing he can render service to his country.

For seventeen years, until his death, he occupied the post of Representative, and it is said of him he was the most eloquent man living, and won the title of "The Old Man Eloquent."

THE Declaration of Independence! The interest in which that paper has survived the occasion upon which it was issued, the interest which is of every age and every clime, the interest which quickens with the lapse of years, spreads as it grows old, and brightens as it recedes, is in the principles which it proclaims. It was the first solemn declaration, by a nation, of the only legitimate foundation of civil government. It was the corner-stone of a new fabric, destined to cover the surface of

the globe. It announced in practical form to the world the transcendent truth of the inalienable sovereignty of the people. It proved that the social compact was no figment of the imagination, but a real, solid, and sacred bond of the social union. From the day of this declaration the people of North America were no longer the fragment of a distant empire. They were a nation, asserting as of right, and maintaining by war, its own existence. A nation was born in a day.

"How many ages hence
Shall this, their lofty scene, be acted o'er
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?"

It will be acted o'er, fellow citizens,
but it can never be repeated. It stands,
and must forever stand, alone; a beacon
on the summit of the mountain, to which
all the inhabitants of the earth may turn
their eyes for a genial and saving light,
till time shall be lost in eternity, and this
globe itself dissolve, nor leave a wreck
behind. It stands forever, a light of

admonition to the rulers of men, a light
of salvation and redemption. So long as
this planet shall be inhabited by human
beings, so long as man shall be of a
social nature, so long as government shall
be necessary to the great moral purposes
of society, so long shall this declaration
hold out to the sovereign and to the sub-
ject the extent and the boundaries of
their respective rights and duties, founded
in the laws of nature, and of nature's
God.
—John Quincy Adams.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

THE United States is the only
country with a known birthday.
All the rest began, they know
not when, and grew into power, they know
not how. If there had been no Independ-
ence Day, England and America com-

bined would not be so great as each
actually is. There is no "Republican,"
no "Democrat," on the Fourth of July—
all are Americans. All feel that their
country is greater than party.

—James G. Blaine.

BIRTHDAY OF THE STARS AND STRIPES:

AS soon as the colonists had fully
decided to separate from the
British, they resolved to have a
flag of their own. Many devices were pro-
posed and rejected. About a month before
the Declaration of Independence a com-
mittee was appointed to see about having
a flag made. George Washington was one
of this committee. A design was drawn,
and with this he went to Mrs. John Ross,
who was a skillful needlewoman. She
agreed to undertake the making of the
flag, and must have been successful, for
she was employed many years by the
government in this branch of needlework.

It was June 14, 1777, that the Stars and
Stripes were officially adopted as the
ensign of the United States. Although
the resolution establishing the flag was
not officially promulgated by the Secre-
tary of Congress until September 3, 1777,
it seems well authenticated that the Stars

and Stripes were carried at the battle of
Brandywine, September 11, 1777, and
thenceforward during all the battles of
the Revolution. Soon after its adoption,
the new flag was hoisted on the naval
vessels of the United States. The ship
Ranger, bearing the Stars and Stripes
and commanded by Captain Paul Jones,
arrived at a French port about December
1, 1777, and her flag received on Feb-
ruary 14, 1778, the first salute ever paid
to the American flag by foreign naval
vessels. The flag remained unchanged
for about eighteen years after its adop-
tion. By this time two more States
(Vermont and Kentucky) had been
admitted to the Union; and on January
18, 1794, Congress enacted that from and
after the first day of May, 1795, the flag
of the United States be fifteen stripes,
alternate red and white; that the union
be fifteen stars, white, in a blue field.

This flag was the national banner from 1795 to 1818, during which period occurred the War of 1812 with Great Britain. By 1818 five additional States (Tennessee, Ohio, Louisiana, Indiana, and Mississippi) had been admitted into the Union, and therefore a further change in the flag seemed required. After considerable discussion in Congress on the subject, the Act of April 4, 1818, was passed, which provided:

"1. That from and after the 4th day of July next the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white; that the union have twenty stars, white in a blue field.

"2. That on the admission of every new State into the Union one star be added to the union of the flag, and that such addition shall take effect on the 4th day of July next succeeding such admission."

Its stars have increased in number until

they crowd the blue field. The territory over which it proudly waves in triumph as the banner of the free has widened from year to year until to-day the sun cannot set upon American possessions. The 3,000,000 people who hailed its birth with cheers have grown to 75,000,000, and all this increase has been honorably gained. Wide and fair and powerful as is this land, it never could have been filled with its wonderful people unless patriotic and enterprising men had made sacrifices to lead in its development and expansion.

(School rises, salutes flag, and recites.)

"Here's welcome to wounding, and combat, and scars,
And the glory of death for the stripes and the stars."

"Invincible banner! the flag of the free,
Oh! where treads the foot that would falter for thee?"

WHY HE WOULDN'T SELL THE FARM.

HERE, John! you drive the cows up while your mar brings out the pails;

But don't ye let me ketch yer ahangin' onter them cows' tails,

An' chasin' them across that lot at sich a tarin' rate;

An' John, when you cum out, be sure and shet that pastur gate.

It's strange that boy will never larn to notice what I say,

I'm 'fraid that he'll git to rulin' me, if things goes on this way;

But boys is boys, and will be boys, till ther grown up to men,

An' John's about as good a lad as the average of 'em.

I'll tell ye, stranger, how it is: I feel a heap o' pride

In that boy—he's our only one sence little Neddy died;

Don't mind me, sir, I'm growin' old, my eyesight's gittin' dim;

But 't seems sumhow a kind o' mist cums long o' thoughts of him.

Jes' set down on the doorstep, Squar, an' make yerself to hum;

While Johnny's bringin' up the cows I'll tell ye how it cum

That all our boys ha' left us, 'ceptin' Johnny there,

An' I reckon, stranger, countin' all, we've had about our share.

Thar was our first boy, Benjamin, the oldest of them all,

He was the smartest little chap, so clipper, peart and small;

He cum to us one sun-bright morn, as merry as a lark,

It would ha' done your soul good, Squar,
to a seen the little spark.

An' thar was Tom, "a hansum boy," his
mother allus said,

He took to books, and larned so sry, we
put the sprig ahead—

His skoolin' cleaned the little pile we'd
laid by in the chest,

But I's bound to give the boy a chance to
do his level best.

Our third one's name was Samuel; he
growed up here to hum,

An' worked with me upon the farm till he
was twenty-one.

Fur Benjamin had larned a trade—He
didn't take to work;

Tom, mixin' up in politics, got 'lected
County Clerk.

We ken all remember, stranger, the year
o' sixty-one,

When the spark that teched the powder off
in that Confed'rat gun

Flashed like a streak o' lightning up
acrost from east to west,

An' left a spot that burned like fire in
every patriot's breast.

An' I tell you what it was, Squar, my
boys cum up to the scratch.

They all had a share o' the old man's
grit, with enough of their own to
match,

They showed their colors, an' set ther
flint, ther names went down on the
roll,

An' Benjamin, Thomas an' Sam was
pledged to preserve the old flag
whole.

They all cum hum together at the last,
rigged up in their soldier clothes;

It made my old heart thump, thump with
pride, an' ther mother's spirits rose,

Fur she'd been "down in the mouth" sum-
what sence she'd heard what the boys
had done,

Fur it took all three, an' it's hard enough
fur a mother to give up one.

But ther warnt a drop of coward's blood
in her veins, I ken tell you first,

Fur she'd send the boys, an' the old man,
too, ef the worst had cum to worst;

I shall never furgit the last night, Squar,
when we all kneeled down to pray,

How she give 'em, one by one, to God, in
the hush of the twilight gray.

An' when the morning broke so clear—
not a cloud was in the sky—

The boys cum in with sober looks to bid
us their last good-by;

I didn't spect she would stand it all, with
her face so firm an' calm,

But she didn't break nor give in a peg till
she cum to kissin' Sam,

An' then it all cum out at onct, like a
storm from a thunder cloud,—

She jest set down on the kitchen floor,
broke out with a sob so loud

Thet Sam give up, and the boys cum
back, and they all got down by her
there;

An' I'm thinkin' 'twould a made an angel
cry to hev seen that partin', Squar!

I think she had a forewarnin', fur when
they brought back poor Sam,

She sot down by his coffin there, with her
face so white and calm,

Thet the neighbors who cum a pourin' in
to see our soldier dead,

Went out with a hush on ther tremblin'
lips, an' the words in ther hearts
unsaid.

Stranger, perhaps you heard of Sam, how
he broke through the Secesh line,

An' planted the old flag high an' dry,
 where its dear old stars could shine;
 An' after our soldiers won the day, an' a
 gatherin' up the dead,
 They found our boy with his brave heart
 still, and the flag above his head.

An' Tom was shot at Gettysburg, in the
 thickest of the fray—
 They say thet he led his gallant boys like
 a hero thro' thet day;
 But they brought him back with his clear
 voice hushed in the silent sleep of
 death,
 An' another grave grew grassy green
 'neath the kiss of the Summer's breath.
 An' Benjamin, he cum hum at last;—but
 it made my old eyes ache
 To see him lay with thet patient look,
 when it seemed thet his heart must
 break

With his pain and wounds, but he lin-
 gered on till the flowers died away,
 An' then he laid him down to rest, in the
 close of the autumn day.

Will I sell the old farm, stranger, the
 house where my boys were born?
 Jes' look down through the orchard,
 Squar, beyond thet field of corn,—
 Ken ye see them four white marble stuns
 gleam out through the orchard glade?
 Wall, all thet is left of our boys on earth
 rests unner them old trees' shade.

But there cums John with the cows, ye
 see, an' it's 'bout my milkin' time:
 If ye happen along this way agin, jes'
 drop in at any time.
 Oh, ye axed if I'd eny notion the old farm
 would ever be sold;
 Wall! may be, Squar, but I'll tell ye plain,
 'twill be when the old man's cold.

HER PAPA.

MY PAPA'S all dressed up to-
 day,
 He never looked so fine,
 I thought when I first looked at him,
 My papa wasn't mine.

He's got a beautiful new suit—
 The old one was so old—
 It's blue, with buttons, O, so bright,
 I guess they must be gold.

And papa's sort o' glad and sort
 O' sad—I wonder why?
 And every time she looks at him
 It makes my mamma cry.

Who's Uncle Sam? My papa says
 That he belongs to him;
 But papa's joking, 'cause he knows
 My uncle's name is Jim.

My papa just belongs to me
 And mamma. And I guess
 The folks are blind who cannot see
 His buttons, marked U. S.

U. S. spells us. He's ours—and yet
 My mamma can't help cry,
 And papa tries to smile at me
 And can't—I wonder why?

FOURTH OF JULY RECORD.

I WAS a wide-awake little boy
 Who rose with the break of day;
 2 were the minutes he took to dress,
 Then he was off and away.

3 were his leaps when he cleared the stairs,
 Although they were steep and high;
 4 was the number which caused his haste,
 Because it was Fourth of July!

5 were his pennies which went to buy
A package of crackers red;

6 were the matches which touched them off,
And then—he was back in bed.

7 big plasters he had to wear
To cure his fractures sore;

8 were the visits the doctor made,
Before he was whole once more.

9 were the dolorous days he spent
In sorrow and pain; but then,

o are the seconds he'll stop to think
Before he does it again.

A GOOD COUNTRY.

(For a very little girl.)

The speaker should wear the national colors, either combined in a dress or as decorations to a white dress.

I WEAR these three colors to-day,
The beautiful red, white, and blue,
Because 'tis the Fourth of July,
And I thought I'd celebrate too.

I know that our country began
(Though I'm sure I cannot tell why),

One morning so long, long ago,
And that was the Fourth of July.

But one thing for certain and sure
I've found out, although I'm so small,
'Tis a country good to be in
For little folks, big folks, and all.

STORY OF THE "STAR SPANGLED BANNER."

I N the War of 1812, when an attack was being made upon Fort Henry, Mr. Key and his friend were on board an American vessel just in sight of the enemy's fleet and the flag of Fort Henry. They remained on board all through the night, holding their breath at every shell that went careering over among their countrymen in the fort, and every moment expecting an explosion.

Suddenly the firing ceased, and as they had no connection with the enemy's ships they could not find out whether the fort had been abandoned, or the siege given up. For the remainder of the night, they paced to and fro upon the deck in terrible anxiety, longing for the return of day, and looking every few moments at their watches to see how long they must wait for it.

Light came at last, and they could see that our flag was still there. At length they were told that the attack had failed and that the British were re-embarking.

The words of the "Star-spangled Banner" were written by Mr. Key, as he walked the deck in the darkness and suspense.

In less than an hour after it went into the printer's hands it was all over town, was hailed with joy, and at once took its place among our national pieces.

Ferdinand Durag, an actor, saw it, and catching up a volume of flute music, he whistled tune after tune; at length, he chanced upon one called "Anacreon in Heaven," and as note after note fell from his lips, he cried, "Boys, I've hit it!" Then, taking up the words, there rang out for the first time the "Song of the Star-spangled Banner." How the men shouted and clapped!

The actor sang it in public. It was caught up in the camps, sung around bivouac fires, and whistled in the streets. When peace was declared and the people scattered to their homes it was sung around thousands of firesides.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of
the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage
where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of
his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watchfires of a
hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the
evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the
dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in bur-
nished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemnners, so with
ye my grace shall deal;

Let the hero born of woman crush the
serpent with his heel,"
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth a trumpet that shall
never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before
his judgment seat.
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him; be
jubilant, my feet;
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born
across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that trans-
figures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die
to make men free.

While God is marching on.

—Julia Ward Howe.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

A THOUGHTFUL mind, when it
sees a nation's flag, sees not the
flag only, but the nation itself;
and whatever may be its symbols, its
insignia, he reads chiefly in the flag the
government, the principles, the truths,
the history, which belong to the nation
that sets it forth.

When the French tricolor rolls out to
the wind, we see France. When the
new-found Italian flag is unfurled, we
see resurrected Italy. When the other
three-cornered Hungarian flag shall be
lifted to the wind, we shall see in it the
long-buried but never dead principles of
Hungarian liberty. When the united
crosses of St. Andrew and St. George on
a fiery ground set forth the banner of Old
England, we see not the cloth merely;
there rises up before the mind the noble
aspect of that monarchy, which, more
than any other on the globe, has advanced

its banner for liberty, law, and national
prosperity.

This nation has a banner too; and
whenever it streamed abroad, men saw
daybreak bursting on their eyes, for the
American flag has been the symbol of
liberty, and men rejoiced in it. Not
another flag on the globe had such an
errand, or went forth upon the sea, carry-
ing everywhere, the world around, such
hope for the captive and such glorious
tidings.

The stars upon it were to the pining
nations like the morning stars of God,
and the stripes upon it were beams of
morning light.

As at early dawn the stars stand first,
and then it grows light, and then as the
sun advances the light breaks into banks
and streaming lines of color, the glowing
red and intense white striving together
and ribbing the horizon with bars



From Photograph by Morrison

"I'M SITTING ALONE BY THE FIRE,
DRESSED JUST AS I CAME FROM THE DANCE"
(From Recitation entitled "Her Letter.")



From Photograph by Morrison, Chicago

"TIMES LIKE THESE ARE TOO SERIOUS FOR TRIFLING

effulgent, so on the American flag, stars and beams of many-colored light shine out together. And wherever the flag comes, and men behold it, they see in its sacred emblazonry, no rampant lion and fierce eagle, but only LIGHT, and every fold significant of liberty.

The history of this banner is all on one side. Under it rode Washington and his armies; before it Burgoyne laid down his arms. It waved on the highlands at West Point; it floated over old Fort Montgomery. When Arnold would have surrendered these valuable fortresses and precious legacies, his night was turned into day, and his treachery was driven away, by the beams of light from this starry banner.

It cheered our army, driven from New York, in their solitary pilgrimage through New Jersey. It streamed in light over Valley Forge and Morristown. It crossed the waters rolling with ice at Trenton; and when its stars gleamed in the cold morning with victory, a new day of hope dawned on the despondency of the

nation. And when, at length, the long years of war were drawing to a close, underneath the folds of this immortal banner sat Washington while Yorktown surrendered its hosts, and our Revolutionary struggles ended with victory.

Let us, then, twine each thread of the glorious tissue of our country's flag about our heart-strings; and looking upon our homes and catching the spirit that breathes upon us from the battle-fields of our fathers, let us resolve, come weal or woe, we will, in life and in death, now and forever, stand by the stars and stripes. They have been unfurled from the snows of Canada to the plains of New Orleans, in the halls of the Montezumas and amid the solitude of every sea; and everywhere, as the luminous symbol of resistless and beneficent power, they have led the brave to victory and to glory. They have floated over our cradles; let it be our prayer and our struggle that they shall float over our graves. In this consists our hope, and without it there can be no future for our nation.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE "FOURTH."

WE put him to bed in his little night gown,
The worst battered youngster
there was in the town;
Yet he yelled as he opened his only well eye,
" 'Rah! 'Rah! for the jolly old Fourth
of July! "

Two thumbs and eight fingers with
cloths were tied up,
On his head was a bump, like an
upside-down cup;
And he smiled as best he could with his
nose all awry,
"I've had just the 'bossest' Fourth of
July! "

We were glad, for he had been up with
the sun,
Right into the midst of the powder and
fun,
Where the cannon's loud boom sent its
smoke to the sky—
Young America-like was his Fourth of
July!

I said we were glad. All the pieces were
there,
So we plastered and bound them with
tenderest care;
But out of the wreck came the words with
a sigh,
"If to-morrow was only the Fourth of
July! "

He will grow all together again, never
fear,
And be ready to celebrate freedom next
year;
But though it is selfish, we are thankful
there lies
A crackerless twelvemonth 'twixt
Fourth of July's.

We kissed him good-night on his powder-
specked face,
We laid his bruised hands softly down
in their place;
And he murmured as sleep closed his one
open eye:
"I wish every day was the Fourth of
July!"

THE MEANING OF THE AMERICAN FLAG.

(Recitation for a boy.)

THE American flag means, then,
all that the fathers meant in the
Revolutionary War; it means all
that the Declaration of Independence
meant; it means all that the Constitution
of a people, organizing for justice, for
liberty, and for happiness, meant.

The American flag carries American
ideas, American history, and American
feelings.

Beginning with the colonies and coming
down to our time, in its sacred heraldry,
in its glorious insignia, it has gathered

and stored chiefly this supreme idea:
DIVINE RIGHT OF LIBERTY IN MAN.

*Every color means liberty, every thread
means liberty, every form of star and
beam of light means liberty—liberty
through law, and laws for liberty.* Accept
it, then, in all its fullness of meaning. It
is not a painted rag. It is a whole
national history. It is the Constitution.
It is the Government. It is the emblem
of the sovereignty of the people. It is
the Nation.—From a speech by Henry
Ward Beecher.

A GEORGIA VOLUNTEER.

FAIR up the lonely mountain side my
wandering footsteps led;
The moss lay thick beneath my
feet, the pine sighed overhead.
The trace of a dismantled fort lay in the
forest nave,
And in the shadow near my path I saw a
soldier's grave.

The bramble wrestled with the weed upon
the lowly mound,
The simple headboard, rudely writ, had
rotted to the ground;
I raised it with a reverent hand, from
dust its words to clear,
But time had blotted all but these—"A
Georgia Volunteer."

I saw the toad and scaly snake from
tangled covert start,
And hide themselves among the weed
above the dead man's heart;
But undisturbed, in sleep profound,
unheeding there he lay;
His coffin but the mountain soil, his
shroud Confederate gray.

I heard the Shenandoah roll along the
vale below;
I saw the Alleghenies rise towards the
realms of snow;
The "*Valley Campaign*" rose to mind—its
leader's name—and then
I knew the sleeper had been one of
Stonewall Jackson's men.

Yet whence he came, what lip shall say—
whose tongue will ever tell—

What desolate hearths and hearts have
been because he fell?

What sad-eyed maiden braids her hair,
her hair which he held dear?

One lock of which, perchance, lies with
the Georgia Volunteer!

What mother, with long-watching eyes
and white lips cold and dumb,

Waits with appalling patience for her
darling boy to come?

Her boy! whose mountain grave swells
up but one of many a scar

Cut on the face of our fair land by gory-
handed war.

What fights he fought, what wounds he
wore, are all unknown to fame;

Remember, on his lonely grave there is
not e'en a name;

That he fought well, and bravely too,
and held his country dear,

We know, else he had never been a
Georgia Volunteer.

He sleeps—what need to question now if
he were wrong or right?

He knows, ere this, whose cause was just
in God the Father's sight;

He wields no warlike weapons now,
returns no foeman's thrust—

Who but a coward would revile an hon-
ored soldier's dust?

Roll! Shenandoah, proudly roll, adown
thy rocky glen;

Above thee lies the grave of one of Stone-
wall Jackson's men.

Beneath the cedar and the pine in soli-
tude austere,

Unknown, unnamed, forgotten, lies a
Georgia Volunteer.

ABOUT FIRE-CRACKERS.

(For a boy.)

IF there were no fire-crackers
What could a small boy do
To keep the nation's birthday?
I do not know. Do you?

How can I show my gladness
For Independence Day,
Unless with noisy crackers
I bang and blaze away?

When I am a man like you,
(*Points to some one in the audience*),
I shall not make a noise,
But instead, I'll sit and scold
About those noisy boys.

So, hurrah! I'm glad we shipped
King George across the seas,
If we hadn't, pray, what use
Could I have had for these?

(*Pulls a pack of fire-crackers out of each
pocket and holds them up.*)

THE AMERICAN BOY.

(With Decision.)

LOOK up, my young American!
Stand firmly on the earth,
Where noble deeds and mental
power
Give titles over birth.

A hallow'd land thou claim'st, my boy,
By early struggles bought,
Heaped up with noble memories,
And wide, ay, wide as thought!

What though we boast no ancient towers
Where "ivied" streamers twine,
The *laurel* lives upon our soil,
The laurel, boy, is thine.

And when thou'rt told of knighthood's
shield,
And English battles won,
Look up, my boy, and breathe one word—
The name of Washington.

THE BABY'S KISS.

AN INCIDENT OF THE CIVIL WAR.

ROUGH and ready the troopers ride,
 Pistol in holster and sword by
 side;
 They have ridden long, they have ridden
 hard,
 They are travel-stained and battle-scarred;
 The hard ground shakes with their martial
 tramp,
 And coarse is the laugh of the men of the
 camp.

They reach the spot where a mother
 stands
 With baby shaking its little hands,
 Laughing aloud at the gallant sight
 Of the mounted soldiers, fresh from the
 fight.

The captain laughs out, "I will give you
 this,
 A bright piece of gold, your baby to
 kiss."

"My darling's kisses cannot be sold,
 But gladly he'll kiss a soldier bold."

He lifts up the babe with a manly grace,
 And covers with kisses its smiling face.
 Its rosy cheeks and its dimpled charms,
 And it crows with delight in the soldier's
 arms.

"Not all for the captain," the troopers
 call;

"The baby, we know, has a kiss for all."
 To each soldier's breast the baby is
 pressed

By the strong, rough men, and kissed and
 caressed.

And louder it laughs, and the lady's face
 Wears a mother's smile at the fond
 embrace.

"Just such a kiss," cried one warrior grim,
 "When I left my boy I gave to him;"

"And just such a kiss on the parting day,
 I gave to my girl as asleep she lay."

Such were the words of these soldiers brave,
 And their eyes were moist when the kiss
 they gave. —Anon.

AT THE CRISIS OF OUR WAR WITH SPAIN.

ALmighty God, our strength and
 shield,
 We bend the hand, we bow the
 knee,

Before the awful glimpse revealed
 Of what our future yet may be.
 Lord God, the God of nations, guide!
 Be thou our strength whate'er betide.

Afar across the tropic sea,
 Within our grasp an empire lies;
 Though all unsunned by liberty
 Its gold-gleams daze our startled eyes,
 The wish for power, gain, glory—all
 New-roused within—our souls appall.

Sore tempted, we in travail groan,
 The elder nations watch and wait;

O! leave us not this hour alone—

This hour that may decide our fate.
 Lord God, the God of nations, guide!
 Be thou our strength whate'er betide.

Let thoughts and deeds more solemn
 grow,

And eyes begin to question eyes;
 Teach thou bewildered minds to know
 Wherein the course of wisdom lies.
 Lord God, the God of nations, guide!
 Be thou our strength whate'er betide.

Let vaunt, and boast, and triumph cease,
 The war-won glories fade away;

Now come the harder strifes of peace—

It is the time for men to pray.
 Lord God, the God of nations, guide!
 Be thou our strength whate'er betide.

TO THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

(For six little boys. Wave flag in right hand at the close of each stanza.)

“**T**O the red, white, and blue
I will ever be true.”
There is no flag, however grand,
Like our own red, white, and blue.

Hurrah for the flag! Our country's flag!
Its stripes and white stars, too!
There is no flag in any land
Like our own red, white, and blue!

THE REPUBLIC.

THOU, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and
great!

Humanity with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what masters laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!

Fear not each sudden sound and shock;
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our
tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!

THE POINT WITH OLD PETE.

I NOTICED upon the hurricane deck
an elderly darkey with a very philo-
sophical and retrospective cast of
countenance, squatted upon his bundle,
toasting his shins against the chimney,
and apparently plunged into a state of
deep meditation. Finding upon inquiry
that he belonged to the Ninth Illinois,
one of the most gallantly behaved and
heavily losing regiments at the Fort
Donaldson battle, and part of which was
aboard, I began to question him:

“What is your name?”
“Dey calls me Pete.”
“Were you in the fight?”
“Had a little taste of it, sah.”
“Stood your ground, did you?”
“No, sah, I runs.”
“Run at the first fire, did you?”
“Yes, sah—an' I would a run soona had
I knoad hit war comin'.”

“Why, that wasn't very creditable to
your courage.”

“Dat isn't in my line, sah—cookin's my
perfeshin'.”

“Well, but have you no regard for your
reputation?”

“Reputation's nuffin by de side ob life.”

“Do you consider your life worth more
than other people's?”

“It's worth mo' to me, sah!”

“Then you must value it very highly?”

“Yes, sah, I does—mo' dan all dis worl'
—more dan a million of dollars, sah, fo'
what would dat be wuth to a man wid de
bref out o' him? Self-preservation am de
fust law wid me.”

“But why should you act upon a differ-
ent rule than other men?”

“Cause different men set different val-
ues upon der lives — mine ain't in de
market.”

"But if you lost it you would have the satisfaction of knowing you died for your country."

"What satisfaction would dat be to me, we'n de powah ob feelin' is gone?"

"Then patriotism and honor are nothing to you?"

"Noffin whatever, sah—I regards 'em as among de vanities."

"If our soldiers were like you the gov-

ernment might be broken up without resistance."

"Yes, sah, dar would be no help for it."

"Do you think any of your company would have missed you had you been killed?"

"May be not, sah. A dead white man ain't much to dese soges, let alone a dead niggah, but I'd miss myse'f, and dat was de p'int wid ole Pete."

BALLAD OF MANILA BAY.

YOUR threats, how vain, Corregidor;
Your rampired batteries, feared
no more;

Your frowning guard at Manila gate,—
When our Captain went before!

Lights out. Into the unknown gloom
From the windy, glimmering, wide sea-
room.

Challenging fate in that dark strait
We dared the hidden doom.

But the death in the deep awoke not then;
Mine and torpedo they spoke not then;
From the heights that loomed on our
passing line
The thunders broke not then.

Mute each ship as the mute-mouth grave,
A ghost leviathan cleaving the wave;
But deep in its heart the great fires throb,
The travailing engines rave.

The ponderous pistons urge like fate,
The red-throat furnaces roar elate,
And the sweating stokers stagger and
swoon
In a heat more fierce than hate.

So through the dark we stole our way
Past the grim warders and into the bay,
Past Kalibuyo, and past Salinas,—
And came at the break of day

Where strong Cavité stood to oppose,—
Where, from a sheen of silver and rose,
A thronging of masts, a soaring of towers,
The beautiful city arose.

How fine and fair! But the shining air
With a thousand shattering thunders
there

Flapped and reeled. For the fighting
foe—

We had caught him in his lair.

Surprised, unready, his proud ships lay
Idly at anchor in Bakor Bay;—
Unready, surprised, but proudly bold,
Which was ever the Spaniard's way.

Then soon on his pride the dread doom
fell,

Red doom,—for the ruin of shot and shell
Lit every vomiting, bursting hulk
With a crimson reek of hell.

But to the brave though beaten, hail!
All hail to them that dare and fail!
To the dauntless boat that charged our
fleet
And sank in the iron hail!

Manila Bay! Manila Bay!
How proud the song on our lips to-day!
A brave old song of the true and strong
And the will that has its way;

Of the blood that told in the days of
Drake

When the fight was good for the fighting's
sake!

For the blood that fathered Farragut
Is the blood that fathered Blake;

And the pride of the blood will not be
undone

While war's in the world and a fight to
be won,

For the master now, as the master of old,
Is "the man behind the gun."

The dominant blood that daunts the foe,
That laughs at odds, and leaps to the blow,—
It is Dewey's glory to-day, as Nelson's
A hundred years ago!

—Charles G. D. Roberts.

HURRAH FOR THE AMERICAN FLAG!

WHEN Freedom, from her moun-
tain height,
Unfurled her standard to the
air,

She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there!
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light,
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land!

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,—
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! The folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,

Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn,
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er the closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven!
Forever afloat that standard sheet,
Where breathes the foe but falls before
us,

With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us.

KIPLING'S "RECESSIONAL."

GOD of our fathers, known of old—
 Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
 Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
 The captains and the kings depart—
 Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart.
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
 On dune and headland sinks the fire—
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!

Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in
 awe—

Such boasting as the Gentiles use
 Or lesser breeds without the law—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
 In reeking tube and iron shard—
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,
 And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
 For frantic boast and foolish word,
 Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!
 Amen.

AN ALPHABET FOR WAR TIMES.

A IS for Alger—a Michigan man —
 As perhaps you may guess if
 appointments you scan.

B is for Bryan, who's entered war's race
 To limber his sword arm and rest up his
 face.

C's for Cervera, who nearly was slain
 To save jobs for a few politicians in Spain.

D is for Dewey, whom Germans condemn
 Because he runs things to suit us and not
 them.

E is for Evans, who'd like to reach Cadiz
 And help to make Spanish the language
 of hades.

F is for Furor, torpedo-boat catcher;
 What they thought was all right till
 Wainwright went to match her.

G is for General Miles, I might mention,
 Whose bathtubs and schemes have
 attracted attention.

H is for Hobson, whose "turn" you may
 know

Was one of the hottest we've seen in this
 show.

I is for Islands, all 'round the wide world,
 This nation will own ere her war flag is
 furled.

J is for Jackies, who serve out the shell—
 That Spaniards on both sides the earth
 know so well.

K is for Spain's little harmless young
 King,
 Who'd best stay some years 'neath the
 motherly wing.

L is for Long—naval head in this ruction,
 Who saved the New England old maids
 from abduction.

M stands for McKinley. How great he
 has grown
 From the courage, forbearance and wis-
 dom he's shown!

N is for Navy, the pride of the nation;
Manned by sailors we know for the best
in creation.

O stands for the shape of the Spanish
don's mouth
When he heard of the smash Dewey
played in the South.

P is for Patriots on Cuban soil,
Who seem most unwilling when called
on to toil.

Q stands for Spain's Queen, who each
night goes to bed
Thanking God that she still has her crown
and her head.

R is for Roosevelt, a tireless chap,
With a chip on his shoulder out hunting a
scrap.

S is for Sampson, aboard the New York,
Who came just too late to help Schley
pull the cork.

T is for Tanner (rather tough on the
letter),

The less that we say about this man the
better.

U is for Union, now firmer than ever,
United with bonds that no by-gones can
sever.

V stands for veterans of our past wars.
But Volunteers, too, show their valor by
scores.

W is for Weyler, that butcher atrocious,
Who keeps safe at home when he's talking
ferocious.

Let X stand for dollars we'll get back
from Spain
When doughboys and jackies start home-
ward again.

Y is for Yellow Jack, which you may
guess
We've got to defeat or we'll get in a mess.

Z is for Zany, sometimes written "Don,"
Who perhaps has had more than he first
counted on.

LEAVE "OLD GLORY" AS IT IS.

IF "Old Glory" remains in its present
starred and barred form it will be no
fault of several well-meaning but
sadly distorted minds. Every day brings
forth somebody with a "plan" of a new
flag to fit the newer national conditions.
All are interesting as showing the deep
concern in the country's development;
some display signs of artistic conception,
others have nothing to recommend them
at all.

A western man thinks the stars should
be rearranged so as "to make room for
those symbolizing Cuba, Porto Rico and
the Philippines," and the bars of red as
now arranged are "indistinct when seen
at a distance" and ought to be either

broader or farther separated by the white
stripes. All the "plans" suggest a
rearrangement of the stars so as to include
the "island possessions."

The vital mistake in these new flag
plans is that they provide for something
which does not exist. The United States
has no "island possessions," and it is
doubtful if it will have in the sense that
they must or will be entitled to repre-
sentation on the blue field. The stars
stand for the forty-five states in the Union.
The several territories are not manifest,
nor will they be so long as they remain
out of the statehood.

The United States flag is one of the
most beautiful in a purely artistic sense

in the whole international collection. It is clear, bold in lines, and the red, white and blue make a harmonious whole in color effect. The person who can't see the red and white bars at a reasonable distance ought to consult an oculist; his vision is defective or he is color-blind.

If anybody wants to know how really beautiful "Old Glory" is, he or she should behold it in foreign lands waving and cracking from the peak of one of Uncle Sam's war vessels, or from the masthead of a merchant ship. All the

paintings of Angelo, Rubens, Vandyke, Corot and the whole world of masters combined are not half so beautiful or inspiring or enchanting or soulful or anything else. Men have been known to jump into the air, shout themselves hoarse, swing their arms and twist their legs at the sight of the American flag away from home.

"Old Glory" is all right as it is, and so are the country it represents and the 75,000,000 people who are always ready to fight to defend it.

THE COUNTERSIGN WAS "MARY."

'T WAS near the break of day, but still

The moon was shining brightly;
The west wind as it passed the flowers
Set each one swaying lightly;
The sentry slow paced two and fro,
A faithful night-watch keeping,
While in the tents behind him stretched
His comrades—all were sleeping.

Slow, to and fro, the sentry paced,
His musket on his shoulder,
But not a thought of death or war
Was with the brave young soldier;
Ah, no! his heart was far away,
Where on a western prairie,
A rose-twined cottage stood. That night
The countersign was "Mary."

And there his own true love he saw,
Her blue eyes kindly beaming,
Above them on her sun-kissed brow,
Her curls like sunshine gleaming,
And heard her singing as she churned
The butter in the dairy,
The song he loved the best. That night
The countersign was "Mary."

"Oh, for one kiss from her!" he sighed,
When up the lone road glancing,
He spied a form, a little form,
With faltering steps advancing.

And as it neared him silently,
He gazed at it in wonder,
Then dropped his musket to his hand,
And challenged, "Who goes yonder?"
Still on it came. "Not one step more,
Be you man, child or fairy,
Unless you give the countersign,
Halt! Who goes there?"—" 'Tis Mary,"
A sweet voice cried, and in his arms
The girl he'd left behind him
Half fainting fell. O'er many miles
She'd bravely toiled to find him.

"I heard that you were wounded, dear,"
She sobbed. "My heart was breaking,
I could not stay a moment, but
All other ties forsaking,
I traveled, by my grief made strong,
Kind heaven watching o'er me,
Until unhurt and well"—"Yes, love,
At last you stood before me."

"They told me that I could not pass
The lines to seek my lover
Before day fairly came; but I
Pressed on ere night was over,
And as I told my name I found
The way as free as prairie."
"Because, thank God! to-night," he said,
"The countersign is 'Mary.'"

—Margaret Eytinge.

IT'S SPANISH, QUITE SPANISH, YOU KNOW.

THEY say at Matanzas they killed
but a mule;

That's Spanish, you know, quite
Spanish, you know.

To twist out of shape our old cherry tree
rule;

That's Spanish, quite Spanish, you
know.

Brave Sampson began a most brisk
cannonade,

And the guns were all fired by experts
at the trade.

Mr. Blanco reports, "One mule killed,"
undismayed;

That's Spanish, quite Spanish, you know.

What queer things you say and what
queer things you do,

You Spanish, you know, you Spanish,
you know!

When you send home your cables why not
have 'em true,

In Spanish, good Spanish, you know?

We nickname you "Dagos," and you call
us "Pigs";

It's Spanish, you know, it's Spanish,
you know.

You raise good bananas and raisins, and
figs,

That's Spanish, quite Spanish, you
know.

But we beat you at shooting and never
half try,

And as for that mule story, fie, Blanco,
fie!

In your tongue "mentirosa," in ours a big
lie,

That's Spanish — and Yankee, you
know.

BEFORE SANTIAGO.

WHO cries that the days of daring
are those that are faded far,

That never a light burns planet-
bright to be hailed as the hero's star?

Let the deeds of the dead be laureled,
the brave of the elder years,

But a song, we say, for the men of to-day
who have proved themselves their
peers!

High in the vault of the tropic sky is the
garish eye of the sun,

And down with its crown of guns a-frown
looks the hill-top to be won;

There is the trench where the Spaniard
lurks, his hold and his hiding place,

And he who would cross the space
'between must meet death face to
face.

The black mouths belch and thunder,
and the shrapnel shrills and flies;

Where are the fain and the fearless, the
lads with the dauntless eyes?

Will the moment find them wanting?
Nay, but with valor stirred!

Like the leashed hound on the coursing-
ground they wait but the warning
word.

"Charge!" and the line moves forward,
moves with a shout and a swing,

While sharper far than the cactus thorn
is the spiteful bullet's sting.

Now they are out in the open, and now
they are breasting the slope,

While into the eyes of death they gaze as
into the eyes of hope.

Never they wait nor waver, but on they
clamber and on,

With "Up with the flag of the stripes
and stars, and down with the flag of
the Don!"

What should they bear through the shot-
rent air but rout to the ranks of Spain,

For the blood that throbs in their hearts is
the blood of the boys of Anthony
Wayne!

See, they have taken the trenches! Where
are the foemen? Gone!

And now "Old Glory" waves in the
breeze from the heights of San
Juan!

And so, while the dead are laureled, the
brave of the elder years,

A song, we say, for the men of to-day
who have proved themselves their
peers!

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

From Winchester to the battle of Cedar Creek, where General Early was driving the Union forces October 19, 1864. This is one of the most famous of the Rebellion poems.

UP from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh
dismay,

The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's
door,

The terrible grumble and rumble and
roar,

Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery
fray,

And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morn-
ing light,

A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need:

He stretched away with his utmost
speed;

Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs,
thundering South,

The dust, like smoke from the cannon's
mouth,

Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster
and faster,

Foreboding to traitors the doom of
disaster.

The heart of the steed and the heart of
the master

Were beating like prisoners assaulting
their walls,

Impatient to be where the battle-field
calls;

Every nerve of the charger was strained
to full play,

With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with
furnace ire,

Swept on, with his wild eyes full of fire.

But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;

He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring
fray,

With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the
groups

Of stragglers, and then the retreating
troops;

What was done? what to do? a glance told
him both.


Then, striking his spurs, with a terrible
oath,

He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of
huzzahs,

And the wave of retreat checked its
 course there, because
 The sight of the master compelled it to
 pause.
 With foam and with dust the black charger
 was gray;
 By the flash of his eye, and the red
 nostril's play,
 He seemed to the whole great army to
 say,
 "I have brought you Sheridan all the way
 From Winchester, down to save the
 day."

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
 Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
 And when their statues are placed on
 high,
 Under the dome of the Union sky—
 The American soldier's temple of
 fame—
 There, with the glorious general's name,
 Be it said, in letters both bold and
 bright,
 "Here's the steed that saved the day,
 By carrying Sheridan into the fight
 From Winchester, twenty miles away!"

IN MANILA BAY.

 N the broad Manila Bay
 The Spanish cruisers lay,
 In the shelter of their forts
 upon the shore;
 And they dared their foes to sail
 Thro' the crashing iron hail
 Which the guns from decks and battle-
 ments would pour.
 All the harbor ways were mined,
 And along the channel blind
 Slept the wild torpedoes, dreaming
 dreams of wrath.
 Yea! the fiery gates of hell
 Lay beneath the ocean's swell,
 Like a thousand demons ambushed in
 the path.
 Breasting fierce Pacific gales,
 Lo! a little squadron sails,
 And the Stars and Stripes are floating
 from its spars.
 It is friendless and alone,
 Aids and allies it has none,
 But a dauntless chorus sing its daunt-
 less tars:
 "We're ten thousand miles from home;
 Ocean's wastes and wave and foam
 Shut us from the land we love so far
 away.

We have ne'er a friendly port
 For retreat as last resort,
 But we'll beard the ships of Spain in
 their own bay.
 "They have mines beneath the sea,
 They have forts upon their lee,
 They have everything to aid them in
 the fray;
 But we'll brave their hidden mines,
 And we'll face their blazing lines;
 Yes! We'll beard the ships of Spain in
 their own bay.
 "If we're worsted in the fight,
 We shall perish in the right—
 No hand will wipe the dews of death
 away.
 The wounded none will tend,
 For we've not a single friend;
 But we'll beard the ships of Spain in
 their own bay.
 "No ironclads we sail,
 Only cruisers light and frail,
 With no armor plates to turn the shells
 away.
 All the battleships now steer
 In another hemisphere,
 But we'll beard the ships of Spain in
 their own bay.

"Ho! Remember now the Maine!
Up! And smite the ships of Spain!
Let them not forget for years this first
of May!

Though hell blaze up from beneath,
Forward through the cannon's breath,
When Dewey leads into Manila Bay."

There, half-way round the world,
Swift and straight the shots were hurled,
And a handful of bold sailors won the
day.

Never since earth was begun
Has a braver deed been done
Than when Dewey sailed into Manila
Bay.

God made for him a path
Thro' the mad torpedoes' wrath,
From their slumbers never wakened
into play.

When dawn smote the east with gold,
Spaniards started to behold
Dewey and his gallant fleet within
their bay.

Then from forts and warships first
Iron maledictions burst,
And the guns with tongues of flame
began to pray;
Like demons out of hell
The batteries roar and yell,
While Dewey answers back across the
bay.

O Gods! it was a sight,
Till the smoke, as black as night,
Hid the fire-belching ships from light
of day.

When it lifted from the tide,
Smitten low was Spanish pride,
And Dewey was the master of their
bay.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

HE offered himself for the land he
loved,
But what shall we say for her?
He gave to his country a soldier's life;
'Twas dearer by far to the soldier's wife,
All honor to-day to her!

He went to the war while his blood was hot,
But what shall we say of her?
He saw himself through the battle's flame
A hero's reward on the scroll of fame;
What honor is due to her?

He offered himself, but his wife did more,
All honor to-day to her!
For dearer than life was the gift she gave
In giving the life she would die to save;
What honor is due to her?

He gave up his life at his country's call,
But what shall we say of her?
He offered himself as a sacrifice,
But she is the one who pays the price;
All honor we owe to her.

OUR SOLDIER BOY.

WE thank the Lord our William's
back
From living in a tent.
We're glad to see him tanned so black;
We think the time well spent.
He did not fight a battle, for
He camped in just one spot,

Yet it is well he went to war—
Such discipline he got!

We used to have to call him twice
To make him rise at eight,
But now it seems his only vice
Is quite another gait.

He's up at six; he builds the fire;
 He does the chores with joy;
 No work too hard, no task too dire,
 For this our soldier boy.

Once finicky and fussy, too,
 He now has not a whim.

Such wonders have a suit of blue,
 And hardtack, wrought in him.
 It tickles us that naught he finds
 Of which he can complain,
 And therefore, to our humble minds,
 He's soldiered not in vain.

CANADIAN CAMPING SONG.

A WHITE tent pitched by a glassy
 lake,
 Well under a shady tree,
 Or by rippling rills from the grand old
 hills,

Is the summer home for me.
 I fear no blaze of the noontide rays,
 For woodland glades are mine,
 The fragrant air, and that perfume
 rare,—
 The odor of forest pine.

A cooling plunge at the break of day,
 A paddle, a row or sail;
 With always a fish for a midday dish,
 And plenty of Adam's ale;

With rod or gun, or in hammock swung,
 We glide through the pleasant days;
 When darkness falls on our canvas walls,
 We kindle the camp-fire's blaze.

From out the gloom sails the silv'ry
 moon,
 O'er forests dark and still;
 Now far, now near, ever sad and clear,
 Comes the plaint of whip-poor-will;
 With song and laugh, and with kindly
 chaff,
 We startle the birds above;
 Then rest tired heads on our cedar beds,
 And dream of the ones we love.
 —James D. Edgar.

DOMINION DAY.

“FIDELIS.”

WITH *feu-de-joie* and merry bells,
 and cannon's thundering peal,
 And pennons fluttering on the
 breeze, and serried rows of steel,
 We greet, again, the birthday morn of
 our young giant's land,
 From the Atlantic stretching wide to far
 Pacific strand;
 With flashing rivers, ocean lakes, and
 prairies wide and free,
 And waterfalls, and forests dim, and
 mountains by the sea;
 A country on whose birth-hour smiles the
 genius of romance,
 Above whose cradle brave hands waved
 the lily-cross of France;

Whose infancy was grimly nursed in
 peril, pain, and woe;
 Whose gallant hearts found early graves
 beneath Canadian snow;
 When savage raid and ambushade and
 famine's sore distress,
 Combined their strength, in vain, to
 crush the dauntless French *noblesse*;
 When her dim, trackless forest lured,
 again and yet again,
 From silken courts of sunny France, her
 flower, the brave Champlain.
 And now, her proud traditions boast
 four blazoned rolls of fame,—
 Crecy's and Flodden's deadly foes our
 ancestors we claim;

<p>Past feud and battle buried far behind the peaceful years, While Gaul and Celt and Briton turn to pruning-hooks their spears; Four nations welded into one,—with long historic past, Have found, in these our western wilds, one common life, at last; Through the young giant's mighty limbs, that stretch from sea to sea, There runs a throb of conscious life—of waking energy. From Nova Scotia's misty coast to far Columbia's shore, She wakes,—a band of scattered homes and colonies no more, But a young nation, with her life full beating in her breast, A noble future in her eyes—the Britain of the West. Hers be the noble task to fill the yet untrodden plains With fruitful, many-sided life that courses through her veins; The English honor, nerve, and pluck,— the Scotsman's love of right,— The grace of courtesy of France,—the Irish fancy bright,— The Saxon's faithful love of home, and home's affections blest; And, chief of all, our holy faith,—of all our treasures best. A people poor in pomp and state, but rich in noble deeds,</p>	<p>Holding that righteousness exalts the people that it leads; As yet the waxen mould is soft, the open- ing page is fair; It rests with those who rule us now, to leave their impress there,— The stamp of true nobility, high honor, stainless truth; The earnest quest of noble ends; the generous heart of youth; The love of country, soaring far above dull party strife; The love of learning, art, and song—the crowning grace of life; The love of science, soaring far through Nature's hidden ways; The love and fear of Nature's God—a nation's highest praise. So, in the long hereafter, this Canada shall be The worthy heir of British power and British liberty; Spreading the blessings of her sway to her remotest bounds, While, with the fame of her fair name, a continent resounds. True to her high traditions, to Britain's ancient glory Of patient saint and martyr, alive in deathless story; Strong, in their liberty and truth, to shed from shore to shore A light among the nations, till nations are no more.</p>
---	--





From Photograph, copyrighted 1898 by Morrison, Chicago

"TO WHICH KINGDOM?" HE QUESTIONED AGAIN—

"TO THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN," SHE SAID

(See Reading, "The Kaiser and the Little Maid.")



From Photograph by Morrison

"SANTA CLAUS BROUGHT IT"

HOLIDAY READINGS

.... AND

RECITATIONS.



JEST 'FORE CHRISTMAS.

(Recitation for a boy from seven to ten.)

<p>FATHER calls me William, sister calls me Will, Mother calls me Willie, but the fellers call me Bill. Mighty glad I ain't a girl—ruther be a boy, Without them sashes, curls, an' things that's worn by Fauntleroy! Love to chawnk green apples an' go swimmin' in the lake— Hate to take the castor-ile they give for belly-ache! 'Most all the time, the whole year round, there ain't no flies on me, But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!</p> <p>Got a yeller dog named Sport, sick him on the cat; First thing she knows she doesn't know where she is at! Got a clipper sled, an' when us kids goes out to slide, 'Long comes the grocery cart, an' we all hook a ride,</p>	<p>But sometimes when the grocery man is worrited an' cross, He reaches at us with his whip, an' larrups up his hoss, An' then I laff an' holler: "O, ye never teched me!" But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!</p> <p>Gran'ma says she hopes that when I get to be a man, I'll be a missionarer like her oldest brother Dan, As was et up by the cannibuls that lives in Ceylon's Ile, Where every prospect pleases, an' only man is vile! But gran'ma she has never been to see a Wild West show, Nor read the Life of Daniel Boone, or else I guess she'd know That Buff'lo Bill an' cowboys is good enough for me! Excep' just 'fore Christmas, when I'm good as I kin be!</p>
---	---

And then old Sport he hangs around, so
solemn-like an' still,
His eyes they seem a-sayin': "What's the
matter, little Bill?"
The old cat sneaks down off her perch an'
wonders what's become
Of them two enemies of hern that used to
make things hum!
But I am so perlite an' tend so earnestly
to biz,
That mother says to father: "How
improved our Willie is!"
But father, havin' been a boy hisself,
suspicious me
When, jest 'fore Christmas, I'm as good
as I kin be!

For Christmas, with its lots an' lots of
candies, cakes, an' toys,
Was made, they say, for proper kids an'
not for naughty boys;
So wash yer face an' bresh yer hair, an'
mind yer p's and q's,
An' don't bust out yer pantaloons, and
don't wear out yer shoes:
Say "Yessum" to the ladies, an
"Yessur" to the men,
An' when they's company, don't pass yer
plate for pie again;
But, thinkin' of the things yer'd like to
see upon that tree,
Jest 'fore Christmas be as good as yer kin
be!
—Eugene Field.


ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

(Appropriate for parlor reading.)

IF good St. Nicholas should come
Across the whitened roofs to-night,
A host of treasures bringing from
His distant Castle of Delight;
If he should come, as once he came,
And at my chimney-top draw rein,
That I my dearest wish might name
As if I were a child again:
Of all the good and gracious store,
Wherewith the hearts of men he cheers,
One thing alone I'd covet more
Than all the gifts of all the years;
One thing could give the Christmas bells
The sweetness of their old refrain,
And fill the night with fairy spells,
As if I were a child again.

What matters it, dear love of mine,
That you were only eight or so,
And I a little lad of nine,
That night beneath the mistletoe?
The magic of it lingers yet,
And all the waiting and the pain
At thought thereof I can forget,
As if I were a child again.
Once more, as in the long ago,
On Christmas eve with you to stand
Alone beneath the mistletoe,
To see your eyes, to touch your hand:
Ah, could the Saint but grant me this,
I would not say, with fine disdain,
"I think I'm 'most too old to kiss,"
As if I were a child again!
—Guy Wetmore Carryl.

ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

 **N** Christmas Day a maid and I
Were walking very slow
From church, and all the grayish sky
Was filled with falling snow.
I hoisted an umbrella up
To guard her from the storm;
Half filled with happiness my cup,
My heart with love was warm.

"Dear me," I sighed, "here is a go,
There's not a soul in sight,
If I but had some mistletoe
My heart indeed were light.
"Unfortunate am I, though big,
A most unlucky fellow."
"Why, dear," she cried, "I tied a sprig
On top of the umbrella."

ANNIE AND WILLIE'S PRAYER.

T WAS the eve before Christmas,
 "Good-night" had been said;
 And Annie and Willie had crept
 into bed;
 There were tears on their pillows, and
 tears in their eyes,
 And each little bosom was heaving with
 sighs,
 For to-night their stern father's command
 had been given
 That they should retire precisely at
 seven—
 Instead of at eight—for they troubled him
 more
 With questions unheard of than ever
 before:
 He had told them he thought this delusion
 a sin,
 No such creature as "Santa Claus" ever
 had been,
 And he hoped, after this, he should
 nevermore hear
 How he scrambled down chimneys with
 presents each year.
 And this was the reason that two little
 heads
 So restlessly tossed on their soft, downy
 beds.
 Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple
 tolled ten,
 Not a word had been spoken by either
 till then,
 When Willie's sad face from the blanket
 did peep,
 As he whispered, "Dear Annie, is 'ou fast
 as'eep?"
 "Why, no, brother Willie," a sweet voice
 replies,
 "I've long tried in vain, but I can't shut
 my eyes,
 For somehow it makes me so sorry because
 Dear papa has said there is no 'Santa
 Claus.'

Now, *we* know there is, and it can't be
 denied,
 For he came every year before mamma
 died;
 But then, I've been thinking that she used
 to pray,
 And God would hear everything mamma
 would say,
 And maybe she asked Him to send Santa
 Claus here
 With the sack full of presents he brought
 every year."

"Well, why tan't we pray dest as mamma
 did den,
 And ask Dod to send him with presents
 aden?"

"I've been thinking so, too," and without
 a word more

Four little bare feet bounded out on the
 floor,

And four little knees the soft carpet
 pressed,

And two tiny hands were clasped close to
 each breast.

"Now, Willie, you know we must firmly
 believe

That the presents we ask for we're sure to
 receive;

You must wait just as still till I say the
 'Amen,'

And by that you will know that your turn
 has come then."

"Dear Jesus, look down on my brother
 and me,

And grant us the favor we're asking of
 Thee.

I want a wax dolly, a tea-set and ring,
 And an ebony work-box, that shuts with
 a spring.

Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to
 see,

That Santa Claus loves us as much as
does he;

Don't let him get fretful and angry again
At dear brother Willie and Annie.

Amen."

"Please, Desus, et Santa Taus tum down
to-night,

And bing us some presents before it is
ight;

I want he should div me a nice 'ittle
sed,

With bright shinin' unners, and all
painted red;

A box full of tandy, a book and a toy,

Amen, and then Desus, I'll be a dood
boy."

Their prayers being ended, they raised up
their heads,

And with hearts light and cheerful, again
sought their beds.

They were soon lost in slumber, both
peaceful and deep,

And with fairies in Dreamland were
roaming in sleep.

Eight, nine, and the little French clock
had struck ten,

Ere the father had thought of his children
again.

He seems now to hear Annie's half-
suppressed sighs,

And to see the big tears stand in Willie's
blue eyes.

"I was harsh with my darlings," he
mentally said,

"And should not have sent them so early
to bed;

But then I was troubled; my feelings
found vent,

For bank-stock to-day has gone down ten
per cent.

But of course they've forgotten their
troubles ere this,

And that I denied them their thrice-
asked-for kiss;

But just to make sure, I'll steal up to
their door,

For I never spoke harsh to my darlings
before."

So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,
And arrived at the door to hear both of
their prayers;

His Annie's "Bless papa" drew forth the
big tears,

And Willie's grave promise fell sweet on
his ears;

"Strange—strange—I'd forgotten," said
he, with a sigh,

"How I longed when a child to have
Christmas draw nigh."

"I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly
said;

"By answering their prayers ere I sleep
in my bed."

Then turned to the stairs and softly went
down,

Threw off velvet slippers and silk
dressing-gown,

Donned hat, coat and boots, and was out
in the street—

A millionaire facing the cold, driving
sleet!

Nor stopped he until he had bought
everything,

From the box full of candy to the tiny
gold ring.

Indeed, he kept adding so much to his
store,

That the various presents outnumbered a
score;

Then homeward he turned, when his
holiday load,

With Aunt Mary's help, in the nursery
was stowed.

Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree,
By the side of a table spread out for her
tea;

A work-box well filled in the center was
laid

And on it the ring for which Annie had
prayed;

A soldier in uniform stood by a sled,
"With bright shining runners, and all
painted red."

There were balls, dogs and horses, books
pleasing to see,

And birds of all colors were perched in
the tree;

While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in
the top,

As if getting ready more presents to drop.

And as the fond father the picture
surveyed

He thought for his trouble he had amply
been paid;

And he said to himself as he brushed off
a tear,

"I'm happier to-night than I've been for
a year;

I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever
before,

What care I if bank-stock falls ten per
cent more!

Hereafter I'll make it a rule, I believe,
To have Santa Claus visit us each Christ-
mas eve."

So thinking, he gently extinguished the
light,

And, tripping downstairs, retired for the
night.

As soon as the beams of the bright morn-
ing sun

Put the darkness to flight, and the stars
one by one,

Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened
wide,

And at the same moment the presents
espied;

Then out of their beds they sprang with
a bound,

And the very gifts prayed for were all of
them found.

They laughed and they cried in their
innocent glee,

And shouted for papa to come quick and
see

What presents old Santa Claus brought in
the night,

(Just the things that they wanted), and
left before light;

"And now," added Annie, in a voice soft
and low,

"You'll believe there's a 'Santa' Claus,'
papa, I know";

While dear little Willie climbed up on his
knee,

Determined no secret between them
should be,

And told in soft whispers how Annie had
said

That their dear blessed mamma, so long
ago dead,

Used to kneel down and pray by the side
of her chair,

And that God up in heaven had answered
her prayer.

"Den we dot up and prayed dust as well
as we tould,

And Dod answered our prayers; now
wasn't He dood?"

"I should say that He was, if He sent
you all these,

And knew just what presents my children
would please.

"Well, well, let him think so, the dear
little elf,

'Twould be cruel to tell him I did it
myself!"

Blind father! who caused your stern heart
to relent,

And the hasty words spoken so soon to
repent?

'Twas the Being who bade you steal
softly upstairs,

And made you His agent to answer their
prayers. —Sophia P. Snow.

THE POSTMAN'S STORY.

WHEN Christmas had covered
 the housetops with snow,
 And the bells had retold the
 sweet story of old,
 The postman was stopped on his wearisome round
 By a dainty wee maiden with ringlets of gold.
 She held to her bosom a little white box
 With the strangest directions that ever
 he read:
 In round, childish characters, blotted and blurred,
 "To Robert O'Malley, in Heaven," it said.
 "Now, please, Mr. Postman, my brother
 has gone
 To the beautiful land of the angels of light,
 And the tree in the parlor was stripped of
 its gifts,
 But no one remembered poor Bobby
 last night,

And so I have sent him my woolly white
 lamb"—
 She dropped from her lashes the pearl
 of a tear—
 "Or else he will think that his home in
 the clouds
 Is so far that we all have forgotten him
 here."

Oh, simple and wonderful faith of a child,
 That knew not the grave with its darkness and gloom,
 But looked to the skies as the country of God!
 Where the birds were in song, and the
 flowers were in bloom.
 It was this that was taught from the
 manger of yore
 When the Bethlehem Baby was born in
 the hay,
 And the spirit of death at His first little
 cry
 In the snow and the starlight went
 fleeing away. —Minnie Irving.

THE GIFT THAT NONE COULD SEE.

THERE are silver pines on the
 window-pane,
 A forest of them," said he;
 "And a huntsman is there with a silver
 horn,
 Which he bloweth right merrily.
 "And there are a flock of silver ducks
 A-flying over his head;
 And a silver sea and a silver hill
 In the distance away," he said.
 "And all of this is on the window-pane,
 My pretty mamma, true as true!"
 She lovingly smiled, but she looked not
 up,
 And faster her needle flew.

A dear little fellow the speaker was—
 Silver and jewels and gold,
 Lilies and roses and honey-flowers,
 In a sweet little bundle rolled.

He stood by the frosty window-pane
 Till he tired of the silver trees,
 The huntsman blowing his silver horn,
 The hills and the silver seas;

And he breathed on the flock of silver
 ducks,
 Till he melted them quite away;
 And he saw the street, and the people
 pass—
 And the morrow was Christmas day.

"The children are out, and they laugh
and shout,

I know what it's for," said he;
"And they're dragging along, my pretty
mamma,
A fir for a Christmas-tree."

He came and stood by his mother's side:
"To-night it is Christmas eve,
And is there a gift somewhere for me,
Gold mamma; do you believe?"

Still the needle sped in her slender
hands:

"My little sweetheart," said she,
"The Christ Child has planned this
Christmas for you
His gift that you cannot see."

The boy looked up with a sweet, wise
look

On his beautiful baby-face:
"Then my stocking I'll hang for the
Christ Child's gift,
To-night, in the chimney-place."

On Christmas morning the city through,
The children were queens and kings,
With their royal treasures bursting o'er
With wonderful, lovely things.

But the merriest child in the city full,
And the fullest of all with glee,
Was the one whom the dear Christ Child
had brought
The gift that he could not see.

"Quite empty it looks, oh, my gold
mamma,
The stocking I hung last night!"
"So then it is full of the Christ Child's
gift."
And she smiled till his face grew bright.

"Now, sweetheart," she said, with a
patient look
On her delicate, weary face,

"I must go and carry my sewing home,
And leave thee a little space.

"Now stay with thy sweet thoughts,
heart's delight,

And I soon will be back to thee."
"I'll play, while you're gone, my pretty
mamma,
With my gift that I cannot see."

He watched his mother pass down the
street;

Then he looked at the window-pane
Where a garden of new frost-flowers had
bloomed

While he on his bed had lain.

Then he tenderly took up his empty sock,
And quietly sat awhile
Holding it fast, and eyeing it
With his innocent, trusting smile.

"I am tired of waiting," he said at last;
"I think I will go and meet
My pretty mamma, and come with her
A little way down the street.

"And I'll carry with me, to keep it safe,
My gift that I cannot see."
And down the street, 'mid the chattering
crowd,
He trotted right merrily.

"And where are you going, you dear little
man?"
They called to him as he passed;
"That empty stocking why do you hold
In your little hand so fast?"

Then he looked at them with his honest
eyes,

And answered sturdily:
"My stocking is *full to the top*, kind sirs,
Of the gift that I cannot see."

They would stare and laugh, but he
trudged along,
With his stocking fast in his hand:

"And I wonder why 'tis that the people
all
Seem not to understand!"

"Oh, my heart's little flower!" she cried
to him,
A-hurrying down the street;
"And why are you out on the street alone?
And where are you going, my sweet?"

"I was coming to meet you, my pretty
mamma,
With my gift that I cannot see;
But tell me why that the people laugh
And stare at my gift and me?"

Like the Maid and her Son, in the Altar-
piece,

So loving she looked and mild:
"Because, dear heart, of all that you met,
Not one was a little child."

O thou who art grieving at Christmas-tide,
The lesson is meant for thee:
That thou mayst get Christ's loveliest
gifts

In ways thou canst not see;
And how, although no earthly good
Seems into thy lot to fall,
Hast thou a trusting, child-like heart,
Thou hast the best of all.

LITTLE ROCKET'S CHRISTMAS.

(To be recited slowly and with feeling.)

I 'LL tell you how the Christmas came,
To Rocket—no, you never met him,
That is, you never knew his name,
Although 'tis possible you've let him
Display his skill upon your shoes;
A bootblack—Arab, if you choose.
Has inspiration dropped to zero
When such material makes a hero?

And who was Rocket? Well, an urchin,
A gamin, dirty, torn, and tattered,
Whose chiefest pleasure was to perch in
The Bowery gallery; there it mattered
But little what the play might be—
Broad farce or point-lace comedy—
He meted out his just applause
By rigid, fixed, and proper laws.

A father once he had, no doubt,
A mother on the Island staying,
Which left him free to knock about
And gratify a taste for straying
Through crowded streets. 'Twas there
he found
Companionship and grew renowned.
An ash-box served him for a bed—
As good, at least, as Moses' rushes—

And for his daily meat and bread,
He earned them with his box and
brushes.

An Arab of the city's slums,
With ready tongue and empty pocket
Unaided left to solve life's sums,
But plucky always—that was Rocket!
'Twas Christmas eve, and all the day
The snow had fallen fine and fast;
In banks and drifted heaps it lay
Along the streets. A piercing blast
Blew cuttingly. The storm was past,
And now the stars looked coldly down
Upon the snow-enshrouded town.

Ah, well it is if Christmas brings
Good will and peace which poet sings!
How full are all the streets to-night
With happy faces, flushed and bright!
The matron in her silks and furs,
The pompous banker, fat and sleek,
The idle, well-fed loiterers,
The merchant trim, the churchman
meek,
Forgetful now of hate and spite,
For all the world is glad to-night!

All, did I say? Ah, no, not all,
 For sorrow throws on some its pall;
 And here, within the broad, fair city,
 The Christmas time no beauty brings
 To those who plead in vain for pity,
 To those who cherish but the stings
 Of wretchedness and want and woe,
 Who never love's great bounty know,
 Whose grief no kindly hands assuage,
 Whose misery mocks our Christian age.
 Pray ask yourself what means to them
 That Christ is born in Bethlehem!

But Rocket? On this Christmas eve
 You might have seen him standing
 where
 The city's streets so interweave
 They form that somewhat famous square
 Called Printing House. His face was
 bright,
 And at this gala, festive season
 You could not find a heart more light—
 I'll tell you in a word the reason:
 By dint of patient toil in shining
 Patrician shoes and wall street boots
 He had within his jacket's lining,
 A dollar and a half—the fruits
 Of pinching, saving, and a trial
 Of really Spartan self-denial.

That dollar and a half was more
 Than Rocket ever owned before.
 A princely fortune, so he thought,
 And with those hoarded dimes and
 nickels
 What Christmas pleasures may be bought!
 A dollar and a half! It tickles
 The boy to say it over, musing
 Upon the money's proper using;
 "I'll go a gobbler, leg and breast,
 With cranberry sauce and fixin's nice,
 And pie, mince pie, the very best,
 And puddin'—say a double slice!
 And then to doughnuts how I'll freeze;
 With coffee—guess that ere's the cheese!

And after grub I'll go to see
 The 'Seven Goblins of Dundee.'
 If this yere Christmas ain't a buster,
 I'll let you rip my Sunday duster!"

So Rocket mused as he hurried along,
 Clutching his money with grasp yet
 tighter,
 And humming the air of a rollicking song,
 With a heart as light as his clothes—or
 lighter.

Through Centre street he makes his way,
 When, just as he turns the corner of
 Pearl,

He hears a voice cry out in dismay,
 And sees before him a slender girl,
 As ragged and tattered in dress as he,
 With hand stretched forth for charity.

In the street-light's fitful and flickering
 glare

He caught a glimpse of the pale, pinched
 face—

So gaunt and wasted, yet strangely fair,
 With a lingering touch of childhood's
 grace

On her delicate features. Her head was
 bare,

And over her shoulders disordered
 there hung

A mass of tangled, nut-brown hair.

In misery old as in years she was young,
 She gazed in his face. And, oh! for the
 eyes—

The big, sorrowful, hungry eyes,—

That were fixed in a desperate fright-
 ened stare.

Hundreds have jostled her by to-night—

The rich, the great, the good and the
 wise,

Hurrying on to the warmth and light
 Of happy homes—they have jostled her by,
 And the only one who has heard her cry,
 Or, hearing, has felt his heartstrings
 stirred,

Is Rocket — this youngster of coarser
 clay,
 This gamin, who never so much as heard
 The beautiful story of Him who lay
 In the manger of old on Christmas day!

With artless pathos and simple speech,
 She stands and tells him her pitiful
 tale;

Ah, well, if those who pray and preach
 Could catch an echo of that sad wail!
 She tells of the terrible battle for bread,
 Tells of a father brutal with crime
 Tells of a mother lying dead,
 At this, the gala Christmas-time;
 Then adds, gazing up at the starlit sky,
 "I'm hungry and cold, and I wish I could
 die."

What is it trickles down the cheek
 Of Rocket—can it be a tear?
 He stands and stares, but does not speak;
 He thinks again of that good cheer
 Which Christmas was to bring; he sees
 Visions of turkey, steaming pies,
 The play-bills—then, in place of these,
 The girl's beseeching, hungry eyes;

One mighty effort, gulping down
 The disappointment in his breast,
 A quivering of the lip, a frown,
 And then, while pity pleads her best,
 He snatches forth his cherished hoard,
 And gives it to her like a lord!
 "Here, freeze to that; I'm flush, yer see,
 And then you needs it more 'an me!"
 With that he turns and walks away,
 So fast the girl can nothing say,
 So fast he does not hear the prayer
 That sanctifies the winter air.
 But He who blessed the widow's mite
 Looked down and smiled upon the sight.

No feast of steaming pies or turkey,
 No ticket for the matinee,
 All drear and desolate and murky,
 In truth, a very dismal day.
 With dinner on a crust of bread,
 And not a penny in his pocket,
 A friendly ash-box for a bed—
 Thus came the Christmas day to Rocket,
 And yet—and here's the strangest thing—
 As best befits the festive season,
 The boy was happy as a king—
 I wonder can you guess the reason?
 —Vandyke Brown.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

(To be spoken by a young lady dressed in fluffy white gown, hair loose and wavy, with a generous amount of diamond dust sprinkled over the hair and dress. Diamond dust can be procured at any drug store.)

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light;
 The year is dying in the night;
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
 The year is going, let him go;
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
 For those that here we see no more;
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
 Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife;
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
 The faithless coldness of the times;
 Ring out, ring out, my mournful
 rhymes,
 But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
 The civic slander and the spite;
 Ring in the love of truth and right,
 Ring in the common love of good,

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
 Ring out the thousand wars of old
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—Alfred Tennyson.

THE BROWNIE'S CHRISTMAS.

(Imagine this a real occurrence, and yourself the giver.)

THE Brownie who lives in the
 forest,
Oh, the Christmas bells they ring!

He has done for the farmer's children
 Full many a kindly thing:

When their cows were lost in the gloaming
 He has driven them safely home;
 He has led their bees to the flowers,
 To fill up their golden comb;

At her spinning the little sister
 Had napped till the setting sun—
 She awoke, and the kindly Brownie
 Had gotten it neatly done;

Oh, the Christmas bells they are ringing!
 The mother she was away,
 And the Brownie 'd played with the baby
 And tended it all the day;

The Brownie who lives in the forest,
Oh, the Christmas bells they ring!
 He has done for the farmer's children
 Full many a kindly thing.

'Tis true that his face they never
 For all their watching could see;
 Yet who else did the kindly service,
 I pray, if it were not he!

But the poor little friendly Brownie,
 His life was a weary thing;
 For never had he been in holy church
 And heard the children sing;

And never had he had a Christmas;
 Nor had bent in prayer his knee;
 He had lived for a thousand years,
 And all weary-worn was he.

Or that was the story the children
 Had heard at their mother's side;
 And together they talked it over,
 One merry Christmas-tide.

The pitiful little sister
 With her braids of paly gold,
 And the little elder brother,
 And the darling five-year-old,

All stood in the western window—
 'Twas toward the close of day—
 And they talked about the Brownie
 While resting from their play.

"The Brownie, he has no Christmas,"
 The dear little sister said,
 And a-shaking as she spoke
 Her glossy, yellow head;

"The Brownie, he has no Christmas;
 While so many gifts had we,
 To the floor last night they bended
 The boughs of the Christmas-tree."

Then the little elder brother,
 He spake up in his turn,
 With both of his blue eyes beaming,
 While his cheeks began to burn:

"Let us do up for the Brownie
 A Christmas bundle now,
 And leave it in the forest pathway
 Where the great oak branches bow.

"We'll mark it, 'For the Brownie,'
 And 'A Merry Christmas Day!'
 And sure will he be to find it,
 For he goeth home that way!"

Then the tender little sister
With her braids of paly gold,
And the little elder brother,
And the darling five-year-old,

Tied up in a little bundle
Some toys, with a loving care,
And marked it, "For the Brownie,"
In letters large and fair,

And "We wish a Merry Christmas!"
And then, in the dusk, the three
Went to the wood and left it
Under the great oak tree.

While the farmer's fair little children
Slept sweet on that Christmas night,
Two wanderers through the forest
Came in the clear moonlight.

And neither one was the Brownie,
But sorry were both as he;
And their hearts, with each fresh footstep,
Were aching steadily.

A slender man with an organ
Strapped on by a leathern band,
And a girl with a tambourine
A-holding close to his hand.

And the girl with the tambourine,
Big sorrowful eyes she had;
In the cold white wood she shivered,
In her ragged raiment clad.

"And what is there here to do?" she said;
"I'm froze i' the light o' the moon!
Shall we play to these sad old forest trees
Some merry and jiggling tune?

"And, father, you know it is Christmas-
time,
And had we staid i' the town
And I gone to one o' the Christmas-trees,
A gift might have fallen down!

"You cannot certainly know it would not!
I'd ha' gone right under the tree!
Are you *sure* that none o' the Christmases
Were meant for you and me?"

"These dry dead leaves," he answered
her, sad,
"Which the forest casteth down,
Are more than you'd get from a Christ-
mas tree
In the merry and thoughtless town.

"Though to-night be the Christ's own
birthday night,
And all the world hath grace,
There is not a home in all the world
Which holdeth for us a place."

Slow plodding adown the forest path,
"And now, what is this?" he said;
And the children's bundle he lifted up,
And "For the Brownie," read,

And "We wish a Merry Christmas Day!"
"Now if this be done," said he,
"Somewhere in the world perhaps there is
A place for you and me!"

And the bundle he opened softly:
"This is children's tender thought:
Their own little Christmas presents
They have to the Brownie brought.

"If there liveth such tender pity
Toward a thing so dim and low,
There is kindness sure remaining
Of which I did not know.

"Oh, children, there's never a Brownie—
That sorry, uncanny thing;
But nearest and next are the homeless
When the Christmas joy-bells ring."

Out laughed the little daughter,
And she gathered the toys with glee:
"My Christmas present has fallen!
This oak was my Christmas-tree!"

Then away they went through the forest,
The wanderers, hand in hand;
And the snow, they were both so merry,
It glinted like the golden sand.

Down the forest the elder brother,
In the morning clear and cold,


Came leading the little sister
And the darling five-year old.

"Oh," he cries, "he's taken the bundle!"
As carefully round he peers;
"And the Brownie has gotten a Christmas
After a thousand years!"

THE THREE HOLIDAYS.

(For a girl and two boys.)

FIRST BOY.

"F all the days of all the year,"
Cried loyal Freddy Bly,
"The very splendid-est of all
Comes early in July.

Think of the fun! the glorious noise!
That is the day—at least for boys."

SECOND BOY.

"Of all the days of all the year,"
Said little Robin Gray,
"The very best, I do believe,
Will be Thanksgiving day.

A fellow has such things to eat!
Thanksgiving day cannot be beat."

GIRL.

"Of all the days of all the year,"
Sang pretty Nan, "remember
The dearest, happiest and best
Is coming in December.
What girl or boy, north, east, south, west,
But knows that Christmas day is best?"

—Annie L. Hannah.

THE BAD LITTLE BOYS.

THREE bad little boys kept wide
awake
Once on a Christmas Eve;
Though their mothers tucked them up in
bed
And kissed and covered each curly head,
They just played make-believe.

"We'll wait and watch for Santa Claus,
And we won't make any noise;
And we'll see him drop
From the chimney-top!"
Said these wicked little boys.

Then the house grew lonely—dark and
still,
And the fire died in the grate
And the wind that over the chimney blew
Wailed like a witch, and said: "You-oo
Are sitting up too late."

And the snow that pelted the window-
pane

Made faces at them all;
And the clock on the mantel ticked, "Oh,
ho!
I know—I know—I know—I know!"
And the shadows danced on the wall.

The clothes in the corner looked like
ghosts
With the shadows over them shed;
And they wanted to scream, but they
couldn't speak,
For they heard the stairs go crickety-
creak,
Like the goblins were going to bed!

And then—down the chimney came Santa
Claus,
Fresh from his snowy sleigh;
But they thought 'twas a ghost from the
goblin crowd,
And all together they screamed so loud
That they frightened him away!
—Frank L. Stanton.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

A STATELY mansion, bright and gay
With festal light, made darkness
day

Far up and down the dusky street
That Christmas night, while hurrying feet
Sped swiftly by, nor scarce delayed
For all the dulcet sounds that strayed
In merry measures from within,
Where harp and flute and violin
In soft accordance, wild and sweet,
Made music for the dancers' feet.
All silken-clad those feet that kept
That time and tune, or lightly stept
From room to room, from stair to stair;
All silken-clad; while standing there
Shut from the summer warmth and cheer,
The silken perfumed atmosphere

Of wealth and ease, a little maid
With beating heart, yet unafraid,
Enchanted, watched the fairy scene
Between the curtains' parted screen.
The fierce north wind came sweeping past
And shook her with its wintry blast;
The frosty pavement of the street
Chilled to the bone her ill-clad feet;

Yet moment after moment fled
And there she stood, with lifted head,
Her eager eyes, as in a trance,
Fixed on the changes of the dance,
Her eager ears still drinking in
The strains of flute and violin;
And still, as sped the moments past,
Colder and colder swept the blast.

But little heed had she, or care,
Her glance upon one vision fair,
One vision, one, beyond the rest—
A girl with roses on her breast,
And with a look upon her face,
The sweet girl-face of Heaven's own
grace,
As through the dance she smiling led
Her youthful guests, with airy tread.

"Ah, would she smile on *me* like this
And would she give *me* kiss for kiss
If I could stand there at her side?"
The wistful watcher softly cried.
Even as she spoke she closer crept,
Upon the broad, low terrace stept,
And nearer leaned.—Just then, just there,
A street light sent a sudden flare

Across her face.—One startled glance,
And from the changes of the dance,
With beating heart and eyes dilate,
The girlish mistress of the fête
Sprang swiftly forth.—A moment more
And through the window's open door
Another guest was ushered in.
Her lip was pale, her cheek was thin,

No costly robe of silk and lace
Appareled her, and on her face
And in her dark, bewildered eyes
A shock of fear and shamed surprise
Did wildly, desperately gleam,
While here and there, as in a dream,
She vaguely heard, yet did not hear,
The sound of voices far and near.

She tried to speak: some word she said
Of all her troubled doubt and dread,
Some childish word—"what would they
do?"

Then all at once a voice rang through
Her troubled doubt, her troubled fear,
"What will they do, why, this—and this!"
And on her cold lips dropped a kiss,

And round her frozen figure crept
A tender clasp.—She laughed and wept
And laughed again, for this and this,
This tender clasp, this tender kiss,
Was more than all her dream come true
Was earth with Heaven's light shining
through,
Was Christ's own promise kept aright—
His word fulfilled on Christ-day night!

CHRISTMAS DAY HAS COME AT LAST.

(To be spoken by a little girl before the presents are distributed from the Christmas-tree.)

YES, Christmas day has come at last,
 And I am glad 'tis here,
 For, don't you think, for this one
 day,
 I've waited just a year.
 I'm sure it should have come before,
 As sure as I'm alive;
 Fifty-two Sundays make a year,
 And I've counted seventy-five.
 There's one thing makes me very glad,
 As glad as I can be;
 The years grow short as we grow old,
 And that will just suit me.
 I wish 'twas Christmas every month—
 That's long enough to wait—

For all the presents that I want,
 A year is very late.
 We'd have a tree, then, every month,
 And presents nice and new:

(A voice in the audience says,
 "Where would the money come from?")
 Do Christmas trees cost anything?
 (A voice, "I guess they do!")
 Then one a year will do.
 And now I'll take my seat, dear friends,
 And wait to hear my call;
 For I've a present on the tree,
 And I hope it is a doll.

THE CHRISTMAS BALL.

THE fiddlers were scraping so
 cheerily, O,
 With a one, two, three, and a
 one, two, three,
 And the children were dancing so
 merrily, O,
 All under the shade of the Christmas-
 tree.
 O, bonny the fruit on its branches which
 grows!
 And the mistletoe bough from the ceil-
 ing hung!
 The fiddlers they rosined their squeaking
 bows,
 And the brave little lads their partners
 swung.
 Oh, the fiddlers they played such a merry
 tune,
 With a one, two, three, and a one, two,
 three,
 And the children they blossomed like
 roses in June,
 All under the boughs of the Christmas-
 tree.

And the fiddlers were scraping so merrily,
 O,
 With a one, two, three, and a one, two,
 three;
 And the children were dancing so cheer-
 ily, O,
 All under the shade of the Christmas-
 tree—

When, all of a sudden, a fairy-land
 crew
 Came whirling airily into the room,
 As light as the fluffy balls, they flew,
 Which fly from the purple thistle-bloom.

There were little girl-fairies in cobweb
 frocks
 All spun by spiders from golden threads,
 With butterfly-wings and glistening locks,
 And strings of dewdrops encircling
 their heads!

There were little boy-fairies in jeweled
 coats
 Of pansy-velvet, of cost untold,

With chains of daisies around their throats,
And their heads all powdered with lily
gold!

The fiddlers they laughed till they scarce
could see,
And then they fiddled so cheerily, O,
And the fairies and children around the
tree,
They all went tripping so merrily, O.

The fiddlers they boxed up their fiddles
all;

The fairies they silently flew away;
But every child at the Christmas ball,
Had danced with a fairy first, they say.

So they told their mothers—and did not
you
Ever have such a lovely time at your
play,
My boy and my girl, that it seemed quite
true
That you'd played with a fairy all the
day?

DAT CHRISMUS ON DE OL' PLANTATION.

IT was Chrismus Eve, I mind hit fu' a
mighty gloomy day—
Bofe de weathah an' de people—not
a one of us was gay;
Cose you'll t'ink dat's mighty funny twell
I try to make hit cleah,
Fu' a da'ky's allus happy when de holi-
days is neah.

But we wasn't, fu' dat mo'nin' Mastah'd
tol' us we mus' go,
He'd been payin' us sence freedom, but
he couldn't pay no mo';
He wa'n't nevah used to plannin' 'fo' he
got so po' an' ol',
So he gwine to give up tryin' an' de home-
stead must be sol'.

I kin see him stan'in' now erpon de step
ez cleah ez day,
Wid de win' a-kind o' fondlin' thoo his
haih all thin an' gray;
An' I 'membah how he trimbled when he
said, "It's ha'd fu' me,
Not to mek yo' Chrismus brightah, but I
'low it wa'nt to be."

All de wömen was a-cryin' an' de men,
too, on de sly,
An' I noticed somep'n' shinin' even in ol'
Mastah's eye.

But we all stood still to listen ez ol' Ben
come f'om de crowd
An' spoke up a-tryin' to steady down his
voice an mek it loud:

"Look hyeah, Mastah, I's been servin'
you fu' lo! dese many yeahts,
An' now sence we's all got freedom an'
you's kind o' po', hit 'pears
Dat you want us all to leave you 'cause
you don't t'ink you can pay—
Ef my membry hasn't fooled me, seem
dat whut I hyead you say.

"Er in othah wo'ds, you wants us to fu'git
dat you's been kin',
An' ez soon ez you is he'pless, we's to
leave you hyeah behin'.
Well, ef dat's de way dis freedom ac's on
people, white er black,
You kin jes' tell Mistah Lincum fu' to tek
his freedom back.

"We gwine wo'k dis' ol' plantation fu'
whatevah we kin git,
Fu' I know hit did suppo't us, an' de
place kin do it yit.
Now de land is yo's, de hands is ouahs,
but I reckon we'll be brave,
An' we'll bah ez much ez you do when
we have to scrape an' save."



From Photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

RECITATION WITH MUSICAL ACCOMPANIMENT.

Ol' Mastah stood dah trimblin', but a-
smilin' thoo his teahs,
An' den hit seemed jes' nachul-like, de
place fah rung wid cheahs,
An' soon ez dey was quiet, some one
sta'ted sof' an' low:
"Praise God," an' den we all jined in,
"from whom all blessin's flow!"

Well, dey wasn't no use tryin', ouah min's
was sot to stay,
An' po' ol' Mastah couldn't plead ner
baig, ner drive us 'way,
An' all at once, hit seemed to us, de day
was bright agin,
So evahone was gay dat night an' watched
de Christmas in.

—Paul Laurence Dunbar.

LET THE ANGELS RING THE BELLS.

(For the Sunday School teacher and a small class of girls, the class reciting the first two lines and the last line of each stanza in concert. The teacher reciting the balance.)

LET the angels ring the bells,
Christmas bells!
They first brought the news from
glory,

First proclaimed on earth the story:

Let the angels ring the bells,
Brimming o'er with mirth and gladness,
Tumbling, turning round in madness:

Christmas bells! Christmas bells!
Telling that, to shepherds told,
In their midnight hymns of old—
That sweet tale once sung by them;
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

Let the angels ring the bells,
Christmas bells!

Let them ring, on tiptoe standing:
Let them pause, the bells high landing;
Let the angels ring the bells,

With their deep peals and sonorous,
Blending in metallic chorus;

Christmas bells! Christmas bells!
Now to soft notes gently dwindling,
Then again to rapture kindling;
Ne'er before such joy to them:
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

Let the children hear the bells,
Christmas bells!

With their romping shouts and laughter,
Each the other running after;

Let the children hear the bells!
Do not dwell upon their foibles,

Let them be to them as joy-bells!

Christmas bells! Christmas bells!
As they catch them, and glad listen,
See the light in their eyes glisten;
Give them gifts of toy or gem:
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

Let the aged hear the bells,
Christmas bells!

Deaf and palsied, downward stooping,
Sad and lone, round fireside grouping,
Let the aged hear the bells!

They right well discern their meaning,
Mem'ries of their childhood gleaming:

Christmas bells! Christmas bells!
They have heard them yearly ringing,
Nearer their translation bringing:
Sadly sweet the tale to them,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

Let creation hear the bells,
Christmas bells!

Cease her sighing and her moaning,
Cease her travail and her groaning:

Let creation hear the bells!
Christ has bought her man's redemption,
Christ has brought her sin's exemption:

Christmas bells! Christmas bells!
Let her join them in their ringing;
Let her break forth into singing.
He her tide of woe shall stem:
Christ, once born in Bethlehem!

—Rev. J. E. Rankin, D. D.

JOHNNY'S LETTER.

LITTLE Johnny was busy one day
 With a pen and some paper and ink,
 And his face looked anxious and sad
 As he tried very hard to think.

"What's the matter with my little boy?"
 His mamma then tenderly said.
 "Why, I's writing a letter to Santa
 To bring me a wadon dat's wed."

"De wadon won't do in my 'tocking,
 I'm sure; and I'd just like to know
 Where to tell him please to put it,
 For it's time for de letter to do."

"Oh! now I know: 'Dear Santa,
 Please bring me a wadon dat's wed;
 If de wadon won't do in de 'tocking,
 Put de 'tocking in de wadon in-
 stead.'"

THE THINGS I WANT.

IF I've a present upon the tree,
 I'll tell you all what I hope it will be.
 I want a kite that knows how to fly,
 And a string that will let it go very high.

And then, as firm as firm can be,
 A seat on the top that will just suit me;
 And then the dear old kite and I
 Will start away, and begin to fly.

We'll sail away on the gentle breeze,
 Over the houses, and over the trees,
 Over the clouds, and on and on,
 Till we pass the stars, and moon and sun.

And what, do you think, would Jesus say,
 To see me coming to Heaven that way?
 I think He would call me, and ask me why;
 And I'd tell Him, I didn't want to die!

SANTA AND HIS REINDEER.

(For a little tot.)

COME, little people, and listen here
 While I tell you of Santa and his
 reindeer;
 How he comes flying down to the snowy
 ground
 In the dead of night when there's not a
 sound;
 And in great big books, on his library
 shelf,

There's the names of boys and girls like
 yourself.

But for each bad deed that is done
 From his list of presents he strikes off
 one;

So look out for the things you do and
 say

If you want a merry Christmas day.

—Margaret Hallock Steen.

CHARLIE'S LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS.

DERE Santie Claws:
 i no i ot to have writen be4,
 but my ma woodnt let me. Ples
 bring me a drum and a rocking hoars and
 a pare ov skats and a sledd, and sum sol-
 jurs and lots ov uther things and plenty of
 candy and some pickchur boks and dont

furget a horn and lots ov things to mak a
 noyse with, and things to eat and nuts and
 oranjis, and sum mor candy, and a fyer
 injine and sum other things.

dont bring willie harduppe anything at
 alle bekawse i dont like him and hes ust
 to bein poor anyways an i aint. besides

we got a carpit in our howse an they aint.
Also a boy doll.

if you cant efford to bring the rest ov
the fambly things why dont, an bring me
more. dont wast anithing on my sister.
She can play with my old ones. I love
you and the other boise in ower crowd

aint no good. bring me there things an
ill call it squawr. i lov you lots and they
dont. also bring a cart an mowr boks.
with lov CHARLIE.

(When this boy grew to be a man, he
became king of a toy trust.)

WHAT THEY FOUND ON NEW YEAR'S.

(A FRONTIER STORY.)

NEAR the Spanish Peaks in Southern Colorado, some twenty-five miles from the railroad town of Pueblo, lay a little mining town called Shanty Flats. Not a pretty name, to be sure, but descriptive of the place; for the dozen dwellings which formed the camp were nothing but shanties, save one log cabin belonging to the head man, Captain Will, as the men called him. Except a few Scotchmen, the twenty miners under his direction were Americans, men who had come to the great West seeking gold, and, not finding their hopes realized, had hired out to Captain Will, who owned a large claim in Southern Colorado, and wanted men to help work it. The little settlement was like many another of the kind, where God's name was daily profaned, and the miners amused themselves in card-playing, smoking, and sometimes in drinking, when any of their number had been to the town for supplies, which happened once a month.

It was the last day of December, and snow was fast falling as the miners came straggling in from their work. They fed their mules, ate their suppers, and settled down for an evening's game in Captain Will's cabin, where they usually gathered. Two of them had gone on the monthly trip for supplies down to Pueblo, and as it drew towards midnight

the men began to wonder where they were.

"Come!" at last exclaimed Captain Will, "let's look out and see if the boys are coming! Time they were here three hours ago; wonder if the snow has bothered 'em."

So out went a dozen of the men into the storm, just in time to see, far down the trail, two faint glimmers of light, which proved to be the lanterns of the absent ones.

"I say, what has Tom got in his arms?" exclaimed one as the men and mules came nearer. "It looks like a baby for all the world!" and a laugh went up from the men at the idea. "Say, Tom, been kidnapping to-day?"

But the man, dismounting, ran toward the cabin with his burden, not waiting to explain, and the rest crowded around him as he laid on one of the rough benches the body of a sweet little girl who seemed to be dead.

"Stand back, boys! Give her air!" commanded Captain Will, as he chafed her little cold hands, while another rubbed her feet.

Great was their joy when she opened her eyes; but, frightened at the sight of so many men, she closed them again, crying, "Mamma! mamma!"

The captain sent them all away, and tried in vain to soothe her; but at last, worn out with crying, she dropped asleep,

and he laid her on his own bed. Not till then did he have a chance to ask the men about her. It seems that on their homeward trip they heard a child sobbing, and found this little one trying to waken her mother, who lay in the snow by the roadside. They dismounted, and found that the poor woman was dead. They searched her pockets, but found nothing that could give them any clue; so after burying her, they came back again to camp, bringing the child.

Shanty Flats was a different place now. After a few weeks the little girl grew more forgetful of her loss, and began to get used to her strange surroundings. When they asked her name, she always said, "I'm mamma's darling," and seemed to know no other title.

So they called her their little lady, till one night, as they sat around the fire, Captain Will said: "Boys, I've been thinking about a name for the little one yonder asleep. I'd like for her to be called New Year. I know it ain't a common name for a human being; but she came to us at midnight on December 31, and she's making a new kind of year for us, and I like a name that means something. What do you say?" "Good for you, cap'n!" "You've hit it!" "Three cheers for our little New Year!" went up all over the room.

He spoke truly, for it was a new year for them all, especially after the night when she first knelt down by the bedside in the inner room of the cabin, and prayed: "God bless my dear dead mamma, and mamma's darling! Please, God, bless everybody, and make them good, and help me be a good girl, and take care of me, for Jesus' sake!"

The door was ajar, and as the sweet voice was heard, every man there dropped his cards and listened. And they didn't

take them up again, either; for when Captain Will came out of the bedroom, his eyes were misty as he said: "Boys, does it seem to you that we ought to gamble so near that child?"

The boys didn't say what they thought; but little New Year never saw any gambling. One day a man swore in her hearing; but it was the only time, for a dozen cried out, "Hush, Jim! For shame! Remember the child!"

Oh, she was such a delight to their lives! There was a rivalry as to who should tell her the best story, or make her the prettiest toy; and when the glorious Colorado summer came, every kind of wildflower was brought to her. Sometimes they took her down into the mine for a little while, and any one of them considered it a great privilege for her to go to walk with him. To every man there she represented something sweet and pure in his past. Her favorites among them were Captain Will, who took the most care of her, and one of the Scotchmen, who told her she looked like the little blue-eyed lassie he lost years ago.

So the weeks and months went by, and the new interest in their lives made the work less toilsome. Never had a child so many presents at Christmas; for every one had something for her, either of his own make, or bought at the town, and she danced with delight over her new possessions.

"I think God has been very good to me," said she, gravely, that night, "to make you think to give me so many pretty things."

The next day word was passed that little New Year was sick; and, in spite of all they could do, she grew worse hour by hour. The men wandered around aimlessly, with sad faces. One of them, who had been a medical student, tried all his skill, but there was no change for the

better; and, just a year from the night she came, she lay apparently dying. The men clustered together in the room, and Captain Will sat beside the bedside, his face buried in his hands. It was very still until one of them spoke low: "Boys, can't somebody pray? Seems as if it's the only thing left to do."

They looked at each other, but no one stirred. A moment more and the roughest of them all fell on his knees and prayed: "God, we're rough men and wicked men. Thou knowest it, Lord. But there's summat in thy Book about askin' and receivin', so we ask for our little girl to be given back to us. She's the sunlight o' the camp, and the only thing that keeps us from the bad. Thou doesn't need her, Lord, and we does. God, save her life, and we'll be better men." And "Amen" came from lips unused to prayer.

The dear Heavenly Father heard and answered, for when the man arose little New Year opened her eyes and said, "Oh, the pretty light! I want to get up and have my breakfast."

"Praise the Lord!" broke from Captain Will's mouth. "Boys, I'm going to serve him from this day forward."

Nor was he alone; for a work of grace began in the camp, and many a one learned to pray for himself.

The winter wore away, and one night early in the spring Captain Will said: "Boys, I've something to say to you. I've been thinking that if this was my little girl I'd want her to have an education, and a better bringing up than this child is getting among us men; and if you're willing, boys, as I feel your right to her is just as good as mine, I want to adopt little New Year as my daughter, and take her East to have her brought up as she should be. Now, say just what you think."

The matter was discussed till late at night, and at last, though reluctantly, they all agreed that it was the best thing to be done; and Captain Will, after selling out his claim, started for New York. How the men did miss the child and talk about her! and when, in a couple of months, a long letter came from the East, they were eager to hear it read. One part of it ran thus: "Friends, I can't begin to tell you how happy I am. Little New Year (for I still call her by the old name, though at school she is Nellie) and I talk about you very often. I have bought a home here, where every one of you will be gladly welcomed; and, boys, God is in our home, and may he bless you and save you, so that if we never meet here, we may meet in heaven."

—May Agnes Osgood.

NEW YEAR'S DEED.

"How far that little candle throws its beams,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

IT was glad New Year's morn, and from
far and from near
The city seemed filled with the best
of good cheer.
Many people were seen hurrying by, to
and fro,
And some carried turkeys and chickens, I
know,

While the sun from his lofty position
looked down
And sent his bright rays throughout the
whole town.
Down street a few blocks stood an old
tenant house
Which seemed hardly fit for the home of a
mouse;

But many poor people called that place
their home.

'Twas so with poor Bessie, who lived there
alone

With Tommy, her brother, a boy 'bout
half grown.

Their mother had died when they were
quite small,

And their father, while drunk, had been
killed but this fall.

So the poor little orphans lived on as they
could,

And Bess, tho' a cripple, was patient and
good.

Tom blacked boots and sold papers and
went here and there,

But often his step would be heard on the
stair

As with loud, merry whistle he'd open the
door

To see if his Bess felt afraid any more;
Then back down the street he would
cheerfully run

And stay till he felt his day's work was
all done.

Things went on for some time, but when
cold and snow came

How the wind seemed to pierce thro' his
poor little frame!

No overcoat had he, no mittens so warm,
And his poor, aching toes, how they
suffered the storm!

Little work could he find, but the rent he
must pay

To the great angry landlord this bright
New Year's day.

The wood was all gone, the cupboard was
bare;

Then poor little Bess leaned back in her
chair

So faint from great hunger, so blue with
the cold

It made poor Tom's heart fairly ache to
behold.

He thought she was dying; he rushed to
her side

While slowly her lovely blue eyes opened
wide.

"I'm so faint, Tom," she said, "can't
you get me some bread?

Can't you put your old coat just beneath
Bessie's head?"

He spread an old quilt 'round her quiver-
ing form,

But oh, he knew well that would not keep
her warm.

As soon as she fell in a short little doze
Tom thought for a moment, then hastily
rose

And taking his blacking brush endeavored
to try

If he could at least one good customer
spy.

He watched and he waited, but each as he
passed

Hurried on by the boot-black as fast as
the last,

Till there came by a man with his daugh-
ter so fair

Tom thought the good Lord must have
made them come there,

For as he called out, "Have a paper, a
shine?"

The man threw him out a bright glittering
dime,

And said, "Shine them nicely, and
quickly as well,

And while we are waiting your history
tell.

You look good and honest, but just about
half froze.

Why, boy, I can very near see thro' those
clothes."

So Tom as he rubbed told of Bessie so
small,

How her poor little back had been broke
by a fall,

And he went on, as the tears filled his
eyes,

"I'll have no one to love me when good Bessie dies."

As the boots were then finished, he started to go,

But the noble young girl called out loudly, "No, no;

If Papa will let me, I'll go home with you,

For maybe there's something that I might do."

The proud rich man looked in his fair daughter's face

As tho' she were bringing him into disgrace.

"But Papa," she added, "what would Mamma say

If she were alive this sad New Year's day?"

Ah! he knew so well how she helped many poor,

None ever were turned away cold from her door,

The child was so like her he could not say nay;

He felt it was right she should have her own way.

So Tom marshaled them on, but could it be so

That these rich people would along with him go?

They climbed the steep stair, Tom opened the door,

There Bessie lay stretched cold and stiff on the floor.

They lifted her up; no, she was not quite dead.

"Oh, I'm so cold," the poor, dying child said.

"Oh, Tom, are these angels? I dreamed them to be,

But some way or other I can't well see.

I think I see mother, and just there she stands

Calling Bessie, and waving to me with her hands.

She looked very happy, the place is so fair, Oh, Tom, why can't you and poor Bessie go there?"

She sank back exhausted, they saw all was o'er,

But the rich man felt touched as he ne'er had before.

Is it true, then, he thought, that such poverty's here,

That hundreds are dying like this every year?

What if it were my child who has just passed away?

God help me to live as I should from this day.

I will try to be kind and not scorn at the poor,

And my child shall have money to do all the more.

So kindly they buried the poor orphan child,

She was so sweet, and so pure, and so mild,

While Tom was adopted to share in their home,

Where never again when so weary would roam

Through the cold winter's blast or the summer's great heat

A poor little bootblack, forlorn in the street.

Yes, the lesson was learned. 'Twas the one that's so old.

Full many a time has the story been told That amid all the large, and the weak and the strong,

A pure, simple child shall lead each one along,

And guide their weak steps by these loving acts given,

And help each to dwell with his Father in Heaven. —Gertrude Smith.

THE BEST OF ALL.

(Thanksgiving Day exercise for six girls.)

Girls.

Oh, time keeps steadily on and on
And the years go round and round,
But the best and brightest day of all,
In November's always found.

Boys.

The best and brightest day of all?
Is it better than Fourth of July,
When cannons roar and crackers pop,
And rockets blaze in the sky?

First Girl.

Oh, Fourth of July is well enough,
But it's only a day for boys,
When with drum and fife they march along
All trying to make a noise.

First Boy.

Well, what is the day so bright and fair
That comes when the year is old,
When trees are bare and snowflakes fall
And the wind blows fierce and cold?

Second Girl.

"It is the Puritan's Thanksgiving Day,
And gathered home from fresher homes
around,
The old man's children keep the holiday,
In dear New England, since the fathers
slept,
The sweetest holiday of all the year."
—"Bitter Sweet."

All the Girls.

Oh, that is the day we like the best,
A time for mirth, and for play,
When merry and glad we celebrate
Our happy Thanksgiving day.

Third Girl.

Then mother Nature's kindly hand
Fills to the brim her plenteous horn,
And scattered o'er a smiling land
Stand golden shocks of ripened corn.

Fourth Girl.

"And victorious Hiawatha
Stripped the garments from Mondakme,
And laid him in the earth, and made it
Soft and loose, and light above him,
And at length a small green feather
From the earth shot slowly upwards,
Then another and another
And before the Summer ended,
Stood the maize in all its beauty.
And still later, when the Autumn
Changed the long green leaves to yellow,
And the soft and juicy kernels
Grew like wampum hard and yellow,
Then the ripened ears he gathered,
Stripped the withered leaves from off them
And made known unto the people
This new gift of the Great Spirit."

—Longfellow.

All the Girls.

"But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod,
Still let us for his golden corn
Send up our thanks to God."

—Whittier.

Fifth Girl.

Such bounteous store of garnered grain
Our bursting barns can scarcely hold,
And gleaming now in every field
We see the pumpkins' globes of gold.

Sixth Girl.

"Oh fruit loved of childhood! the old
days recalling,
When wood grapes were purpling and
brown nuts were falling,
When ugly faces we carved in its skin
Glared out through the dark with a candle
within,
When we laughed round the corn-heap
with hearts all in tune,
Our chair a broad pumpkin, our lantern
the moon,

Telling tales of the fairy who traveled
like steam
In a pumpkin-shell coach with two rats
for her team."

—Whittier.

All the Girls.

So gladly we welcome the happy day,
That comes when the summer is o'er,
When the scattered friends we love so
well,
Round the home hearth meet once more.

Boys.

And I'm sure we boys all like it well
And are glad when the time draws near,
But can any one tell why we celebrate
This one day in the year?

First Girl.

Oh, into the past the years have fled,
Till centuries high they're piled,
Since the brave little bands of Puritans
Sailed over the ocean wild.

Over the surging, pathless sea,
They sailed to the unknown West;
Home and kindred behind them lay,
But they loved their Lord the best.

Second Girl.

Then bitter and cold from his icy home,
Came the North Wind's biting breath,
And part of that brave little Pilgrim band
Grew silent and cold in death.

Third Girl.

But slowly and surely on and on,
The months crept day by day,
They mourned their dead, yet the remnant
brave
Kept steadily on their way.

All.

Oh, cruel time! When all the world
Lay white beneath the drifting snow,
When famine boldly stalked about,
And every tree-trunk hid a foe.

Fourth Girl.

But though stern winter's icy reign
Was bitter, yet at length 'twas past,
And heralded by singing birds,
The glorious spring-time came at last.

Fifth Girl.

Feeble and weak that little band,
They plowed the soil and sowed the
seed,
And then with trusting hearts they
prayed
That God would help them in their
need.

All the Girls.

The prayer of faith is always heard,
And summer sunshine, dew and rain,
God freely gave till all the fields
Were white with ripened golden grain.

Sixth Girl.

And when once more the autumn woods,
With purple, red, and gold grew gay,
The little band of Puritans
Together kept Thanksgiving Day.

All.

"Our harvest being gotten in, our gov-
ernor sent four men on fowling, so that
we might in a special manner rejoice
together, after we had gathered the fruit
of our labors."
(Recitation from Wide Awake for No-
vember, 1881.)

"And now," said the Governor, gazing
abroad on the piled up store
Of the sheaves that dotted the clearings
and covered the meadows o'er,
"'Tis meet that we render praises because
of this yield of grain;
'Tis meet that the Lord of the harvest be
thanked for His sun and rain.

"And therefore I, William Bradford (by
the grace of God to-day,
And the franchise of this good people),
Governor of Plymouth, say
Thro' virtue of vested power—ye shall
gather with one accord,
And hold in the month of November,
thanksgiving unto the Lord.

"He hath granted us peace and plenty,
and the quiet we've sought so long;
He hath thwarted the wily savage, and
kept him from doing us wrong;
And unto our feast the Sachem shall be
bidden, that he may know

We worship his own Great Spirit, who
maketh the harvest grow.


"So shoulder your matchlocks, masters;
there is hunting of all degrees;
And fishermen, take your tackle, and
scour for spoil the seas;
And maidens and dames of Plymouth,
your delicate crafts employ
To honor our First Thanksgiving, and
make it a feast of joy."

All.

So now when Autumn doffs her robes
Of purple, and green, and gold;
When the trees stand leafless, bare and
brown,
And the nights grow bleak and cold;
Again we come together all
To keep in the good old way,
Just as they did in days of yore,
A glad Thanksgiving Day.

—Lizzie M. Hadley.

THE PUMPKIN.

 H! greenly and fair in the land of
the sun,
The vines of the gourd and the
rich melon run;
And the rock and the tree and the cottage
enfold
With broad leaves all greenness, and
blossoms all gold,
Like that which o'er Nineveh's prophet
once grew,
While he waited to know that his warning
was true,
And longed for the storm cloud, and
listened in vain
For the rush of the whirlwind and red fire
of rain.

On the banks of the Xenil the dark Span-
ish maiden

Comes up with the fruit of the tangled
vine laden;
And the Creole of Cuba laughs out to
behold
Through orange leaves shining the broad
spheres of gold;
Yet with dearer delight from his home
in the north,
On the fields of his harvest the Yankee
looks forth,
Where crook-necks are circling and yellow
fruit shines,
And the sun of September melts down on
his vines.

Ah! on Thanksgiving Day, when from
East and from West,
From North and from South, came the
pilgrim and guest,

When the gray-haired New Englander
 sees round his board
 The old broken links of affection restored,
 When the care-wearied man seeks his
 mother once more,
 And the worn mother smiles where the
 girl smiled before—
 What moistens the lip and what brightens
 the eye?
 What calls back the past like the rich
 pumpkin pie?

Oh, fruit loved by boyhood! the old days
 recalling,
 When wood grapes were purpling and
 brown nuts were falling,
 When wild, ugly faces we carved in its
 skin,
 Glared out through the dark with a candle
 within,
 When we laughed round the corn-heap
 with hearts all in tune,
 Our chair a broad pumpkin, our lantern
 the moon,

Telling tales of the fairy who traveled like
 steam,
 In a pumpkin-shell coach with two rats for
 her team.
 Then thanks for the present! none
 sweeter or better
 E'er smoked from an oven or circled a
 platter!
 Fairer hands never wrought at pastry
 more fine;
 Brighter eyes never watched o'er its
 baking than thine;
 And the prayer which my mouth is too
 full to express,
 Swells my heart that thy shadow may
 never grow less,
 That the days of thy lot may be length-
 ened below,
 And the fame of thy worth like the pump-
 kin-vine grow,
 And thy life be as sweet, and its last sun-
 set sky
 Golden-tinted and fair, as thy own pump-
 kin-pie! —J. G. Whittier.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY.

“**A**ND now,” said the Governor,
 gazing
 Abroad on the piled-up store
 Of the sheaves that dotted the clearings
 And covered the meadows o'er,
 “ ’Tis meet that we render praises,
 Because of this yield of grain;
 ’Tis meet that the Lord of the harvest
 Be thanked for His sun and rain.

“And therefore I, William Bradford
 (By the grace of God to-day,
 And the franchise of this good people),
 Governor of Plymouth, say,
 Through virtue of vested power,
 Ye shall gather with one accord,
 And hold in the month of November,
 Thanksgiving unto the Lord.

“He hath granted us peace and plenty,
 And the quiet we’ve sought so long;
 He hath thwarted the wily savage,
 And kept him from wrack and wrong.
 And unto our feast the Sachem
 Shall be bidden, that he may know
 We worship his own Great Spirit,
 Who maketh the harvest grow.

“So shoulder your matchlocks, mas-
 ters,
 There is hunting of all degrees;
 And fishermen take your tackle
 And scour for spoil the seas;
 And maidens and dames of Plymouth,
 Your delicate crafts employ,
 To honor our first Thanksgiving
 And make it a feast of joy.

"We fail of the fruits and dainties,
 We fail of the old home cheer—
 Ah, these are the lightest losses,
 Mayhap, that befall us here.
 But see, in our open clearings
 How golden the melons lie;
 Enrich them with sweets and spices,
 And give us the pumpkin pie."

So, bravely the preparations
 Went on for the autumn feast,
 The deer and the bear were slaughtered;
 Wild game, from the greatest to least,
 Was heaped in the colony cabins;
 Brown home-brew served for wine,
 And the plum and the grape of the forest
 For orange and peach and pine.

At length came the day appointed;
 The snow had begun to fall,
 But the clang from the meeting-house
 belfry
 Rang merrily over all,

And summoned the folk of Plymouth,
 Who hastened with glad accord
 To listen to Elder Brewster,
 As he fervently thanked the Lord.

In his seat sate Governor Bradford;
 Men, matrons and maidens fair;
 Miles Standish and all his soldiers,
 With corselet and sword, were there;
 And sobbing and tears and gladness
 Had each in its turn the sway,
 For the grave of the sweet Rose Standish
 O'ershadowed Thanksgiving Day.

And when Massasoit, the sachem,
 Sate down with his hundred braves,
 And ate of the varied riches
 Of gardens and woods and waves,
 And looked on the granaried harvest,
 With a blow on his brawny chest
 He muttered, "The good Great Spirit
 Loves his white children best!"
 —Margaret J. Preston.

THANKSGIVING AT GRANDMA'S.

THERE'S Thanksgiving turkey for
 you, little boy,
 But 'round the North Pole, where
 it's quiet,
 They're dining to-day on a slice of roast
 whale
 With fricassee snowballs and polar bear's
 tail,
 And the milk is ice cream when it reaches
 the pail,
 For the cows have pistache in their
 diet.
 Just listen to that, little Johnny!

There's a bonny plum pudding for you,
 little boy,
 But the little boys 'round the equator
 Have cocoanut stew and a salad of
 dates,

And an orange a minute as big as their
 pates,
 And a little brown monkey to hand round
 the plates,
 And bananas are used for potater!
 Just think about that, little Johnny!

There's mince pie and doughnuts for you,
 little boy,
 But abroad all the children are living
 On wonderful dishes, I couldn't say
 what,
 So queer and so spicy, so cold and so
 hot!
 But the best thing of all doesn't fall to
 their lot—
 For they haven't got any Thanksgiving!
 You wouldn't like that, little Johnny!
 —Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

"LIZA."

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

"'L IF' up you' heads, O ye gates; even lif' dem up, ye everlas'in' doors; an' de King of Glory shall come in. Who is dis King of Glory? De Lawd of Hos's, He is de King of Glory.'"

Two men, laughing boisterously, were on their way to the cotton field, and hearing the voice, looked in curiously as they passed the cabin door.

"Oh, it's only 'Bijah's Liza,' " one of them said; but he lowered his tone and they went on more quietly.

In a cabin at the end of the deserted quarters sat "Bijah's Liza," the cripple. Soon she stopped her monotonous chant of the twenty-fourth Psalm, and leaning her head forward, closed her eyes as if resting.

In her thoughts she was seeing the picture from the past—one always present in her memory: A homely schoolroom, peopled with childish faces, black, like her own; her own face bent in patient eagerness over a Second Reader; the beloved teacher, whom it was a happiness just to be near. She saw the school, too, at the beginning of the day, sitting with folded hands and reverent faces, repeating some portion of the Scriptures in concert, and then following the teacher through a simple prayer.

Poor "Bijah's Liza"! Through all her crippled childhood, school had been only a dream, made real by the stories of the more fortunate children who could attend it. Her many entreaties, however, at last prevailed, and with anxious misgivings her parents had watched her on her first walk to school.

With the help of the children she had learned something at home, and now began the Second Reader with the deter-

mination to conquer it or die. The little hunchback with the grown-up face and the child's body made small progress in learning to read, but showed a wonderful aptitude for committing Bible verses, which the teacher taught orally. Everything of a religious nature she seemed to absorb rather than learn; but she could not get her lessons.

Afterward, the teacher reproached herself with many things, though it was impossible to know whether she had been too lenient or too insistent with the pathetic-faced cripple, or whether the long, hard walk through the woods was to be blamed. Perhaps what came could not have been averted. At all events the girl was taken suddenly and violently ill; and at last, when her strength came creeping back, she was helpless. The poor back was almost double, so that the head leaned on the chest, the knees were bent to an acute angle, and the arms and the hands were twisted out of shape, and were useless.

So Liza was compelled to sit day after day in the chair rudely made to fit her deformity through the ingenuity of her father's love. All day long she sat there, while her father and mother worked in the field, and "bobber" Anderson was at school.

She amused herself by studying the colored pictures of the Sabbath-school lessons pasted on the wall, or by singing the hymns and reciting the verses learned at school. Often she gave herself up to delicious memories of that happy six months, lingering over every detail of it.

When the father came in at night he lifted her tenderly in his arms and laid her on the bed; and lying in that stiffened

heap, with face upturned, she listened eagerly to the stories the children brought home, and asked numberless questions.

So passed the days with Liza. But the night talks had grown wondrously interesting of late. It was almost the last of November, and for many weeks the children had been preparing a program for a public service at the church on Thanksgiving. It had all been new and strange and pleasant to them. Liza had heard the whole program over and over again, but even more interesting than that was the account of the origin and the reasons for continuing the observance of the day, now heard by her for the first time.

The whole community was invited to hear the recitations and the singing, and at a certain place in the program a collection of pennies was to be asked for, which was to go to missions. Thus the children and their parents were to be made to feel that they had made an offering of thanks for the mercies of the year. Liza had been very much impressed with the appropriateness of this from the first, and spent many an hour thinking on the subject.

On this day on which we find her sitting alone in the cabin, some new thought has taken possession of her, and stirred the habitual calm of her face. It is Wednesday, and to-morrow is to be the wonderful service at the church.

When night came, Liza lay with upturned face and eager eyes, listening to the children; but when the last one had gone, and all was growing still at the quarters, she called her father to her, and they had a long, whispered consultation.

Cheerfully, almost with glee, the deformed girl watched the people preparing for the Thanksgiving service, and smiled a pleasant good-by to all. Only

when she was alone, a sadness settled upon the pain-lined face. But Liza soon chased it away by delightful fancies of what might be going on at the church; and whither her fancy has carried her let us go.

The service was over, the audience is dispersing, and the teachers stand by the table which holds the pennies that have been brought. Beside the little pile of money lay three ears of yellow corn.

"Liza send dem," said Bijah awkwardly; "her hadn't no penny an' so her 'member you all use to tell her Bible stories 'bout God's people bringin' dere 'firs' fruits,' so she ast me to fech de fines' an' bes' years. Please, mem, dey're her offerin'."

There were tears in the teachers' eyes as they carried an ear apiece to their home, the precious Thanksgiving offering of the little cripple.

A missionary society to whom one ear was sent tied a ribbon securely about it and hung it in their room, where it would remain as a constant reminder to them of "first fruits." Each member of the society donated one ear of corn, which was planted in the spring, as "missionary corn." The story spread, and purchasers grew, while yet the corn was in the field.

Before another Thanksgiving had come, the story of this multiplied ear of corn was sent to Liza's teacher.

It was the morning of Thanksgiving that she found her way to Liza's bedside. Looking up into the teacher's face with joy unutterable, the happy girl learned how reports had been sent in from different owners of corn fields, till an amount of money had already been raised to educate a little girl in a far-away mission school.

With luminous eyes and a radiant smile that seemed to transfigure the poor worn

face, Liza whispered in tones tremulous with grateful joy: "Did the Lawd 'cept what dis pore chile gib? de Lawd of Hos's—de Great King of Glory? I neber 'pected to be so happy! 'Lif' up you' heads, O ye gâtes; even lif' dem up, ye everlas'in' doors; an' de King of Glory shall come in. Who is dis King of Glory? De Lawd of Hos's, He is de King of Glory.' "

THANKSGIVING FOR ALL.

(November 24, 1898.)

LET all the nations of the earth on this Thanksgiving day
Unite in one grand swelling hymn,
and grateful homage pay
For all the mercies of the year, and blessings unsurpassed,
Which have relieved the meed of war by which we've been harassed.

Let Johnny Bull rejoice that he now, after many years
Of an estrangement kept alive by bickerings and jeers,
With Uncle Sam is friends again, and that across the sea
Their hands once more are firmly clasped in perfect amity.

And let the Cossack folk rejoice that in these latter days
A light has dawned upon the mind that regulates their ways,
For he who seeks the reign of peace cannot be very far
From substituting love for hate in cold Siberia.

And let the Teuton race rejoice that he whose destiny
Has placed him on a lofty throne in glorious majesty
Has lived throughout another year, and in its tedious length
Done nothing to impair at all his people's wondrous strength.

And ancient France, now fallen low, let even France rejoice,
However humbled be her pride, or strident be her voice,
That though she's murdered justice, and is full of shame and dread,
The fact of Zola proves at least her conscience is not dead.

And as for Spain—poor walloped Spain! —she too may join the hymn;
For though her power's broken, and her glories all are dim,
She's lost her chiefest troubles in her mutineering lands,
And knows at last beyond all doubt exactly where she stands.

And Uncle Sam? Well, rather! He should fairly bellow praise
Until the very skies are rent, and all the heavens raise,
For Dewey, Hobson, Sampson, Clark, and all their gallant crew,
For men who stood behind the guns, the grimy stokers too;

For heroes on the hill-side, and for heroes in the vale,
With blood to shed and grit to show before the shotted hail;
For strong and sturdy men at home whose hearts were in the cause
To fight for Justice till 'twas won and give the Tyrant pause!

—John Kendrick Bangs.

THANKSGIVING AT THE FARM.

HARVEST is home. The bins are full,
 The barns are running o'er;
 Both grains and fruits we've garnered in
 Till we've no space for more.
 We've worked and toiled through heat and cold,
 To plant, to sow, to reap;
 And now for all this bounteous store
 Let us Thanksgiving keep.

The nuts have ripened on the trees,
 The golden pumpkins round
 Have yielded to our industry
 Their wealth from out the ground.
 The cattle lowing in the fields,
 The horses in their stalls,
 The sheep and fowls all gave increase,
 Until our very walls

Are bending out with God's good gifts.
 And now the day is here
 When we should show the giver that
 We hold those mercies dear.

We take our lives, our joys, our wealth,
 Unthanking every day;
 If we deserve or we do not,
 The sun it shines away.
 So in this life of daily toil,
 That leaves short time to pray,
 With brimming hearts let's humbly
 keep
 One true Thanksgiving Day.
 And if there be some sorrowing ones,
 Less favored than we are,
 A generous gift to them, I think,
 Is just as good as prayer.

GIVE THANKS FOR WHAT?

LET Earth give thanks," the deacon said,
 And then the proclamation read.

"Give thanks fer what an' what about?"
 Asked Simon Soggs when church was out.
 "Give thanks fer what? I don't see why;
 The rust got in an' spiled my rye,
 And hay wan't half a crop, and corn
 All wilted down and looked forlorn,
 The bugs jest gobbled my pertaters,
 The what-you-call-em lineaters,
 And gracious! when you come to wheat,
 There's more than all the world can eat;
 Unless a war should interfere,
 Crops won't bring half a price this year;
 I'll hev to give 'em away, I reckon!"

"Good for the poor!" exclaimed the deacon.

"Give thanks fer what?" asked Simon Soggs,

"Fer th' freshet carryin' off my logs?
 Fer Dobbin goin' blind? Fer five
 Uv my best cows, that was alive
 Afore the smashin' railroad come
 And made it awful troublesome?
 Fer that hay stack the lightnin' struck
 And burnt to ashes?—thund'rin luck!
 For ten dead sheep?" sighed Simon Soggs.

The Deacon said, "You've got yer hogs!"

"Give thanks? And Jane and baby sick?
 I e'enmost wonder if ole Nick
 Ain't runnin' things!"

The deacon said,
 "Simon! yer people might be dead!"

"Give thanks!" said Simon Soggs again,
 "Jest look at what a fix we're in!
 The country's rushin' to the dogs
 At race horse speed!" said Simon Soggs,



TRIPPING THE LIGHT FANTASTIC.

"Rotten all through—in every State,—
 Why, ef we don't repudiate,
 We'll hev to build, fer big and small,
 A poor-house that'll hold us all.
 All round the crooked whisky still
 Is runnin' like the Devil's mill;
 Give thanks? How mad it makes me feel,
 To think how office-holders steal!
 The taxes paid by you and me
 Is four times bigger'n they should be;
 The Fed'ral Gov'ment's all askew,
 The ballot's sech a mockery, too!
 Some votes too little, some too much,
 Some not at all—it beats the Dutch!

And now no man knows what to do,
 Or how is how, or who is who.
 Deacon! corruption's sure to kill!
 This 'glorious Union' never will,
 I'll bet a continental cent,
 Elect another President!
 Give thanks fer what, I'd like to know?"

The deacon answered, sad and low,
 "Simon! It fills me with surprise,
 Ye don't see where yer duty lies;
 Kneel right straight down, in all the muss,
 And thank God that it ain't no wuss!"
 —W. F. Croffut.

WE THANK THEE.

FOR flowers that bloom about our
 feet;
 For tender grass, so fresh, so sweet;
 For song of bird, and hum of bee;
 For all things fair we hear or see,
 Father in heaven, we thank Thee!

For blue of stream and blue of sky;
 For pleasant shade of branches high;
 For fragrant air and cooling breeze;
 For beauty of the blooming trees,
 Father in heaven, we thank Thee.
 —Ralph Waldo Emerson.

THE PURITANS' THANKSGIVING.

THEY thanked their God because
 once more
 The fevered death had passed
 them by;
 Though still it lurked behind the door.

They thanked their God that from on
 high
 Had come abundant food and drink:
 Their sunken faces gave the lie.

They thanked their God with tears to
 think
 The perils of the night grew less;
 And fierce eyes watched them at the chink.
 They thanked their God and begged him
 bless
 Their scanty lands, and ease their care.
 And we who hold the answered prayer—
 We keep the name of thankfulness.
 —Griswold North.

LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

THE breaking waves dashed high
 On a stern and rock-bound coast,
 And the woods against a stormy sky
 Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
 The hills and waters o'er,
 When a band of exiles moored their bark
 On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
 They, the true-hearted, came;
 Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
 And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come
 In silence and in fear;—
 They shook the depths of the desert gloom
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
 And the stars heard, and the sea;
 And the sounding aisles of the dim woods
 rang
 To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
 From his nest by the white wave's foam,
 And the rocking pines of the forest
 roared.—
 This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
 Amidst that pilgrim band;
 Why had they come to winter there,
 Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
 Lit by her deep love's truth;
 There was manhood's brow serenely high,
 And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
 Bright jewels of the mine?
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
 They sought a faith's pure shrine.

Ay, call it holy ground,
 The soil where first they trod;
 They have left unstained what there they
 found,—
 Freedom to worship God.
 —Felicia Hemans.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY EXERCISES.

The hall in which the exercises in the celebration of Washington's birthday are held should be decorated with all the patriotic emblems obtainable,—flags, banners, flowers, etc.; including a portrait of Washington centrally and prominently exhibited, with the motto, "First in peace," etc., the dates of his birth and death; the former trimmed with flowers, the latter with crepe. Nothing available should be omitted to render the hall as bright and attractive as possible.

Orations should be delivered by boys, but the other portions of the exercises may be rendered by girls, or by both boys and girls, as may be found most suitable to the text and the occasion.

WASHINGTON.

(Appropriate for Washington's birthday entertainment.)

"**T**HE first in the hearts of his countrymen!" Yes, first! Washington has our first and most fervent love. Undoubtedly there were brave and wise and good men before his day in every colony. But the American nation, as a nation, I do not reckon to have begun before 1774. And the first love of that Young America was Washington. The first word she lisped was his name. Her earliest breath spoke it. It is still her proud ejaculation, and it will be the last gasp of her expiring life.

Yes! Others of our great men have been appreciated—many admired—by all. But him we love. Him we all love. No sectional prejudice or bias, no party, no creed, no dogma of politics—none of these shall assail him. Yes, when the storm of battle blows darkest and rages highest, the memory of Washington shall nerve every American arm and cheer every American heart. It shall relume the Promethean fire, that sublime flame of patriotism, that devoted love of country, commended by his words, consecrated by his example!

"Where may the wearied eye repose,
When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows
Nor despicable state?
Yes—one; the first, the last, the best.

The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make men blush there was but one."
—Rufus Choate.

WASHINGTON'S LIFE.

(A recitation for five small boys. Let each boy hold in his right hand a banner decorated with red, white and blue tissue paper, with date, lifting it high during his recitation.)

1732.

IN seventeen hundred thirty-two
George Washington was born;
Truth, goodness, skill, and glory high,
His whole life did adorn.

1775.

In seventeen hundred seventy-five,
The chief command he took
Of all the army in the State,
Who ne'er his flag forsook.

1783.

In seventeen hundred eighty-three,
Retired to private life;
He saw his much-loved country free
From battle and from strife.

1789.

In seventeen hundred eighty-nine,
The country, with one voice,
Proclaimed him President, to shine,
Blessed by the people's choice.

1799.

In seventeen hundred ninety-nine
The nation's tears were shed,
To see the Patriot life resign,
And sleep among the dead.

All.

As "first in war, and first in peace,"
As patriot, father, friend,—
He blessed till time shall cease,
And earthly life shall end.

—M. Alice Bryant.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

THE birthday of the "Father of his Country"! May it ever be freshly remembered by American hearts! May it ever re-awaken in them a filial veneration for his memory; ever rekindle the fires of patriotic regard for the country which he loved so well, to which he gave his youthful vigor and his youthful energy, during the perilous period of the early Indian warfare; to which he devoted his life in the maturity of his powers, in the field; to which again he offered the counsels of his wisdom and his experience, as president of the convention that framed our Constitution; which he guided and directed while in the

chair of State, and for which the last prayer of his earthly supplication was offered up, when it came the moment for him so well, and so grandly, and so calmly, to die. He was the first man of the time in which he grew. His memory is first and most sacred in our love, and ever hereafter, till the last drop of blood shall freeze in the last American heart, his name shall be a spell of power and of might.

Yes, gentlemen, there is one personal, one vast felicity, which no man can share with him. It was the daily beauty, and towering and matchless glory of his life which enabled him to create his country,

and at the same time secure an undying love and regard from the whole American people. "The first in the hearts of his countrymen!" Yes, first! He has our first and most fervent love. Undoubtedly there were brave and wise and good men before his day in every colony. But the American nation, as a nation, I do not reckon to have begun before 1774. And the first love of that Young America was Washington. The first word she lisped was his name. Her earliest breath spoke it. It still is her proud ejaculation; and it will be the last gasp of her expiring life! Yes; others of our great men have been appreciated—many admired by all;—but him we love; him we all love. About and around him we call up no dissentient and discordant and dissatisfied elements—no sectional prejudice nor bias—no party, no creed, no dogma of politics.

None of these shall assail him. Yes; when the storm of battle blows darkest and rages highest, the memory of Washington shall nerve every American arm, and cheer every American heart. It shall relume that Promethean fire, that sublime flame of patriotism, that devoted love of country which his words have commended, which his example has consecrated:

"Where may the wearied eye repose,
When gazing on the great;
Where neither guilty glory glows
Nor despicable state?
Yes—one—the first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make man blush there was but one."
—Rufus Choate.

PANEGYRICS ON WASHINGTON.

(For nine boys.)

First.—To the historian few characters appear so little to have shared the common frailties and imperfections of human nature as that of Washington.

—William Smyth.

Second.—No matter what may have been the immediate birthplace of such a man as Washington! No clime can claim, no country can appropriate him: the boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity, his residence creation.

—Charles Phillips.

Third.—As a ruler of mankind, he may be proposed as a model. Deeply impressed with the original rights of human nature, he never forgot that the end, and meaning, and aim of all just government was the happiness of the people.

—William Smyth.

Fourth.—As a general, he marshaled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience. As a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views and the philosophy of his counsels that to the soldier and the statesman he almost added the character of the sage.—Charles Phillips.

Fifth.—Immortal man! He took from the battle its crime, and from the conquest its chains; he left the victorious the glory of his self-denial, and turned upon the vanquished only the retribution of his mercy. Happy, proud America! The lightnings of heaven yielded to your philosophy! The temptations of earth could not seduce your patriotism!

—Charles Phillips.

Sixth.—It is the happy combination of rare talents and qualities, the harmonious union of the intellectual and moral powers, rather than the dazzling splendor of any one trait which constitutes the grandeur of his character.

—Jared Sparks.

Seventh.—Washington did the two greatest things which, in politics, man can have the privilege of attempting. He maintained, by peace, that independence of his country which he had acquired by war. He founded a free government, in the name of the principles of order, and by re-establishing their sway.—Guizot.

Eighth.—Greater soldiers, more intellectual statesmen, and profounder sages have doubtless existed in the history of the English race, perhaps in our own country, but not one who to great excellence in the threefold composition of man—the physical, intellectual, and moral—has added such exalted integrity, such unaffected piety, such unsullied purity of soul, and such wondrous control of his own spirit. He illustrated and adorned the civilization of Christianity, and furnished an example of the wisdom and perfection of its teachings which the subtlest arguments of its enemies cannot impeach. —Vance.

Ninth.—He fought, but not with love of strife; he struck but to defend;

And, ere he turned a people's foe, he sought to be a friend.

He strove to keep his country's right by Reason's gentle word

And sighed when fell injustice threw the challenge sword to sword.

He stood, the firm, the calm, the wise, the patriot and sage;

He showed no deep, avenging hate, no burst of despot rage;

He stood for liberty and truth, and dauntlessly led on,

Till shouts of victory gave forth the name of Washington. —Eliza Cook.

In Concert.—Washington, the brave, the wise, the good.

Supreme in war, in council, and in peace.

Valiant without ambition, discreet without fear, confident without presumption.

In disaster, calm; in success, moderate; in all, himself.

The hero, the patriot, the Christian.

The father of nations, the friend of mankind—

Who, when he had won all, renounced all, and sought in the bosom of his family and of nature, retirement, and in the hope of religion, mortality.

LIKE WASHINGTON.

(For a boy.)

WE'RE gathered here with one accord,
The day to celebrate
That gave the world a Washington,
So wise, so good, and great.
I love the name of Washington,
And when of him I read,

Oh, how I long to imitate

Each noble thought and deed!

But to this audience I'm quite sure

It must be very plain

That all my wishes to be wise

As he, will be in vain.

And as for greatness, this, my friends,
 I fear is sadly clear,
 To it there is one obstacle,
 And that, alas! is here.
 (Points to his forehead.)
 But though as wise, nor yet as great
 I may not hope to be,

Perhaps I may, by trying hard,
 Become as good as he.
 Yes, boys, we must successful be
 If working on this plan,
 For each of us, I'm sure, can make
 A true and honest man.

SOMETHING BETTER.

(For a very little girl.)

I CANNOT be a Washington,
 However hard I try,
 But into something I must grow
 As fast the days go by.

The world needs women, good and true,
 I'm glad I can be one,
 For that is even better than
 To be a Washington.—Clara J. Denton.

MAXIMS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

“**L**ET me warn you most solemnly
 against the baneful effects of
 the spirit of party. This spirit,
 unfortunately, is inseparable from our
 nature, having its root in the strongest
 passions of the human mind.”

“Observe good faith and justice toward
 all nations; cultivate peace and harmony
 with all; religion and morality enjoin this

conduct; and can it be that good policy
 does not equally enjoin it? It will be
 worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no
 distant period, a great nation, to give to
 mankind the magnanimous and too novel
 example of a people always guided by an
 exalted justice and benevolence.”—Wash-
 ington's Farewell Address.

SPEECH FOR DECORATION DAY.

AS we cover the graves of the heroic
 dead with flowers, the past rises
 before us like a dream. Again we
 are in the great struggle. We hear the
 sounds of preparation—the music of the
 boisterous drums—the silver voices of
 heroic bugles. We hear the appeals of
 orators; we see the pale cheeks of women,
 and the flushed faces of men; we see
 all the dead whose dust we have covered
 with flowers. We lose sight of them
 no more. We are with them when
 they enlist in the great army of free-
 dom. We see them apart from those
 they love. Some are walking for the
 last time in the quiet woody places
 with the maidens they adore. We hear

the whispers and the sweet vows of
 eternal love as they lingeringly part
 forever. Others are bending over cradles
 kissing babies that are asleep. Some
 are receiving the blessings of old men.
 Some are parting who hold them and
 press them to their hearts again and
 again, and say nothing; and some are
 talking with wives and trying with brave
 words spoken in the old tones to drive
 from their hearts the awful fear. We see
 them part. We see the wife standing
 in the door with the babe in her arms—
 standing in the sunlight sobbing; at the
 turn of the road a hand waves—she
 answers by holding high in her loving
 arms the child. He is gone and forever.

We see them all as they march proudly away, under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the wild music of war—marching down the streets of the great cities, through the towns, and across the prairies, to do and to die for the eternal right. We go with them, one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields, in all the hospitals of pain, on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood, in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced with balls and torn by shells in the trenches, by the forts, and in the whirl-

wind of the charge, where men become iron with nerves of steel. We are at home when the news reaches us that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with the last grief.

Those heroes are dead. They sleep under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of the sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless place of rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of the conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for the soldiers living and dead—cheers for the living, tears for the dead.—Robt. G. Ingersoll:

TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY.

(Place in the school room the picture of Washington, then pointing to it recite the following.)

GENTLEMEN, a most auspicious omen salutes and cheers us, this day. This day is the anniversary of the birth of Washington. Washington's birthday is celebrated from one end of this land to the other. The whole atmosphere of the country is this day redolent of his principles—the hills, the rocks, the groves, the vales, and the rivers, shout their praises, and resound with his fame. All the good, whether learned or unlearned, high or low, rich or poor, feel this day that there is one treasure common to them all; and that is the fame of Washington. They all recount his deeds, ponder over his principles and teachings, and resolve to be more and more guided by them in the future.

To the old and the young, to all born in this land, and to all whose preferences have led them to make it the home of their adoption, Washington is an exhilarating theme. Americans are proud of his

character; all exiles from foreign shores are eager to participate in admiration of him; and it is true that he is, this day, here, everywhere, all over the world, more an object of regard than on any former day since his birth.

Gentlemen, by his example, and under the guidance of his precepts, will we and our children uphold the Constitution. Under his military leadership, our fathers conquered their ancient enemies; and, under the outspread banner of his political and constitutional principles, will we conquer now. To that standard we shall adhere, and uphold it, through evil report and good report. We will sustain it, and meet death itself, if it come; we will ever encounter and defeat error, by day and night, in light or in darkness—thick darkness—if it come, till

“Danger's troubled night is o'er,
And the star of peace return.”

—Webster.

THEM YANKEE BLANKETS.

(Where suffering and brotherly kindness brought hearts together.)

YES, John, I was down thar at Memphis,
 A-workin' around at the boats,
 A-heavin' o' cotton with emph'sis,
 An' a-loadin' her onto the floats.
 I was comin' away from Ole Texas,
 Whar I went, you know, arter the wah—
 'Bout it now I'll make no reflexes,
 But wait till I git ter long taw.
 Well, while I was down thar the fever,
 As yaller an' pizen as sin,
 Broke out; an' ef you'll beleeve her,
 Wherever she hit she struck in!
 It didn't take long in the hatchin',
 It jes' fa'rly bred in the air,
 Till a hosspitel camp warn't a patchin'
 An' we'd plenty o' corpses to spare.
 I volunteered then with the Howards,—
 I thought thet my duty was clear,—
 An' I didn't look back'ards, but for'ards,
 An' went ter my work 'ithout fear.
 One day, howsomever, she got me
 As quick as the shot of a gun,
 An' they toted me off ter allot me
 A bunk till my life-race was run.
 The doctor and nurses they wrestled,
 But it didn't do me any good;
 An' the drugger he poundid an' pestled,
 But he didn't get up the right food.
 "No blankits ner ice in the city!"—
 I hear'd em say that from my bed,—

An' some cried, "O God! who'll take
 pity
 On the dyin' that soon'll be dead?"
 Next day, howsomever, the doctor
 Come in with a smile on his brow.
 "Old boy, jest as yit we hain't knocked
 her,"
 Said he, "but we'll do fer her now."
 Fer yer see, John, them folks ter the Nor'
 ward
 Hed hear'd us afore we called 'twice,
 An' they'd sent us a full cargo forward
 Of them much-needed blankits an' ice!
 Well, brother, I've been mighty solid
 Agin' Yankees, yer know, since the wah,
 An' agin' reconstrucktin' was stolid,
 Not kearin' fer Kongriss ner law;
 But, John, I got under that kiver,
 That God-blessed gift o' the Yanks,
 An' it sav'd me frum fordin' "the river,"
 An' I'm prayin' 'em oceans o' thanks!
 I tell yer, old boy, thar's er streak in us
 Old Rebels an' Yanks that is warm;
 It's er brotherly love thet'll speak in us,
 An' fetch us together in storm;
 We may snarl about "niggers an' fran-
 cheese,"
 But whenever thar's sufferin afoot,
 The two trees'll unite in the branches
 The same as they do at the root!
 —W. Small.

YOU PUT NO FLOWERS ON MY PAPA'S GRAVE.

(For Decoration Day exercise.)

WITH sable-draped banners, and
 slow measured tread,
 The flower-laden ranks pass
 the gates of the dead;
 And seeking each mound where a com-
 rade's form rests,

Leave tear-bedewed garlands to bloom on
 his breast.
 Ended at last is the labor of love;
 Once more through the gateway the sad-
 dened lines move—
 A wailing of anguish, a sobbing of grief,

Falls low on the ear of the battle-scarred
chief;

Close crouched by the portals, a sunny-
haired child

Besought him in accents with grief
rendered wild:

"Oh! sir, he was good, and they say he
died brave—

Why! why! did you pass by my dear
papa's grave?

I know he was poor, but as kind and as
true

As ever marched into the battle with
you—

His grave is so humble, no stone marks
the spot,

You may not have seen it. Oh, say you
did not!

For my poor heart will break if you knew
he was there,

And thought him too lowly your offerings
to share.

He didn't die lowly—he poured his heart's
blood,

In rich crimson streams, from the top-
crowning sod

Of the breastworks which stood in front
of the fight—

And died shouting, 'Onward! for God
and the right!'

O'er all his dead comrades your bright
garlands wave,

But you haven't put one on my papa's
grave.

If mamma were here—but she lies by his
side,

Her wearied heart broke when our dear
papa died."

"Battalion! file left! countermarch!"
cried the chief,

"This young orphan'd maid has full cause
for her grief."

Then up in his arms from the hot, dusty
street,

He lifted the maiden, while in through
the gate

The long line repasses, and many an
eye

Pays fresh tribute of tears to the lone
orphan's sigh.

"This way, it is—here, sir—right under
this tree;

They lie close together, with just room
for me."

"Halt! Cover with roses each lowly green
mound—

A love pure as this makes these graves
hallowed ground."

"Oh! thank you, kind sir! I ne'er can
repay

The kindness you've shown little Daisy
to-day;

But I'll pray for you here, each day while
I live,

'Tis all that a poor soldier's orphan can
give.

I shall see papa soon, and dear mamma
too—

I dreamed so last night, and I know 'twill
come true;

And they will both bless you, I know,
when I say

How you folded your arms round their
dear one to-day—

How you cheered her sad heart, and
soothed it to rest,

And hushed its wild throbs on your
strong, noble breast;

And when the kind angels shall call you
to come,

We'll welcome you there to our beauti-
ful home,

Where death never comes, his black
banners to wave,

And the beautiful flowers ne'er weep o'er
a grave." —C. E. L. Holmes

OUR DEAD HEROES.

(For a boy of ten years of age.)

"**B**IRDS in their little nests agree,
 And 'tis a shameful sight
 When children of one family
 Fall out, and chide, and fight."

Thus said old Doctor Watts. 'Tis true—
 It still holds good to-day.
 'Tis good advice for me and you
 His maxims to obey.

A nation, too, should surely be
 Like one great family;
 For 'tis a glorious sight to see
 Men dwell in unity.

Alas! How many nations, who
 In civil war engage!
 Such strife we find all history through;
 It sullies many a page.

Rebellion oft is started by
 Ambition for possession,
 And sometimes, too, excusably,
 For freedom from oppression.

For Freedom is the noblest cause
 That leads men to the fight,
 When harassed by oppressive laws,
 To struggle for the right.

In this great, free, and happy land,
 So dear to me and you,
 'Twas seen, at Freedom's stern command,
 What patriot arms could do.

'Twas thus that our forefathers fought
 Their liberty to gain.
 This happy land they little thought
 Could e'er be rent in twain.

And yet, in fratricidal strife—
 The Blue against the Gray,—
 By civil war the nation's life
 Seemed doomed to swift decay.

The struggle lasted four long years;—
 In eighteen sixty-one
 This nation, rent by hopes and fears,
 Heard the first signal gun.

In eighteen sixty-five, at last,
 The Union gained the day;
 Secession's fitful dream was past,—
 The war-clouds passed away.

The North and South, joined hand in hand,
 In Union bought by gore,
 Once more in peace united stand,—
 Divided—never more!

To-day in peace and harmony—
 Not at the cannon's mouth,
 But in complete fraternity,
 We meet; no North—no South,

A brotherhood of Blue and Gray
 In glorious unity
 Of freedom, which has cast away
 The chains of slavery.

We meet on this Memorial Day
 The graves to decorate
 Of those who gave their lives away—
 Like heroes, met their fate.

With flowers those heroes' graves we
 strew,
 And though the flowers may fade,
 Each year their memory will be new,
 Fresh honors will be paid.

As to each tomb our way we wend,
 Or to each grave draw near,
 We'll offer, as our heads we bend,
 A sympathetic tear;

And breathe to Him an earnest prayer,
 Who orders all things well,
 That this great land, so bright, so fair,
 In peace henceforth may dwell.

—W. J. C. Train.

MEMORIAL DAY.

DOWN by the clear river's side they
wandered,
Hand in hand on that perfect
day;

He was young, handsome, brave and
tender,
She more sweet than the flowers of May.

He looked on her with brown eyes
adoring,

Watching her blushes grow soft and
deep;

"Darling," he said, with tones imploring,
"Shall we not ever the memory keep

"Of this bright day, so happy, so holy;
This sweetest hour my life has e'er
known,

When you, dear, speaking gently and
slowly,

Answered me 'Yes,' when I called you
my own?"

Fair was the sky, the sunset, the river,
Wind in the trees, the water's low
psalm,

Bird-song, scent of wild roses. Oh, never
Was there an hour more blissful and
calm!

Close in his arms he held her: the
morrow

Would bring to their fond hearts parting
and pain,—

After love's rapture, bitterest sorrow;
After May sunshine, gloom and the
rain.

The country her sons to save her was
calling;

He answered her summons, fearless and
brave;

On to the front, where heroes were
falling,

Love and all of life's promise he gave.

She by the hearth, through long hours'
slow measure,

Watched and yearned, and suffered and
prayed;

Read o'er his letters, lovingly treasured,
Hoped his return,—to hope half afraid.

"God is good," she said. "His love will
enfold him,

Protect him, and bring him safe to me
again;

I shall hear him once more, in rapture
behold him,—

Oh, blessed reward, for my waiting and
pain!"

In camp, on the field, on marches long,
weary,

Her face and her voice in his heart's
inner shrine

He kept; they brightened his way when
most dreary,

Lifted his life to the Life all divine.

He fell in the ranks, at awful Stone River,
Blood of our heroes made sacred that
sod;

On battle's red tide his soul went out
ever

Forward and upward, to meet with his
God.

* * * * *

Worn, grown old, yet tenderly keeping,
Every May month, sad tryst with her
dead,

She knows not where her darling is
sleeping,

She lays no garlands on his low bed.

All soldiers' graves claim her love and
her blessing;

She decks them with flowers made
sacred by tears;

Love of her heart for her soldier ex-
pressing,

"Love that is stronger than death,"
through the years.

Soon in this land of unfading beauty,
He, faithful knight of valor and truth,
She, living martyr to country and duty,
Shall find the sweetness and love of
their youth.

Honor the dead with the richest oblation,—
Cover their graves with laurel and
palm!

Honor the living for life's consecra-
tion,—

Give to their pierced hearts love's heal-
ing balm.

—Mary Hussey.

DECORATION DAY.

WE live to-day, our country
lives, the hours of peace are
come,

And hushed the startling cannon's voice,
the long roll of the drum;

Spake the great chieftain—gone on high
—in whom we placed our trust:

"Break ranks, brave boys, the day is won,"
the traitors kneel in dust."

A shout went up—'twas loud and long
—the glad shout of the free;

It echoed through our northern pines, and
by the Huron sea;

It mingled with the sea-birds' scream
upon our ragged shore,

And for the moment almost stilled the
wild Niagara's roar.

It leaped across our prairies green—the
dark Sierra's snow;

Was heard with joy where Western waves
o'er golden pebbles flow;

And even in the fiery South, crazed chil-
dren of the sun

In secret silence blest the hour when
war's sad strife was done.

Freedom was won, rebellion crushed, and
from our banners then

The shameful stain was washed away by
blood of gallant men;

For thousands left their peaceful homes,
their dear loved land to save,

And bravely fought—our flag unsoiled—
but found themselves a grave.

"Break ranks!" alas! the ranks were broke
in many a bloody fray,

And many a corse on shell-torn fields in
ghastly pallor lay;

The glory and the triumph theirs—the
noble boon was ours—

And so, with grateful hearts, this day we
strew their tombs with flowers.

We bring our fairest garlands now to
scatter on the grave

Of him who laid his young life down, his
country's life to save.

Death is the lot of all—ah me! and hope-
fully we pray

That we may sleep as sweetly as our
heroes sleep to-day.

Toll, toll, ye bells! the solemn sound
strikes sadly on the ear,

Yet mourn we not for them, nor shed the
unavailing tear.

A gentler tribute pay we now to those
who made us free—

We bring sweet flowers to deck their
tombs, and they will fadeless be.

The rock from out our granite hills by
skillful hands is riven;

Our children's names are on the shield,
the summit points to heaven;

Through coming time 'twill brave the
blast—be kissed by summer
showers,

And grateful hearts each year will
wreathe the shaft with fairest
flowers.

—W. S. Morton.

A TRIBUTE TO OUR HONORED DEAD.

HOW bright are the honors which await those who, with sacred fortitude and patriotic patience, have endured all things that they might save their native land from division and from the power of corruption! The honored dead! They that die for a good cause are redeemed from death. Their names are gathered and garnered. Their memory is precious. Each place grows proud for them who were born there. There is to be ere long, in every village and in every neighborhood, a glowing pride in its martyred heroes. Tablets shall preserve their names. Pious love shall renew their inscriptions as time and the unfeeling elements efface them. And the national festivals shall give multitudes of precious names to the orator's lips. Children shall grow up under more sacred inspirations, whose elder brothers, dying nobly for their country, left a name that honored and inspired all who bore it. Orphan children shall find thousands of fathers and mothers to love and help those whom dying heroes left as a legacy to the gratitude of the public.

Oh, tell me not that they are dead—that generous host—that airy army of invisible heroes. They hover as a cloud of witnesses above this nation. Are they dead that yet speak louder than we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society, and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism?

Ye that mourn, let gladness mingle with your tears. It was your son; but now he is the nation's. He made your household bright; now his example inspires a thousand households. Dear to

his brothers and sisters, he is now brother to every generous youth in the land. Before, he was narrowed, appropriated, shut up to you. Now he is augmented, set free, and given to all. Before he was yours; he is ours. He has died from the family that he might live to the nation. Not one name shall be forgotten or neglected, and it shall by and by be confessed of our modern heroes, as it is of an ancient hero, that he did more for his country by his death than by his whole life.

Neither are they less honored who shall bear through life the marks of wounds and sufferings. Neither epaulet nor badge is so honorable as wounds received in a good cause. Many a man shall envy him who henceforth limps. So strange is the transforming power of patriotic ardor, that men shall almost covet disfigurement. Crowds will give way to hobbling cripples, and uncover in the presence of feebleness and helplessness. And buoyant children shall pause in their noisy games, and with loving reverence honor those whose hands can work no more, and whose feet are no longer able to march except upon that journey which brings good men to honor and immortality. Oh, mother of lost children, sit not in darkness, nor sorrow whom a nation honors! Oh, mourners of the early dead, they shall live again, and live forever! Your sorrows are our gladness. The nation lives because you gave it men that loved it better than their own lives. And when a few more days shall have cleared the perils from around the nation's brow, and she shall sit in unsullied garments of liberty, with justice upon her forehead, love in her eyes, and truth upon her lips, she shall not forget those whose blood

gave vital currents to her heart, and whose life, given to her, shall live with her life till time shall be no more.

Every mountain and hill shall have its treasured name, every river shall keep some solemn title, every valley and every lake shall cherish its honored register;

and till the mountains are worn out, and the rivers forget to flow, till the clouds are weary of replenishing springs, and the springs forget to gush, and the rills to sing, shall their names be kept fresh with reverent honors which are inscribed upon the book of National Remembrance.

BROTHERS ONCE MORE.

WHEN civil war, with horrors
dire,
Swept through this land with
sword and fire;—

When men with fratricidal hate
In storm of battle met their fate;—
The Blue arrayed against the Gray,
Rushing like madmen to the fray,
Steeped this fair land in deep distress,—
Wives, widowed—children, fatherless.
Such horrors scarce were known before,
Such carnage in a civil war.

But when fair Peace her sway proclaimed,
Ceasing their strife, with passions tamed,
Once more united, Gray and Blue
Joined hands the Union to renew,
And gladly welcomed peace again
Tho' mourning o'er the thousands slain.
Although to-day 'tis many years
Since war made slaughter, blood, and
tears;

The cannon's roar and warrior's rage
Are only known on history's page,—
We still with saddened hearts renew
The mem'ry of the Gray and Blue;
With reverence we deck the grave
Of each dead warrior who gave
His life the Union to restore
United as it was before;
Rejoicing, too, this land to see
Freed from the curse of slavery.

No matter now which won the day,
Or if the dead were Blue or Gray,
They all, who in their grave now rest,
Fought for the cause they deemed the
best.

Brothers they were before the war—
Brothers now, just as they were before;
Brothers they all shall be at last,
When the Archangel's trumpet blast
Shall summon them to life above,
Where war gives place to peace and love.

MEMORIAL DAY.

DO you know what it means, you
boys and girls,
Who hail from the North and the
South?

Do you know what it means,
This twining of greens
Round the silent cannon's mouth?
This strewing with flowers the grass-
grown grave,
The decking with garlands the statues
brave,
This flaunting of flags

All in tatters and rags,
This marching and singing,
These bells all ringing,

These faces grave and these faces gay,—
This talk of the Blue, and this talk of the
Gray,—
In the North and South on Memorial
Day?

Not simply a show-time, boys and girls,
Is this day of lavished flowers,
Not a pageant or play,

Nor a mere holiday,
Of flags and of floral bowers.
It is something more than the day that
starts

War memories throbbing in veteran hearts,
For across the years,
To the hopes and fears—
To the days of battle,
Of roar and rattle—

To the past that now seems so far away,
Do the sons of the Blue, and the sons of
the Gray,
Gaze, hand clasping hand, on Memorial
Day.

For the wreck and the wrong of it, boys
and girls,

For the terror and loss as well,
Our hearts must hold
A regret untold

As we think of those who fell.

But their blood, on whichever side they
fought,

Remade the nation and progress brought.

We forget the woe,

For we live and know

That the fighting and sighing,

The falling and dying,

Were but steps toward the future;—the
Martyr's way,

Down which the sons of the Blue and the
Gray,

Look with love and with pride on
Memorial Day.

SHERMAN ON THE VETERANS.

AS you all know, comrades especially, I was but one of those leaders who fought in the war. We are veterans, and our white hairs tell us that, our feelings tell us that, and as we look over the crowds here to-day, we old soldiers realize the fact, without being told, that our days of fighting are past; that our days of rest and peace from the gun are here, and that we should, every one of us, come together on all suitable occasions to press each other's hands and look back and around us; to look back and see if that for which we fought honestly and truly, that for which we left our dead comrades upon the bare pine-fields of the South—whether it remains secure to us and whether we may now sleep in rest and peace.

Every man, be he American, English, French, or German, was as much interested that America should be a free land—to-day free from Maine to Texas and from Florida to Oregon—as you who are living here in your homes in New Hamp-

shire. We fought for mankind. We fought for all the earth and for all civilization, and now stand preëminent among the nations of the earth, with a glorious past, a magnificent present and future, at which we may all rejoice.

Anybody can fight with a stranger; anybody can shoot an Indian down, and it is not a very hard thing to pull the trigger on a foreigner; but when we came to shoot each other, when we had to go to fight these Southern friends of ours, and sometimes fight in our own streets, that called for nerve, and the highest kind of nerve; and that is what I want the citizen to bear in mind when he looks at soldiers in this country. They went out, fought, and conquered, and when it was done they stopped and went home.

The war has passed and a new generation has grown up, young men capable of doing as much as those who fought. From the simple mechanic and farmer we can secure as capable men for putting on the

Blue and buckling on the cartridge belt and taking a rifle, and if their hearts be in the right place and their heads ordinarily clear, they can go on the field and be as good men as Sheridan, Sherman, and Grant ever were. We have yet

50,000,000 such people in America, and the work is not done yet. I do not think there are any more civil wars before us, but we must be prepared for what God brings us and be true to ourselves, our country, and our God.

THE DAY'S ORATION IS IN FLOWERS.

THE day's oration is in Flowers;
Sing, ye gardens! Speak, ye
bowers!

Let Flora's rarest banners wave
And fold about the soldier's grave.
Lo! June in red, and May in white,
Their hands will clasp, their brows unite
Above the mounds spread far and wide;
In vales and on the mountain side;

Round monuments that speak and
breathe,

The floral paragraphs we wreathe,
Will emblem glories that entwine
About their brows in climes divine.
Then sing, ye bowers, ye gardens, vie—
In silent eloquence reply.
While incense floats from sea to sea
On winds that sigh, "Let all be free!"





From Photograph by Morrison, Chicago

"MISS ANNABEL M'CARTHY WAS INVITED TO A PARTY"

(Recitation.)



From Photograph, copyrighted 1898, by Morrison. Chicago

"ALONE IN THE DREARY, PITILESS STREET"

DESCRIPTIVE READINGS.



OUR TWO OPINIONS.

U S two wuz boys when we fell out—
Nigh to the age uv my youngest
now;

Don't rec'lect what 'twuz about,
Some small diff'rence I'll allow.
Lived next neighbors twenty years,
A-hating each other, Me 'nd Jim—
He havin' his opinyin uv me,
'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him!

Grew up together 'nd wouldn't speak,
Court'd sisters, 'nd marr'd 'em, too;
'Tended same meetin'-house oncet a
week,
A-hatin' each other, through 'nd
through!

But when Abe Linkern asked the West
F'r soldiers, we answered—me 'nd
Jim—

He havin' his opinyin uv me,
'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him!

But down in Tennessee one night
Ther wuz sound uv firin' ou' away,
'Nd the sergeant allowed there'd be a
fight

With the Jonnie Rebs sometime nex'
day;

'Nd as I wuz thinkin' uv Lizzie 'nd home,
Jim stood afore me, long 'nd slim—
He havin' his opinyin uv me,
'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him!

Seemed like we knew there wuz goin'
to be

Serious trouble f'r me 'nd him—
Uz two shuck hands, did Jim 'nd me,
But never a word from me or Jim!
He went his way, 'nd I went mine,
'Nd into the battle's roar went we—
I havin' my opinyin uv Jim,
'Nd he havin' his opinyin uv me!

Jim never came back from the war again,
But I hain't forgot that last, last night,
When waitin' f'r orders, uz two men
Made up 'nd shuck hands, afore the fight;
'Nd after all, it's soothin' to know
That here I be, 'nd yonder's Jim—
He havin' his opinyin uv me,
'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him!

WHISTLING IN HEAVEN.

(Especially appropriate for a pioneer gathering.)

YOU'RE surprised that I ever should
say so?

Just wait till the reason I've given,
Why I say I shan't care for the music,
Unless there is whistling in heaven.

Then you'll think it no very great
wonder,

Nor so strange, nor so bold a conceit,
That unless there's a boy there a-whist-
ling,

Its music will not be complete.

It was late in the autumn of '40,
We had come from our far Eastern
home

Just in season to build us a cabin,
Ere the cold of the winter should
come;

And we lived all the while in our wagon
While husband was clearing the place
Where the house was to stand; and the
clearing
And building it took many days.

So that our heads were scarce sheltered
In under its roof, when our store
Of provisions was almost exhausted,
And husband must journey for more;
And the nearest place where he could get
them

Was yet such a distance away,
That it forced him from home to be
absent

At least a whole night and a day.

You see, we'd but two or three neighbors,
And the nearest was more than a mile;
And we hadn't found time yet to know
them,

For we had been busy the while.
And the man who had helped at the
raising

Just staid till the job was well done;
And as soon as the money was paid him,
Had shouldered his axe, and had gone.

Well, husband just kissed me and started,
I could scarcely suppress a deep groan
At the thought of remaining with baby
So long in the house all alone;

For, my dear, I was childish and timid,
And braver ones might well have
feared,

For the wild wolf was often heard howl-
ing,
And savages sometimes appeared.

But I smothered my grief and my terror
Till husband was off on his ride,
And then in my arms I took Josey,
And all the day long sat and cried,
As I thought of the long, dreary hours
When the darkness of night should fall,
And I was so utterly helpless,
With no one in reach of my call.

And when the night came with its terrors,
To hide ev'ry ray of light,
I hung up a quilt by the window,
And almost dead with affright,
I kneeled by the side of the cradle,
Scarce daring to draw a full breath,
Lest the baby should wake, and its crying
Should bring us a horrible death.

There I knelt until late in the evening,
And scarcely an inch had I stirred,

When suddenly, far in the distance,
 A sound as of whistling I heard!
 I started up dreadfully frightened,
 For fear 'twas an Indian's call;
 And then very soon I remembered
 The red man ne'er whistles at all.

And when I was sure 'twas a white man,
 I thought were he coming for ill,
 He'd surely approach with more caution—
 Would come without warning, and still.
 Then the sounds coming nearer and
 nearer,
 Took the form of a tune light and gay,
 And I knew I needn't fear evil,
 From one who could whistle that way.

Very soon I heard footsteps approaching,
 Then came a peculiar dull thump,
 As if some one was heavily striking
 An axe in the top of a stump;
 And then in another brief moment,
 There came a light tap on the door,
 When quickly I undid the fast'ning,
 And in stepped a boy, and before

There was either a question or answer,
 Or either had time to speak,
 I just threw my glad arms around him,
 And gave him a kiss on the cheek.
 Then I started back, scared at my bold-
 ness,
 But he only smiled at my fright,
 As he said, "I'm your neighbor's boy,
 Elick,
 Come to tarry with you through the
 night.

"We saw your husband go eastward,
 And made up our minds where he'd
 gone,
 And I said to the rest of our people,
 'That woman is there all alone,

And I venture she's awfully lonesome,
 And though she may have no great fear
 I think she would feel a bit safer
 If only a boy were but near.'

"So, taking my axe on my shoulder,
 For fear that a savage might stray
 Across my path and need scalping,
 I started right down this way;
 And coming in sight of the cabin,
 And thinking to save you alarm,
 I whistled a tune, just to show you
 I didn't intend any harm.

"And so here I am at your service;
 But if you don't want me to stay,
 Why, all you need do is to say so,
 And should'ring my axe, I'll away."
 I dropped in a chair and near fainted,
 Just at the thought of his leaving me
 then,
 And his eye gave a knowing bright
 twinkle
 As he said, "I guess I'll remain."

And then I just sat there and told him
 How terribly frightened I'd been,
 How his face was to me the most wel-
 come,
 Of any I ever had seen;
 And then I lay down with the baby,
 And slept all the blessed night through,
 For I felt I was safe from all danger
 Near so brave a young fellow and true.

So now, my dear friend, do you wonder,
 Since such a good reason I've given,
 Why I say I shan't care for the music,
 Unless there is whistling in heaven?
 Yes, often I've said so in earnest,
 And now what I've said I repeat,
 That unless there's a boy there a-whist-
 ling,
 Its music will not be complete.

KATE SHELLEY'S BRAVERY.

THROUGH the whirl of wind and
 water,
 Parted by the rushing steel,
 Flashed the white glare of the headlight,
 Flew the swift revolving wheel,
 As the midnight train swept onward,
 Bearing on its iron wings,
 Through the gloom of night and tempest
 Freightage of most precious things.
 Little children by their mothers
 Nestle in unbroken rest,
 Stalwart men are dreaming softly
 Of their journey's finished quest,
 While the men who watch and guard them,
 Sleepless stand at post and brake;
 Close the throttle! draw the lever!
 Safe for wife and sweetheart's sake
 Sleep and dream, unheeding danger;
 In the valley yonder lies
 Death's debris in weird confusion,
 Altar fit for sacrifice!
 Dark and grim the shadows settle
 Where the hidden perils wait;
 Swift the train, with dear lives laden,
 Rushes to its deadly fate.
 Still they sleep and dream unheeding.
 Oh, Thou watchful One above,
 Save Thy people in this hour!
 Save the ransomed of thy love!

Send an angel from Thy heaven
 Who shall calm the troubled air,
 And reveal the powers of evil
 Hidden in the darkness there.
 Saved! ere yet they know the peril,
 Comes a warning to alarm;
 Saved! the precious train is resting
 On the brink of deadly harm.
 God has sent his angel to them,
 Brave Kate Shelley, hero-child!
 Struggling on, alone, unaided,
 Through that night of tempest wild.

Brave Kate Shelley! tender maiden,
 Baby hands, with splinters torn,
 Saved the lives of sleeping travelers
 Swiftly to death's journey borne.
 Mothers wept and clasped their darlings,
 Breathing words of grateful prayer;
 Men, with faces blanched and tearful,
 Thanked God for Kate Shelley there.

Greater love than this hath no man;
 When the heavens shall unfold,
 And the judgment books are opened,
 There, in characters of gold,
 Brave Kate Shelley's name shall center,
 'Mid the pure, the brave, the good,
 That of one who crowned with glory
 Her heroic womanhood.

THE FATE OF THE GRUMBLER.

HIS YOUTH.

HIS cap was too thick, and his coat
 was too thin:
 He couldn't be quiet; he hated
 a din;
 He hated to write, and he hated to read;
 He was certainly very much injured
 indeed;
 He must study and toil over work he
 detested;
 His parents were strict, and he never was
 rested:

He knew he was wretched as wretched
 could be,
 There was no one so wretchedly wretched
 as he.

HIS MATURITY.

His farm was too small, and his taxes too
 big;
 He was selfish and lazy, and cross as a
 pig;
 His wife was too silly, his children too
 rude,

And just because he was uncommonly
good!
He hadn't got money enough and to
spare;
He had nothing at all fit to eat or to wear;
He knew he was wretched as wretched
could be,
There was no one so wretchedly wretched
as he.

HIS OLD AGE.

He finds he has sorrows more deep than
his fears,

He grumbles to think he has grumbled
for years;
He grumbles to think he has grumbled
away
His home and his children, his life's little
day;
But alas! 'tis too late! it is no use to say
That his eyes are too dim, and his hair is
too gray.
He knows he is wretched as wretched can
be,
There is no one so wretchedly wretched
as he.

IN SCHOOL DAYS.

(Suitable for Old Settlers' meeting.)

STILL sits the schoolhouse by the
road,
An idle beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow
And the blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jackknives' carved initial.

The charcoal frescoes on the wall,
Its door's worn sill betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing;

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled, golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed,
When all the rest were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled—

His cap pulled low upon his face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, she lingered,
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.


He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing:

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you,
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing;
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing.

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament his triumph and his loss,
Like her—because they love him.

GRANDFATHER'S BARN.

 H, don't you remember our grand-
 father's barn,
 Where our cousins and we met to
 play;
 How we climbed on the beams and the
 scaffolds so high,
 Or tumbled at will on the hay?
 How we sat in a row on the bundles of
 straw,
 And riddles and witch stories told,
 While sunshine came in through the
 cracks of the South,
 And turned the dust into gold?
 How we played hide and seek in each
 cranny and nook,
 Wherever a child could be stowed?
 Then we made us a coach of a hogshead
 of rye,
 And on it to "Boston" we rode;
 And then we kept store and sold barley
 and oats,
 And corn by the bushel or bin;
 And straw for our sisters to braid into
 hats,
 And flax for our mothers to spin.
 Then we played we were biddies, and
 cackled and crowed,
 Till grandma in haste came to see
 If the weasles were killing the old
 speckled hen,
 Or whatever the matter might be;


How she patted our heads when she saw
 her mistake,
 And called us her sweet "chicken
 dears"!

While a tear dimmed her eye as the pic-
 ture recalled
 The scenes of her own vanished years.

How we tittered and swung, and played
 meeting and school,
 And Indian and soldier and bear!
 While up in the rafter the swallows kept
 house,
 Or sailed through the soft summer air.
 How we longed to peep in their curious
 nests!
 But they were too far overhead;
 So we wished we were giants, or winged
 like the birds,
 And then we'd do wonders, we said.

And don't you remember the racket we
 made
 When selling at auction the hay;
 And how we wound up with a keel over
 leap
 From the scaffold down into the hay?
 When we went into supper our grand-
 father said,
 If he'd not once been a boy,
 He should think that the Hessians were
 sacking the town,
 Or an earthquake had come to destroy.

HE SAW IT ANOTHER WAY.

 TEPPING down the grassy lane,
 Timidly as a dove,
 Came an artless little damsel
 Looking out ahead for love;
 All the wild rose hedge was budding,
 Apple boughs hung white above.

She had never had a lover,
 But she'd dreamed of one alway,

And would find him by the boy's love
 Hidden in her shoe to-day;
 For it is a test worth trying,
 All the wise old grandames say.

Whosoe'er I first do meet,
 With the boy's love in my shoe,
 He's the one I'm soon to wed,
 Soon to wed, and love him true.

She'd a fair face peeping
From a gingham hood of blue.

Should she meet the miller's boy,
Should she meet the tanner's son,
She was so in love with loving
She would love them, either one;
No doubt he was the one she'd dreamed
of
Ever since she'd first begun.

Lo! she met a rosy stripling,
And they passed without a word,
But her heart would beat so loudly,
She was almost sure he heard;

And her snowy kerchief trembled
Like the plumage of a bird.

Innocently sideways glancing
From her little gingham hood,
Through her soul she felt the fragrance
Of that sprig of Southern wood,
And she thought the lad so pretty,
And believed him wise and good.

And she lay awake a-thinking
Of the lad the whole night through,
While he soundly slept till daybreak,
Just as he was used to do;
And never dreamed he'd met a damsel
With some boy's love in her shoe.

THE CLOWN'S BABY.

(Suitable for any occasion.)

IT was on the Western frontier;
The miners, rugged and brown,
Were gathered around the posters;
The circus had come to town!
The great tent shone in the darkness
Like a wonderful palace of light,
And rough men crowded the entrance—
Shows didn't come every night!

Not a woman's face among them;
Many a face that was bad,
And some that were only vacant,
And some that were very sad.
And behind a canvas curtain,
In a corner of the place,
The clown, with chalk and vermilion,
Was "making up" his face.

A weary-looking woman,
With a smile that still was sweet,
Sewed on a little garment,
With a cradle at her feet.
Pantaloons stood ready and waiting,
It was time for the going on,
But the clown in vain searched wildly;
The "property-baby" was gone!

He murmured, impatiently hunting,
"It's strange I cannot find—
There! I've looked in every corner;
It must have been left behind!"
The miners were stamping and shouting,
They were not patient men.
The clown bends over the cradle—
"I must take *you*, little Ben!"

The mother started and shivered,
But trouble and want were near;
She lifted her baby gently;
"You'll be *very* careful, dear?"
"Careful? You foolish darling,"—
How tenderly it was said! [paint,—
What a smile shone through the chalk and
"I love each hair of his head!"

The noise rose into an uproar,
Misrule for the time was king;
The clown, with a foolish chuckle,
Bolted into the ring.
But as, with a squeak and flourish,
The fiddles closed their tune,
"You'll hold him as if he was made of
glass?"
Said the clown to pantaloons,

The jovial fellow nodded;
 "I've a couple myself," he said,
 "I know how to handle 'em, bless you!
 Old fellow, go ahead!"
 The fun grew fast and furious,
 And not one of all the crowd
 Had guessed that the baby was alive,
 When he suddenly laughed aloud.

Oh, that baby-laugh! It was echoed
 From the benches with a ring,
 And the roughest customer there sprang up
 With, "Boys, it's the real thing!"
 The ring was jammed in a minute,
 Not a man that did not strive
 For a "shot at holding the baby,"
 The baby that was "alive!"

He was thronged by kneeling suitors
 In the midst of the dusty ring,
 And he held his court right royally,—
 The fair little baby-king—
 Till one of the shouting courtiers,
 A man with a bold, hard face,
 The talk, for miles, of the country,
 And the terror of the place,

Raised the little king to his shoulder,
 And chuckled, "Look at that!"
 As the chubby fingers clutched his hair,
 Then, "Boys, hand round the hat!"
 There never was such a hatful
 Of silver, and gold, and notes;
 People are not always penniless,
 Because they don't wear coats!

And then, "Three cheers for the baby!"
 I tell you, those cheers were meant,
 And the way in which they were given
 Was enough to raise the tent.
 And then there was sudden silence,
 And a gruff old miner said,
 "Come, boys, enough of this rumpus!
 It's time it was put to bed."

So, looking a little sheepish,
 But with faces strangely bright,
 The audience, somewhat lingeringly,
 Flocked out into the night.
 And the bold-face leader chuckled,—
 "He wasn't a bit afraid!
 He's as game as he is good-looking;
 Boys, that was a show that *paid!*"

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

(Recited with great effect at the "Old Friends' Circle," in Cleveland, Ohio.)

SOMEWHAT back from the village
 street
 Stands the old-fashioned country-
 seat;

Across its antique portico
 Tall poplar trees their shadows throw;
 And from its station in the hall,
 An ancient timepiece says to all,
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
 And points and beckons with its hands,
 From its case of massive oak,
 Like a monk who, under his cloak,

Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
 With sorrowful voice to all who pass,
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

By day its voice is low and light;
 But in the silent dead of night,
 Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
 It echoes along the vacant hall,
 Along the ceiling, along the floor,
 And seems to say at each chamber door,
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
 Through days of death and days of birth,

Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has
stood,

And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased.
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

There groups of merry children played;
There youths and maidens dreaming
strayed;
Oh, precious hours! oh, golden prime
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding
night;

There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay, in his shroud of snow;
And, in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

All are scattered, now, and fled,—
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
"Ah! when shall they all meet again?"
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time shall disappear,—
Forever there, but never here!
The horologue of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

"THE INJUN."

(From "Songs of the Great Dominion"—An Incident in the Minnesota Massacre of 1862.)

YE say the Injuns all alike,
A bad an' sneakin' lot;
An' ain't no use for nuthin',
So the cusses should be shot?

Ef some o' them poor devils kicks
'Cause things ain't run quite squar',
An' jumps an Indian agent's ranch,
An' yanks his bloomin' har.

Thar's good an' bad in Injun,
An' thar's good an' bad in White;
But, somehow, they is always wrong,
An' we is allus right.

But I'm an old, old timer,
I've jes' bin here so long,
That I kin mostly allus tell
The ones that's right an' wrong.

Ye think the Injun isn't squar'?
That's jes' where ye mistake;
Fer bein' true to them that's true
The Injun scoops the cake.

Fer I kin tell ye what occur'd
Way back in 'sixty-two,
When things in Minnesota State
Wuz lookin' kinder blue.

The Sioux wuz up an' on the shoot
 A-slingin' round their lead,
 An' scalpin' every mother's son
 That wuzn't bald or dead.

Thar' warn't a livin' Yankee—
 An' lots wuz brave an' bold—
 That would have crossed them plains alone
 For a waggon load uv gold.

'Cause why? We know'd the Guv'ment
 Wuzn't treatin' Injuns fair;
 That's why they riz an' painted things,
 An' raised the settlers' hair.

That summer a fur-trader
 Came up from Montreal,
 An' on his way to Garry
 He landed at Saint Paul.

An' all the guides an' hunters said
 He couldn't cross the plains,
 Fer them thar' painted devils
 Wuz layin' low fur trains.

He only laffed, and said he know'd
 The Injuns all his life,
 An' he wuz goin' to mosey through
 An' take along his wife.

An' she, also, wuz plucky,
 An' said she'd go along,
 Fer Injuns only went fer them
 As allus done 'em wrong.

You may believe, 'twuz riskey—
 An' all the fellers sed
 The chances of their gettin' through
 Warn't wuth an ounce uv lead.

But sure's yer born they started,
 Right out the northern trail,
 Aboard a pratee schooner,
 With a Texan steer fer sail.

An' right a-top that creekin' cart,
 Upon the highest rack,
 That trader nailed a bloomin' rag—
 An English Union Jack.

They wuzn't long upon the trail
 Before a band of reds
 Got on their tracks, an' foller'd up,
 A-goin' to shave their heads.

But when they seen that little flag
 A-stickin' on that cart,
 They jes' said, "Hudson Bay. Go on.
 Good trader with good heart!"

An' when they struck the river,
 An' took to their canoe,
 'Twuz that thar' bit uv culler
 That seen 'em safely through.

What give that flag its virtoo?
 What's thar' in red an' blue,
 To make a man an' woman dar'
 What others daesn't do?

Jes' this—an' Injuns know'd it—
 That whar' them cullers flew,
 The men that lived beneath them
 Was mostly straight an' true.

That when they made a bargain,
 'Twuz jes' as strong an' tight
 As if 't were drawn on sheep-skin
 An' signed in black an' white.

That's how them Hudson traders done
 Fer mor'n two hundred year;
 That's why that trader feller crossed
 Them plains without a fear.

An' jes' so long es white men
 Don't try some little game,
 To euchre out the red man,
 So long he'll act the same.

So jes' believe me, onst for all,
 To them that treats him fair,
 The Injun mostly allus wuz,
 And is, and will be, square.

—John E. Logan—"Barry Dane,"

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

(Excellent for harvest home entertainments.)

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
 Barefoot boy with cheek of tan!
 With thy turned-up pantaloons,
 And thy merry whistled tunes;
 With thy red lip, redder still,
 Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
 With the sunshine on thy face,
 Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace!
 From my heart I give thee joy;
 I was once a barefoot boy.
 Prince thou art—the grown-up man,
 Only is republican.
 Let the million-dollared ride!
 Barefoot, trudging at his side,
 Thou hast more than he can buy,
 In the reach of ear and eye;
 Outward sunshine, inward joy,
 Blessings on the barefoot boy.

O! for boyhood's painless play,
 Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
 Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
 Knowledge never learned of schools;
 Of the wild bee's morning chase,
 Of the wild-flower's time and place,
 Flight of fowl, and habitude
 Of the tenants of the wood;
 How the tortoise bears his shell,
 How the woodchuck digs his cell,
 And the ground-mole sinks his well;
 How the robin feeds her young,
 How the oriole's nest is hung;
 Where the whitest lilies blow,
 Where the freshest berries grow,
 Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
 Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
 Of the black wasp's cunning way,
 Masons of his walls of clay,
 And the architectural plans
 Of gray hornet artisans!
 For, eschewing books and tasks,
 Nature answers all he asks;
 Hand in hand with her he walks,

Part and parcel of her joy,
 Blessings on the barefoot boy.

O for boyhood's time of June,
 Crowding years in one brief moon,
 When all things I heard or saw,
 Me, their master, waited for!
 I was rich in flowers and trees,
 Humming-birds and honey-bees;
 For my sport the squirrel played,
 Plied the snouted-mole his spade;
 For my taste the blackberry cone
 Purpled over hedge and stone;
 Laughed the brook for my delight,
 Through the day, and through the night;
 Whispering at the garden wall,
 Walked with me from fall to fall;
 Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel-pond,
 Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
 Mine, on bending orchard trees,
 Apples of Hesperides!
 Still, as my horizon grew,
 Larger grew my riches too,
 All the world I saw or knew
 Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
 Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

O for festal dainties spread,
 Like my bowl of milk and bread,
 Pewter spoon, and bowl of wood,
 On the door-stone, gray and rude!
 O'er me like a regal tent,
 Cloudy ribbed, the sunset bent,
 Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
 Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
 While for music came the play
 Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
 And, to light the noisy choir,
 Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
 I was monarch; pomp and joy
 Waited on the barefoot boy!
 Cheerily, then, my little man!
 Live and laugh as boyhood can;

Though the flinty slopes be hard,
 Stubble-spread the new mown sward,
 Every morn shall lead thee through
 Fresh baptisms of the dew;
 Every evening from thy feet
 Shall the cool wind kiss the heat;
 All too soon these feet must hide
 In the prison cells of pride,
 Lose the freedom of the sod,

Like a colt's for work be shod,
 Made to tread the mills of toil,
 Up and down in ceaseless moil,
 Happy if their track be found
 Never on forbidden ground;
 Happy if they sink not in
 Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
 Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy
 Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

SHAKESPEER AT DEAD-HOS' CRICK.

(Abridged.)

(A Romance of the Northwest.)

IT wuz way out west o' the praree,
 Whar the mountains begins to raise,
 Pokin' holes in the snowy blankets
 Uv clouds that acrost 'em lays.

We wuz washin' down in the gulches,
 An' the culler wuz commin' well;
 An' the fellers wuz crowdin' from east and
 west,
 Till the place wuz full and gay.

Ef thar wuz a row, it wuz up-an'-up,
 An the fust that draw'd cud bark,
 An' we gen'ly lifted the other chap,
 An' planted him out in the dark.

But I wuz agoin' to tell yer
 A thing that occur'd one night,
 Jes' to show yer the kinder chaps them
 wuz,
 In their trew an' proper light.

The biggest strikes wuz by Dead-Hos'
 Crick,
 An' thar, on a summer's day,
 We wuz all at work, when we heerd the
 bells
 Uv the mule teams up the way.

In another minit they come in sight,
 A-joggin down the road;
 An' I reckon it made them boys' eyes
 stare
 To see what they had fer load.

They was sittin' on trunks an' boxes,
 An' bumpin' right along,—
 A gal, four men, an a woman,
 An' the gal wuz singin' a song.

When I come down from the gulch that
 night,
 I was tired an' wet an' mad;
 Fer I hadn't got quite the pile o' dust
 That I thought I oughter had.

I hadn't heerd no shootin'
 An' no one was givin' chin;
 An' they wuz lookin' so ser'us like,
 That I couldn't take it in.

So I jes' turns into the bar an' calls
 For a finger uv whisky white,
 When the shinger sez, es he untied the
 stuff,
 "Er ye goin' to the show to-night?"

An' thar, hung up on the bar-room wall,
 An' printed in black an' yeller,
 I reads the bill uv the play that night:
 It wuz Shakespeer's play "Otheller."

I knowed it es soon es I seen the name,
 Fer I'd seen it onct before
 Way down in Frisco, in '62,
 The year I jined the war;

So them wuz the player people
 That passed us that very day,

An' I snicker'd to think how the boy
would stare
When they seen a fust-class play.

The boys wuz rather startled
When they seen the nigger coon,
What jumped with the Gran' Dook's dater,
But they took to him pooty soon.

But they wuz down on the feller
What scoopt the nigger in,
An' hissed an' hollered so loud at last,
Ye could hardly hear him chin.

I seen the boys wuz nervus,
An' a-kinder wicked too;
So I edges my way along to see
Jes' what they wuz goin' to do.

The play wuz about nigh over,
Es well es my mem'ry went,
An' the laffin' gal waz lyin' asleep
In a bed like a little tent,

When in jumps the nigger feller,
A-ravin', full's a goat,
An' chuckin' a bowie-knife on the floor,
He grips her 'roun the throat.

She jes' gave one little holler;
But that wuz mor'n enuff;
Fer I know'd them boys wuz nervus,
An' wouldn't stand no guff.

It waz ping—ping—ping—es quick es
flash,
An' the nigger, he fell back dead;
An' the gal lep' up with a skeert white
face,
An' lifted his lifeless head,

An' called out "Father! Father!"
An' kiss'd his eyes an' lips;
But when she seen them stains uv blood
A rednin' her finger tips,

She jes' riz up like a spectre,
Es white an' es cold an' tall,

That a shiver went right through every
man

That wuz standin' in that hall.

Her voice wuz low, but every word
Wuz as clear as a bell at night,
"May his red blood drip forever
Before his murderers' sight."

Thar warn't no talk uv lynchin',
For we wuzn't up to fun;
It wuz rough on her, but es for them,
We know'd how the thing wuz done.

That night, es I rolled my blankets out,
I found three bags uv dust;
An' I knowed the boys what put them
thar,
An' they know'd I'd keep their trust.

I sometimes wonder ef that thar gal
Can ever sing er laff;
Perhaps she don't, an' perhaps she do;
Fer she don't know only half.

She don't know that me an' another chap,
In the early mornin' light,
Went up the road by Tucker's dam,
Where fust she come in sight,

An' found three bodies lyin'
A-restin' peacefully,
Jes' like three miners sleepin',
Under a cedar tree.

She don't know that they luv'd her,
An' I guess she never will;
But them wuz the kinder tuffs that worked
In the gulch by Dead-Hos' Hill.

That's all I know uv Shakespeer,
An' it's all I want to know;
I've never bin to a play since then,
An' I never want to go.

They say he's made lots uv heros;
Well, gimme my chice an' pick,
An' I'll take the three he made that nigh
In the gulch at Dead-Hos' Crick.

—John E. Logan—"Barry Dane."

THE NIGHT WIND.

(For a small boy.)

HAVE you ever heard the wind go
"Yooooo?"

'Tis a pitiful sound to hear!

It seems to chill you through and through,
With a strange and speechless fear.

It's the voice of the night that howls out-
side

When folks should be asleep,

And many and many's the time I've cried
To the darkness that brooded far and wide
Over the land and deep;

"Whom do you want, O lonely night,
That you wail the long hours through?"
And the night would say in its ghastly way,

"Yooooooooo!"

Yooooooooo!

Yooooooooo!"

My mother told me long ago (when I was
a little lad)

That when the night went wailing so,
Somebody had been bad;

And then, when I was snug in bed

Whither I had been sent,

With the blankets drawn up round my
head,

I'd think of what my mother'd said

And wonder what boy she meant!

And "Who's been bad to-day?" I'd ask

Of the wind that hoarsely blew,

And that voice would say in its awful way,

"Yooooooooo!"

Yooooooooo!

Yooooooooo!"

That this is true I must allow—

You'll not believe it, though;

Yes, though I'm quite a model now,

I was not always so.

And if you doubt what things I say,

Suppose you make the test;

Suppose, when you've been bad some day

And up to bed are sent away

From mother and the rest—

Suppose you ask "Who has been bad?"

And then you'll hear what's true,

For the wind will moan in its awfulest tone,

"Yooooooooo!"

Yooooooooo!

Yooooooooo!"

(To Mistress Annie Evans.)

—Cora M. Griffin.

THE BALD-HEADED TYRANT.

OH! the quietest home on earth
had I,

No thought of trouble, no hint of
care;

Like a dream of pleasure the days fled by,

And Peace had folded her pinions there.

But one day there joined in our household
band

A bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

Oh, the despot came in the dead of night,
And no one ventured to ask him why;

Like slaves we trembled before his might,

Our hearts stood still when we heard him
cry;

For never a soul could his power with-
stand,

That bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-
land.

He ordered us here, and he sent us there—

Though never a word would his small lips
speak—

With his toothless gums and his vacant
stare,

And his helpless limbs so frail and weak,
Till I cried in a voice of stern command,

"Go up, thou bald-head from No-man's-
land."

But his abject slaves they turned on me;

Like the bears in Scripture, they rend
me there,

The while they worshiped with bended
knee

The ruthless wretch with the missing hair,
For he rules them all with relentless hand,
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-
land.

Then I searched for help in every clime,
For peace had fled from my dwelling now,
Till I finally thought of old Father Time,
And low before him I made my bow.
"Wilt thou deliver me out of his hand,
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-
land."

Old Time he looked with a puzzled stare,
And a smile came over his features grim.
"I'll take the tyrant under my care;
Watch what my hour-glass does to him.

The veriest humbug that ever was
planned,
Is this same bald-head from No-man's-
land."

Old Time is doing his work full well—
Much less of might does the tyrant wield;
But, ah! with sorrow my heart will swell
And sad tears fall as I see him yield.

Could I stay the touch of that shriveled
hand
I would keep the bald-head from No-man's-
land.

For the loss of peace I have ceased to care;
Like other vassals, I've learned, forsooth,
To love the wretch who forgot his hair,
And hurried along without a tooth.
And he rules me, too, with his tiny hand,
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-
land. —Mary E. Vandyke.

THE DOLL'S FUNERAL.

(For a little girl.)

WHEN-my-dolly-died,- when -my-
dolly-died,
I-sat-on-the-step-and -I-cried-
and-I-cried;

And I couldn't eat any jam and bread,
'Cause it didn't seem right when my doll
was dead.

And Bridget was sorry as she could be,
For she patted my head, and "O," said
she,

"To think that the pretty has gone and
died!"

Then I broke out afresh and I cried and
cried.

And all the dollies from all around
Came to see my dolly put under the
ground;

There was Luly Lee and Mary Clack
Brought their dolls over, all dressed in
black;

And Emiline Hope and Sara Lou
Came over and brought their dollies, too,
And all the time I cried and cried,
'Cause it hurt me so when my dolly died.

We dressed her up in a new white gown,
With ribbons and laces all around;
And made her a coffin in a box
Where my brother keeps his spelling
blocks;

And we had some prayers, and a funeral,
too;

And our hymn was "The Two Little
Girls in Blue."

But for me, I only cried and cried,
'Cause it truly hurt when my dolly died.

We dug her a grave in the violet bed,
And planted violets at her head;
And we raised a stone and wrote quite
plain,

"Here lies a dear doll who died of pain."

And then my brother, said he, "Amen,"
And we all went back to the house again,
But all the same I cried and cried,
Because I'd a right when my doll had
died.


And then we had more jam and bread,
But I didn't eat, 'cause my doll was dead.

But I tied some crape on my doll house
door,

And then I stood and cried some more.
I couldn't be happy, don't you see!
Because the funeral belonged to me.
And then the others went home, and then
I went out and dug up my doll again.

—Will Allen Dromgorle.

WHICH WAY?

 NCE there was a little maid
Who grew so cross each hour,
That every one who knew her
said,
"She'll turn all sweet things sour!"
There was another little maid
Who was so very sweet,


That every one who saw her said,
"She's good enough to eat."
Now, if this little maid so good
Should meet the one so cross,
I wonder if there'd be a change,
And which would suffer loss?

—Harper's Young People.

OVER THE HILL TO THE POOR-HOUSE.

(Abridged.)

(To be recited in costume.)

 VER the hill to the poor-house I'm
trudgin' my weary way—
I, a woman of seventy, and only
a trifle gray—

I, who am smart and chipper, for all the
years I've told,
As many another woman, that's only half
as old.

Over the hill to the poor-house—I can't
make it quite clear!

Over the hill to the poor-house—it seems
so horrid queer!

Many a step I've taken a-toilin' to and
fro,

But this is a sort of journey I never
thought to go.

And when to John I was married, sure he
was good and smart,

But he and all the neighbors would own I
done my part,

For life was all before me, an' I was
young an' strong,
And I worked the best that I could in
tryin' to get along.

And so we worked together, and life was
hard but gay,
With now and then a baby, for to cheer us
on our way;

Till we had half a dozen, an' all growed
clean an' neat,
An' went to school like others, an' had
enough to eat.

So we worked for the childr'n, and raised
'em every one;

Worked for 'em summer and winter, just
as we ought to've done;

Only perhaps we humored 'em, which
some good folks condemn,

But every couple's childr'n's a heap the
best to them.



From Photograph by Morrison, Chicago

"I HAD SWORN TO BE A BACHELOR,
SHE HAD SWORN TO BE A MAID"

(See Recitation, "What Would You Call It?")



from Photograph by Marrison, Chicago

LET IT BE PATRIOTISM FIRST—THEN LOVE

Strange how much we think of our blessed
little ones!—

I'd have died for my daughters, I'd have
died for my sons;

And God he made that rule of love; but
when we're old and gray,

I've noticed it sometimes somehow fails to
work the other way

Strange, another thing: when our boys
an' girls was grown,

And when, exceptin' Charlie, they'd left
us there alone;

When John he nearer an' nearer come,
an' dearer seemed to be,

The Lord of Hosts He come one day an'
took him away from me.

Still I was bound to struggle, an' never to
cringe or fall—

Still I worked for Charlie, for Charlie was
now my all;

And Charlie was pretty good to me, with
scarce a word or frown,

Till at last he went a-courtin' and brought
a wife from town.

An' I never could speak to suit her, never
could please her eye,

An' it made me independent, an' then I
didn't try;

But I was terribly staggered, an' felt it
like a blow,

When Charlie turned ag'in me, an' told
me I could go.

I went to live with Susan, but Susan's
house was small,

And she was always a-hintin' how snug it
was for us all;

And what with her husband's sisters, and
what with her childr'n three,

'Twas easy to discover that there wasn't
room for me.

An' then I went to Thomas, the oldest son
I've got,

For Thomas' buildings'd cover the half of
an acre lot;

But all the childr'n was down on me—I
couldn't stand their sauce—

And Thomas said I needn't think I was
comin' there to boss.

An' then I wrote to Rebecca,—my girl
who lives out West,

And to Isaac, not far from her—some
twenty miles at best;

An' one of 'em said 'twas too warm there,
for any one so old,

And t'other had an opinion the climate
was too cold.

So they have shirked and slighted me, an'
shifted me about—

So they have well-nigh soured me, an'
worn my old heart out;

But still I've born up pretty well, an'
wasn't much put down,

Till Charlie went to the poor-master, an'
put me on the town.


Over the hill to the poor-house—my chil-
dr'n dear, good-bye!

Many a night I've watched you when only
God was nigh;

And God'll judge between us; but I will
al'ays pray

That you shall never suffer the half I do
to-day. —Will M. Carleton.

OVER THE HILL FROM THE POOR HOUSE.

 VER the hills to the poor-house
 sad paths have been made to-day,
 For sorrow is near, such as maketh
 the heads of the young turn gray,
 Causing the heart of the careless to throb
 with a fevered breath—
 The sorrow that leads to the chamber
 whose light has gone out in death.

To Susan, Rebecca and Isaac, to Thomas
 and Charlie, word sped
 That mother was ill and fast falling, per-
 haps when they heard might be
 dead;
 But e'en while they wrote she was praying
 that some of her children might
 come,
 To hear from her lips their last blessing
 before she should start for her
 home.

To Susan, poor Susan! how bitter the
 agony brought by the call!
 For deep in her heart for her mother wide
 rooms had been left after all;
 And now, that she thought, by her fireside
 one place had been vacant for
 years,—
 And while "o'er the hills" she was speed-
 ing her path might be traced by
 her tears.

Rebecca! she heard not the tidings, but
 those who bent over her knew
 That led by the Angel of Death, near the
 waves of the river she drew;
 Delirious, ever she told them her mother
 was cooling her head,
 While, weeping, they thought that ere
 morning both mother and child
 might be dead.

And, kneeling beside her, stern Isaac was
 quiv'ring in aspen-like grief,

While waves of sad mem'ry surged o'er
 him like billows of wind o'er the
 leaf;

"Too late," were the words that had
 humbled his cold, haughty pride to
 the dust,

And Peace, with her olive-boughs laden,
 crowned loving forgiveness with
 trust.

Bowed over his letters and papers, sat
 Thomas, his brow lined by thought,
 But little he heeded the markets or news
 of his gains that they brought;
 His lips grew as pale as his cheek, but
 new purpose seemed born in his
 eye,

And Thomas went "over the hills," to the
 mother that shortly must die.

To Charlie, her youngest, her pride, came
 the mother's message that morn,
 And he was away "o'er the hills" ere the
 sunlight blushed over the corn;

And, strangest of all, by his side, was the
 wife he had "brought from the
 town,"

And silently wept, while her tears strung
 with diamonds her plain mourning
 gown.

For each had been thinking, of late, how
 they missed the old mother's sweet
 smile,

And wond'ring how they could have been
 so blind and unjust all that while;
 They thought of their harsh, cruel words,
 and longed to atone for the past,
 When swift o'er the heart of vain dreams
 swept the presence of death's chill-
 ing blast.

So into the chamber of death, one by one,
 these sad children had crept,

As they, in their childhood had done,
 when mother was tired and slept,—

And peace, rich as then, came to each, as
 they drank in her blessing so deep,
 That, breathing into her life, she fell
 back in her last blessed sleep.

For swift come the flashings of temper,
 and torrents of words come as
 swift,

Till out 'mong the tide-waves of anger,
 how often we thoughtlessly drift!

And heads that are gray with life's ashes,
 and feet that walk down 'mong the
 dead,

We send "o'er the hills to the poor-
 house" for love, and, it may be, for
 bread.

Oh! when shall we value the living while
 yet the keen sickle is stayed,

Nor slight the wild flower in its bloom-
 ing, till all its sweet life is decayed?

Yet often the fragrance is richest, when
 poured from the bruised blossom's
 soul,

And "over the hills from the poor-house"
 the rarest of melodies roll.

—May Mignonette.

BETSY AND I ARE OUT.

PART I.

(To be recited in ordinary-farmer costume of an old man.)

DRAW up the papers, lawyer, and
 make 'em good and stout,

For things at home are cross-
 ways, and Betsy and I are out,—

We who have worked together so long as
 man and wife

Must pull in single harness the rest of our
 nat'ral life.

I have talked with Betsy, and Betsy has
 talked with me;

And we've agreed together that we can
 never agree;

Not that we've catched each other in any
 terrible crime;

We've been a-gatherin' this for years, a
 little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had
 for a start;

Although we never suspected 'twould
 take us two apart;

I had my various failings, bred in the
 flesh and bone,

And Betsy, like all good women, had a
 temper of her own.

The first thing, I remember, whereon we
 disagreed,

Was somethin' concerning heaven—a
 difference in our creed;

We arg'ed the thing at breakfast—we
 arg'ed the thing at tea,

And the more we arg'ed the question, the
 more we couldn't agree.

And so the thing kept workin', and all
 the selfsame way;

Always somethin' to arg'e and something
 sharp to say,—

And down on us came the neighbors, a
 couple o' dozen strong,

And lent their kindest services to help
 the thing along.

And there have been days together—and
 many a weary week—

When both of us were cross and spunky,
 and both too proud to speak;

And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the
 whole of the summer and fall,

If I can't live kind with a woman, why,
 then I won't live at all.

And so I've talked with Betsy, and Betsy
has talked with me;
And we have agreed together that we can
never agree;
And what is hers shall be hers, and what
is mine shall be mine;
And I'll put it in the agreement and take
it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer—the very first
paragraph—
Of all the farm and live-stock, she shall
have her half;
For she has helped to earn it through
many a weary day,
And it's nothin' more than justice that
Betsy has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead; a
man can thrive and roam,
For women are wretched critters, unless
they have a home.
And I have always determined, and never
failed to say,
That Betsy never should want a home, if
I was taken away.

There's a little hard money besides, that's
drawin' tol'able pay,
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a
rainy day,—
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy
to get at;
Put in another clause there, and give her
all of that.

I see that you are smiling, sir, at my
givin' her so much;
Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no
stock in such;
True and fair I married her, when she
was blithe and young,
And Betsy was always good to me
exceptin' with her tongue.

When I was young as you, sir, and not so
smart, perhaps,
For me she mitted a lawyer, and several
other chaps;
And all of 'em was flustered, and fairly
taken down,
And for a time I was counted the luckiest
man in town.

Once when I had a fever—I won't forget
it soon—
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as
a loon—
Never an hour went by me when she was
out of sight;
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck
to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a
kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I
ever seen,
And I don't complain of Betsy or any of
her acts,
Exceptin' when we've quarreled, and told
each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer; and I'll go
home to-night,
And read the agreement to her, and see
if it's all right;
And then in the morning I'll sell to a
tradin' man I know—
And kiss the child that was left to us, and
out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first
to me didn't occur,
That when I'm dead at last she will bring
me back to her,
And lay me under the maple we planted
years ago,
When she and I was happy, before we
quarreled so.

And when she dies I wish that she would
be laid by me;
And lying together in silence, perhaps
we'll then agree;

And if ever we meet in heaven, I
wouldn't think it queer
If we loved each other the better because
we've quarreled here.

Will M. Carleton.

BETSY DESTROYS THE PAPER.

PART II.

(To be recited by a woman in rural costume.)

I'VE brought back the paper, lawyer,
and fetched the parson here,
To see that things are regular, and
settled up fair and clear;
For I've been talking with Caleb, and
Caleb has with me,
And the 'mount of it is we're minded to
try once more to agree.

So I came here on the business,—only a
word to say
(Caleb is staking pea-vines, and couldn't
come to-day)
Just to tell you and parson how that
we've changed our mind;
So I'll tear up the paper, lawyer, you see
it wasn't signed.

And now if parson is ready, I'll walk with
him toward home;
I want to thank him for something, 'twas
kind of him to come;
He's showed a Christian spirit, stood by
us firm and true;
We mightn't have changed our mind,
squire, if he'd been a lawyer too.

There!—how good the sun feels, and the
grass, and blowin' trees!
Something about them lawyers makes me
feel fit to freeze;
I wasn't bound to state particular to that
man,
But it's right you should know, parson,
about our change of plan.

We've been some days a-waverin' a little,
Caleb and me,
And wished the hateful paper at the
bottom of the sea;
But I guess 'twas the prayer last evening,
and the few words you said,
That thawed the ice between us, and
brought things to a head.

You see, when we came to division, there
was things that wouldn't divide;
There was our twelve-year-old baby, she
couldn't be satisfied
To go with one or the other, but just kept
whimperin' low,
"I'll stay with papa and mamma, and
where they go I'll go."

Then there was grandsire's Bible—he died
on our wedding day;
We couldn't halve the old Bible, and
should it go or stay?
The sheets that was Caleb's mother's, her
sampler on the wall,
With the sweet old names worked in—
Tryphena, and Eunice, and Paul.

Still we went on a-talkin'; I agreed to knit
some socks,
And made a dozen striped shirts, and a
pair of wa'mus frocks;
And he was to cut a doorway from the
kitchen to the shed;
"Save you climbing steps much in frosty
weather," he said.

<p>He brought me the pen at last; I felt a sinkin' and he Looked as he did with the agur, in the spring of sixty-three. 'Twas then you dropped in, parson, 'twasn't much that was said, "Little children, love one another," but the thing was killed stone dead.</p> <p>I should like to make confession; not that I'm going to say The fault was all on my side, that never was my way, But it may be true that women—tho' how 'tis I can't see— Are a trifle more aggravatin' than men know how to be.</p> <p>Then, parson, the neighbors' meddlin'—it wasn't pourin' oil; And the church a-laborin' with us, 'twas worse than wasted toil; And I've thought and so has Caleb, though maybe we are wrong, If they'd kept to their own business, we should have got along.</p> <p>There was Deacon Amos Purdy, a good man as we know, But hadn't a gift of laborin' except with the scythe and hoe; Then a load came over in peach time from the Wilbur neighborhood, "Season of prayer," they called it; didn't do an atom of good.</p>	<p>Then there are pints of doctrine, and views of a future state I'm willing to stop discussin'; we can both afford to wait; 'Twon't bring the millennium sooner, dis- putin' about when it's due, Although I feel an assurance that mine's the scriptural view.</p> <p>But the blesseddest truths of the Bible, I've learned to think don't lie In the texts we hunt with a candle to prove our doctrines by, But them that come to us in sorrow, and when we're on our knees; So if Caleb won't argue on free-will, I'll leave alone the decrees.</p> <p>But there's the request he made; you know it, parson, about Bein' laid under the maples that his own hand set out, And me to be laid beside him when my turn comes to go; As if—as—don't mind me; but 'twas that that unstrung me so.</p> <p>And now, that some scales, as we think, have fallen from our eyes, And things brought so to a crisis have made us both more wise, Why, Caleb says and so I say, till the Lord parts him and me, We'll love each other better, and try our best to agree.</p>
--	--

"MY SHADOW."

(For a small child.)

<p>I HAVE a little shadow that goes in and out with me, And what can be the use of him is more than I can see; He is very, very like me, from the heels up to the head, And I see him jump before me when I jump into my bed.</p>	<p>The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow, Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow, For he sometimes shoots up taller, like an India-rubber ball, And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.</p>
--	---

He hasn't got a notion of how children
ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every
sort of way;
He stays so close beside me, he's a
coward you can see,
I'd be ashamed to stick to nurse as that
shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun
was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every
buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant
sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me, and was
fast asleep in bed.

THE FIRST PARTY.

MISS Annabel McCarty
Was invited to a party,
"Your company from four to
ten," the invitation said;
And the maiden was delighted
To think she was invited
To sit up till the hour when the big folks
went to bed.

The crazy little midget
Ran and told her news to Bridget,
Who clapped her hands, and danced a jig,
to Annabel's delight,
And said, with accents hearty,
"'Twill be the swatest party
If ye're there yerself, me darlint!
I wish it was to-night!"

The great display of frilling
Was positively killing;
And, oh, the little booties! and the lovely
sash so wide!
And the gloves so very cunning!
She was altogether "stunning,"
And the whole McCarty family regarded
her with pride.

They gave minute directions,
With copious interjections
Of "sit up straight!" and "don't do this
or that—'twould be absurd!"

But, with their caressing,
And the agony of dressing,
Miss Annabel McCarty didn't hear a single
word.

There was music, there was dancing,
And the sight was most entrancing,
As if fairyland and floral band were
holding jubilee;
There was laughing, there was pouting;
There was singing, there was shouting;
And young and old together made a
carnival of glee.

Miss Annabel McCarty
Was the youngest at the party,
And every one remarked that she was
beautifully dressed;
Like a doll she sat demurely
On a sofa, thinking surely
It would never do for her to run and frolic
with the rest.

The noise kept growing louder;
The naughty boys would crowd her;
"I think you're very rude, indeed!" the
little lady said;
And then, without a warning,
Her home instructions scorning,
She screamed: "I want my supper—and I
want to go to bed!"

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

THE stately Homes of England,
How beautiful they stand,
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land!

The deer across their greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the
sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry Homes of England!
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childish tale is told;
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed Homes of England!
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath hours!

Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime
Floats through the woods at morn;
All other sounds, in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage Homes of England!
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet-fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves;
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair Homes of England!
Long, long in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall!
And green forever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God.

—Felicia D. Hemans.

TRICK VS. TRICK.

(By special permission of the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons; originally published in "Yale Yarns."
Especially effective as a monologue for a young man.)

WHEN I took my aunt and sister
to the Pequot hotel, the night
before the Yale-Harvard boat-
race, I found a gang of Harvard boys
there. They celebrated a good deal that
night, in the usual Harvard way.

Some of the Harvard men had a room
next to mine. About three a. m. things
quieted down. When I woke put next
morning it was broad daylight and I was
utterly alone.

The race was to be at eleven o'clock.
I jumped out of bed and looked at my
watch—it was nearly ten! I looked for
my clothes. My valise was gone! I
rang the bell, but in the excitement down,
stairs, I suppose no one answered it.

What was I to do? Those Harvard
friends of mine thought it a good joke on
me to steal my clothes and take them-
selves off to the race without waking me
up. I don't know what I should have
done in my anguish, when, thank good-
ness, I heard a tap at my door, and went
to it:

"Will, do hurry!" (It was my sister's
voice.) "Aunt won't go to the race; we'll
have to go without her."

"They've stolen my clothes, Mollie—
those Harvard fellows."

"Haven't you anything—?" she asked,
through the keyhole.

"Not a thing, dear."

"Oh, Will! it's a just punishment to

you after last night! The noise was dreadful!"

"Perhaps it is," I said, "but don't preach now, sister dear—get me something to put on. I want to see the race."

"I haven't anything—except some dresses—and one of Aunt's."

"Get me Aunt Sarah's black silk," I cried. "I haven't seen 'Charlie's Aunt' for nothing! I will wear anything rather than not see the race, and it's half-past ten nearly now."

Well, Mollie had seen "Charlie's Aunt," too, and she caught the idea. She flung me my aunt's dress and a lace cap and bonnet. I put 'em on, and in five minutes I looked very much like an old lady, out for the sights. I worked burnt match lines around my eyes in good old college theatrical style, and then, in case of emergency, I had a veil.

Molly got me out the back way, and we hurried down to the wharf without any one suspecting me. But there, alas, we found the boat had gone! But, as luck would have it, one of Molly's school friends, with a lot of girls and Harvard men whom we didn't know, were going to see the race on a private steam-yacht, and were waiting for their chaperons to come along from the hotel. Molly talked with her friends and introduced me. I played my part of "Charlie's Aunt" in great shape, and they asked if I would be willing to chaperon the crowd. Well, I was willing, you can believe, for it was late and I wanted to see the race the worst way.

The Harvard men got us all aboard as quickly as possible, and we started off just as the real chaperons put in an appearance on the wharf!

I couldn't ask for any better treatment than I received, and Mollie stuck close to me to help me out in case I got into any trouble. They gave me the most com-

fortable seat in the boat, and when I said the water was liable to make me ill, and asked for clam broth, the steward brought me some of the best I ever tasted. On that I ate a few crackers and toyed with some pâté de fois gras, and the sea-air and all revived my drooping spirits in great shape.

Molly presented all the girls one by one. I pretended to be a little seasick, and retired to the cabin, and so got away from them.

Then Mollie came down and said: "Aunt, dear, we are going under the bridge now, won't you come out on the deck?" And she whispered: "Now, Will, do be careful!"

"Oh, trust me," I laughed. "I've seen 'Charlie's Aunt' three times."

Well, I went on deck, and they placed my chair in the best possible place to see. I tried my best to be calm and easy, but the air, and the sight of the yachts, and the clam broth, and the thundering excitement I always felt, and always shall feel, as a patriotic son of Eli, just before a race—what chap can help giving a yell as the 'Varsity slips out across the river with that perfect, smooth, equal, beautiful stroke? And I know, for I've been there, they put on a little extra finish as they came into the line; just as a thoroughbred race-horse will prance and dance, and feel the keen delight of it all, as he goes to the post. The tears rolled down my cheeks, I was so excited, and I had to suppress it. My sister said it was the bright sunlight and made me put up a parasol!

Then out came Harvard in very good style, too, and lined up alongside; and there was but a little delay, and then—they were off! Harvard jumped away with the lead, but it didn't last long, and Yale slowly walked up. Well, when Yale

forged a foot or two ahead, I could stand it no longer. I jumped up on my chair and yelled. "Yale—Yale—Ya-ale!"

But consternation reigned on our yacht! Not only on account of the race, but on account of me. My sister said it was only a "paroxysm," and she pinched my arm, pretending to soothe me, until I nearly yelled again! She pulled the shawl close around my neck; and stuck a hat-pin into me.

"Your aunt seems quite disposed to give vent to her enthusiasm," said one of the Harvard men, to my sister, "but I hope you will persuade her—as this is a Harvard yacht—we would prefer not to encourage Yale."

"She has a nephew now at Yale," said Molly. "He was coxwain of the crew two years ago. I suppose she feels unusual interest."

"I think I never heard such a shrill cry," said another Harvard man. "I fancy your aunt must have been in great pain."

"She has not been well for a long time," said my sister, sadly. "I am sorry to say that we were obliged—er—it is very embarrassing—a private asylum, you know."

When we came up alongside of our crew, who were resting on their oars, just under the great railroad bridge, a Harvard man leaned down and made my blood run cold by calmly whispering in my ear: "Yell all you want to, Eli, we've a plan to 'do' you up later, and

you may as well have all the fun you can out of it now."

So I thanked him, and stood up, and yelled: "Whah-o-o-o-Yale!" three times. The Harvard men looked solemn, but pretended that they thought it all right.

Going back to the Pequot, they set up a handsome lunch on board, and as I knew something bad was in store for me, I began to get garrulous. I heard one of them—a Boston girl—confide to a friend that she had never seen such a "crazy old fright" in her life.

The girls looked at me more in sorrow than in anger. They believed I was deranged.

When they got back to the Pequot, as I was the last one to step into the launch, to go ashore, a Harvard man quietly gave me a sudden jerk, and over I went, head first, into the water. My sister gave a scream, but they pretended they didn't notice anything, and the naphtha launch sputtered off ashore, leaving me to swim ashore, or go down and see the oysters below. The sailors aboard the yacht looked over the side and grinned at me. My bonnet came off in the water, and, with a curse at them for not throwing me a rope, off I started for shore. I was used to water, but it was cold, and the waves were pretty high, too. I was glad enough to hear a familiar voice call out to me, after a few minutes' swim, "Hello, Jack, is that you?" It was Paige, and a lot of Yale people on the Osprey, and they picked me up. —John Seymour Wood.

MOUNTAIN AND SQUIRREL.

(For small boy.)

THE mountain and the squirrel had
a quarrel,
And the former called the latter
"Little Prig."

Bun replied:

"You are doubtless very big;

But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.

If I'm not so large as you,
 You are not so small as I,
 And not half so spry.
 I'll not deny you make

A very pretty squirrel track;
 Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
 If I cannot carry forests on my back,
 Neither can you crack a nut."

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

MERRILY swinging on brier and
 weed,
 Near to the nest of his little
 dame,

Over the mountain-side or mead,
 Robert of Lincoln is telling his name;
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;

Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
 Hidden among the summer flowers,
 Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
 Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
 White are his shoulders and white his
 crest,

Hear him call in his merry note;
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink,

Look what a nice new coat is mine,
 Sure there was never a bird so fine,
 Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
 Pretty and quiet, with plain brown
 wings,

Passing at home a patient life,
 Broods in the grass while her husband
 sings,

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;

Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
 Thieves and robbers, while I am here.
 Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she,
 One weak chirp is her only note,

Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
 Pouring boasts from his little throat;
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
 Never was I afraid of man;
 Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.
 Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
 Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
 There as the mother sits all day,
 Robert is singing with all his might;
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
 Nice good wife, that never goes out,
 Keeping house while I frolic about.
 Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell
 Six wide mouths are open for food;
 Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
 Gathering seed for the hungry brood
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
 This new life is likely to be
 Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
 Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at last is made
 Sober with work and silent with care
 Off is his holiday garment laid,
 Half forgotten, that merry air,
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;

Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;

Off he flies, and we sing as he goes;
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.
—William Cullen Bryant.

THE MILLER OF DEE.

THERE dwelt a miller hale and bold
Beside the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn
till night,
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be:
"I envy nobody, no, not I,
And nobody envies me."

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said good
King Hal—
"As wrong as wrong can be—
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee;
And tell me now, what makes thee sing,
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm the King,
Beside the river Dee?"

The miller smiled and doffed his cap:
"I earn my bread," quoth he;
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three;
I owe no penny I cannot pay;
I thank the river Dee,
That turns the mill that grinds the corn
That feeds my babes and me."

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the
while,
"Farewell, and happy be;
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee;
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,
Thy mill, my kingdom's fee;
Such men as thou art England's boast,
O miller of the Dee!"

MY FIRST READING.

I WAS seized with an ambition to
appear in public once,
I would study elocution and in public
would recite;
So I bought a recitation and I read it
night and day,
Until without a single break, I every word
could say.
I bought a book on action, and studied
ease and grace,
And practiced well, before the glass, each
tragical grimace,
For I was of a somber turn and loved
dramatic rhyme,

Of haunted towers, and lovers' sighs, and
deeds of horrid crime.

I joined a concert company, and had my
name put down,
And thought my first appearance was the
talk of half the town;
The piece I had selected was a splendid
one to "go,"
I had heard it oft recited by a fellow that
I know.

And when you hear the title, I am sure
you'll say "that's good,"

'Twas the most dramatic poem ever
written by Tom Hood;
I had seen the ladies clap their hands, and
give a little scream—
Now, can't you guess the title? It was
"Eugene Aram's Dream!"

The spacious hall was crowded with an
audience most select,
And some most distinguished visitors,
whom we did not expect—
And one, I must confess it, the adored one
of my heart,
It was for her I tried to shine in this most
tragic part.

There was carpet on the platform, and
banners trailed the ground,
And a scented water fountain threw its
perfumed spray around;
And plants of tropic beauty in pots were
blooming there,
You scarcely could imagine a scene more
wondrous fair.

I looked at my adored one, with the
glorious hazel eyes,
And felt that her applause would be an
all-sufficient prize.
First a grand piano solo, then a chorus by
the choir—
I always had a notion that sweet music
could inspire,

And give a soldier courage; but the more
I now reflect,
I am quite sure that the music had an
opposite effect,
For although my head was burning I
was trembling like a leaf;
Then I thought the songs might soothe
me, but the songs were all too brief.

When I looked upon the programme, and
had marked off every name,
It seemed as if my time t' appear like a
flash of lightning came.

I tried to feel collected, and as if I didn't
care,
But I felt my face was burning right away
into my hair.

I stood just behind the platform, trying
vainly to keep cool,
And whispering softly to myself, "Be
calm, don't be a fool!"
When, smiling, our conductor round the
corner popped his head,
"Come, look sharp, Mr. Whiffim, the plat-
form waits!" he said.

Then I rushed upon the platform, nearly
falling on my face,
And stood before the audience, glaring
wildly into space.
When I saw the upturned faces, I'd have
given the world to say,
"Please don't stare at me so rudely! Oh,
do look the other way!"

Where were all my tragic actions, which
their feelings must have stirred?
And, O horror! more important, where,
oh where, was the first word!
Vainly stared I at the ceiling, vainly
stared I at the floor:
Yes, the words were quite forgotten, I had
known so well before.

And I saw my own adored one hide her
face behind her fan,
And a stout old lady murmured, "Dear
me, what can ail the man?"
Then suddenly I remembered part of that
most tragic rhyme,
And I waved my arms and shouted, "In
the prime of summer time."

Why the audience laughed I know not,
but they did, and I got mad,
It was not a comic poem, and to laugh
was much too bad;

Then I thought about my action, when
 "some moody turns he took,"
 And I tramped along the platform till the
 very rafters shook.

Then I reached the thrilling portion
 where the ladies ought to scream,
 Then I said, "My lad, remember, this is
 nothing but a dream."
 But to me it was a nightmare, awful, but,
 alas! too true;
 How I wished the creaking platform
 would but break and let me
 through!

Oh! but for one drink of water, one to
 cool my burning tongue.
 Then I stooped to lift the body, then
 again I upward sprung;
 I had clasped a splendid rose-bush, on my
 shoulder held it tight,
 Then I plunged into the audience, scatter-
 ing it wildly left and right.
 And I dropped that splendid rose-bush on
 a stout old lady's lap,
 And the branches got entangled with the
 ribbons of her cap.

Then I pulled it, waved it wildly, like a
 palm-branch high in air,
 Wig and cap hung in the branches—the
 old lady's head was bare.

Wildly then I flung it from me, flung it
 ere I turned and fled,
 And it struck the portly rector, struck
 him on his shiny head.
 Then the fierce mustachioed captain seized
 me with an angry shout,
 Lifted me by the coat collar, and, yes,
 really kicked me out.

Angelina, my adored one, passes me and
 does not bow,
 Angelina goes out walking with another
 young man now.
 How I hate my wild ambition! I detest
 dramatic rhyme,
 And the art of elocution I would punish as
 a crime.
 For reciting may be pleasant if you don't
 aspire too high,
 But before you say it's easy, do as I did
 —go and try.

—W. A. Eaton.

TAAPOOKAA: A HURON LEGEND.

(From "Songs of the Great Dominion.")

THE clouds rolled o'er the pine-
 trees,
 Like waves that are charged
 with ire;
 Golden and glory-hued their crests,
 Ablaze with a gorgeous fire.
 The sun has gone down in splendor,
 The heavens are wild with flame,
 And all the horizon is burning
 With colors that have no name.
 And over the mighty forests
 The mystical hues are spread,
 As calm as the smiles of angels,
 As still as the peaceful dead.

And the lake, serene and thoughtful,
 And the river, deep in dreams,
 And the purple cliff in the distance,
 Are robed with the glory gleams.

Until earth seems a sacred temple,
 Where spirits of light have trod,
 Where man should not dare to enter,—
 Too sacred for aught but God.

Calm eve over lovely Huron,
 Calm eve in the somber wild,
 And over the rude bark wigwam
 Of the swarthy forest child.

There's a gathering of the red men,
Of their youths and maidens fair,
Of the mothers of braves and heroes,
And the feast is spreading there.

From the banks of Cadaraqui,
From Niagara's solitudes,
Where the song of the Water Spirit
Rolled vast through the primal woods,

From Superior's rocky defiles,
Her grand and rugged shores,
From Utawa and blue-waved Erie,
Came the Chiefs and Sagamores,

Bringing gifts from the distant lodges,
Rare gifts for the lovely bride,—
Taapookaa, the fairest maiden
That ever for true-love sighed.

Taapookaa, the loved, the lovely,
No beauty was there like hers,
And through all the tribes of the forest
The Braves were her worshipers.

But where is her young Sioux lover,
The pride of her trusting heart?
The brave that her love hath chosen,
Whose life is of hers a part?

Away from the bridal revels,
Away from the feast he roves,
Alone over lonely rivers,
Alone in the lonely groves!

Taapookaa must wed another,
The chief of a neighbor tribe;
Neither force nor friends can save her,
Neither tears nor prayers can bribe!

For this have the Chieftains gathered,
Great chiefs from the wilds afar;
They have prayed to Manitou freely,
And saluted the Bridal Star.

All things for the feast are ready
All ripe for the revelry,
And the bridegroom chief is waiting
But Taapookaa, where is she?

Like the zephyr that tends the flowers,
That bendeth but may not break,
So, lightly, her footstep treadeth
The cliff o'er the calmy lake.

The stars are all weeping for her,
The moon hath a look forlorn,
For the beautiful maid, all blushes,
All blushes, and truth, and scorn

The breeze hath a mournful cadence,
A sigh for the fairest fair;
It cooleth her maiden blushes,
And fingereth her jetty hair.

Like a tragic queen she standeth,
On the jagged cliff alone;
All nature has paused to shudder,
And the stricken forests moan.

A prayer for her young Sioux lover,
That wanders the wilds forlorn,
And she leaps from the cliff, all daring
And maidenly truth, and scorn.

At night when the stars are shining
And the moon, with silvery hue,
Illumines the lake with radiance,
Is seen a white canoe.

Two shadowy forms within it,
Two faces that seem to smile,—
The maid and her brave Sioux lover
Returned from the Spirit-Isle.

—Charles Sangster.

QUEBEC.

(From "Songs of the Great Dominion.")

QUEBEC! how regally it crowns the
height,
Like a tanned giant on a solid
throne!

Unmindful of the sanguinary fight,
The roar of cannon mingling with the
moan

Of mutilated soldiers years ago,
That gave the place a glory and a name
Among the nations. France was heard to
groan;

England rejoiced, but checked the proud
acclaim,—

A brave young chief had fall'n to vindicate her fame.

Wolfe and Montcalm! two nobler names
ne'er graced

The page of history, or the hostile plain;
No braver souls the storm of battle
faced,

Regardless of the danger or the pain.
They passed unto their rest without a
stain

Upon their nature or their generous
hearts.

One graceful column to the noble twain
Speaks of a nation's gratitude, and starts
The tear that Valor claims and Feeling's
self imparts.

—Charles Sangster.

IN HOSPITAL.

(From "Songs of the Great Dominion.")

ACROSS the glittering snow
stretches the long blue shadows fall,

And the golden flash of the sunset creeps
up on the whitewashed wall;

If I ever reach Heaven, I wonder shall I
see the sun set on the snows?

And if there are shadows in Heaven, will
they be as blue as those?

Sick fancies? Maybe. Perhaps, if you'd
lain here as long as I,

If your life was one long patience, and
you knew that to change was to die,

You'd be thankful for even a fancy to
take you out of your pain,

And lift you one minute,—what, crying?—
there—hush, I won't say it again.

Too young? Ay, I'm not very old, lady;
but when death stares you hard in
the face,

There's a wonderful change comes on
you; and a hospital ward's not the
place

To grow younger, exactly. What brought
me? Sit nearer, and bend your ear,
For this plaguey breath comes short; 't
would be hard for me now to join
in a cheer.

We were comrades, me and Joe Linton;
we shared one bench at school,

Together we worked in the harvest, and
bathed in the shady pool;

He was little, and bright-eyed, and
shapely, as straight as a balsam
tree;

I'd strength, but I'd never no beauty,—
folks never thought much of me.

To manhood we grew like brothers; then
he took a strange fancy to roam,

And went away for a sailor, while I stayed
with the old folks at home.

I missed him,—but 'twasn't so hard.
somehow, as it might be to let him
go;

I had learned to fear him a little—for I'd
learned to love Mary Snow.



From Photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

A RESPONSE TO AN ENCORE.

And I tried through the short bright summer to teach her to care for me;
My gentle darling, my rosebud, the sweetest girl that could be!
And sometimes I thought she had learned it, sometimes my hope was low;
But I never dared ask—an old story—but you bade me tell you, you know.

Well, Joe came back with the winter, and he asked me the question straight,
“Have you made it out with Mary, Will?
I'd as lief know it now as to wait.”
I shook my head, for I couldn't speak, but my heart beat thick and fast,
As his dark eyes flashed, and—God help us both!—I saw the truth at last.
He was true to me, Joe. All winter he spoke to her never a word;
And her cheek grew pale, and the voice grew still that had warbled as gay as a bird;
My chance was gone, and I knew it, but a loyal heart had Joe,—
While I stayed he was dumb; so in spring-time 'twould be my turn to go.

Well, the spring-time came, and the summons; you remember it, lady? the call
That rang out so sharp and sudden, and struck the fire in us all?
I was glad, for I wanted no better than a lawful chance to die;
But when Joe—I thought of Mary, and I wondered, and asked him, why?
Then he took my hand in the old-time grip, and smiled, as he softly said,—
“There's One we can seek without strife, lad, and both win,—living or dead.
I can't let you win her alone, lad; we'll look for her side by side;
And whichever comes back——.” I knew what he meant. Oh, if only I had died!

Through the hard, grand times that followed, we lived like brothers again;
Shared frost and fatigue and hunger, and duties of pleasure and pain;
Together through march and bivouac, we fared to the tenth of May,
And together, that Sunday morning, on the skirmish line we lay.
Ah! 'twas no home echo of church bells that Sabbath silence broke;
Command and obedience were priest and psalm, and our incense was rifle smoke.
But “obedience is better than sacrifice,” I think I have heard it said;
Maybe ours will be reckoned for worship when the last great orders are read.

Need I tell the rest? You can guess it, —the shot and the swift sharp word,
Half oath and half prayer, hurled towards me, as the grass where he lay was stirred;
And how I, on my knees beside him, in the waste and desolate place,
With his blood on my useless fingers, and his fainting eyes on my face,
In the appeal for the help I had not, saw the desperate choice that must lie
Betwixt one mad effort to save him, or waiting to watch him die.
My arms were strong, and I clasped him, —the wide plain, as I raised him and ran,
Heaved to and fro around me. In that struggle of man for man,

My own heart choked me. . . . The distant lines seemed to mock my failing speed,
And no breath in the burden I carried gave me hope or strength in my need . . . —The end?
Well, a crack in the distance, and something struck my wrist,

And I shifted the weight to my shoulder
that I thanked God the bullet had
missed.

A second,—my foot slipped,—I stumbled;
was it only over a stone?

Ah! this time the lead gave its message,
—took tribute of flesh and of
bone.

That's all—— I had tried and failed.
When they found us they scarce
could tell

The dead from the living. Oh, had I but
died when I fainted and fell!

But I've lingered these long months over
('tis a weary time since May!)

With pain my companion in darkness, and
sorrow my comrade by day.

They gave Joe a soldier's burial,—he has
earned a soldier's fame;

In the day so swiftly coming do you think
I shall have the same?

Had I saved him, lady, I'd have given
twenty lives, nor counted the cost;

But it's somewhat hard to fight one's best,
yet know that the day is lost.

We shall know why it happens, maybe,
some day, and perhaps we shall
get our reward,

When the last retreat has been sounded,
and the angels relieve the guard.

—Annie Rothwell.

ON THE SKAGUAY TRAIL.

GOD pity the babe on the icy trail,
In the arms of those who loved it
best,

Yet failed to shield from the withering
gale

That claimed its prey at the mother's
breast.

On the summit they mourned a lifeless
child,

Sobbing their grief to the mocking
storm,

Then left to the snows and the trackless
wild

The cache that cradled the frozen form.

The argonaut pauses with moistened
cheek

And tear-dimmed eyes, who would
never quail

In the battle's front, for the strong grow
weak,

Where baby sleeps on the Skaguay trail.

A youth with his face toward the great
divide,

With steady purpose that would not
fail

Of the hidden gold on the other side,
For which he climbed up the mountain
trail,—

But the river, his fondest dreams to
mock,

Hollowed a bed 'neath the yielding
wave,

Then shattered his form on the tide and
rock,—

And instead of treasure he found a
grave.

In the home there is dearth of song and
laugh,

Where echoes a stricken mother's
wail,

And the father yearns for his broken
staff,—

An ended life on the Skaguay trail.

He was three score years, with the heart
of youth,

A hero's courage, an athlete's strength,
Who had compassed the fearful pass, for-
sooth,

Would traverse the mighty Yukon's
length.

But a messenger came, unvoiced, unsought,
 Whose presence darkened the golden star,
 He called, but the stalwart answered not,
 For speech was hushed and the soul afar;

And she, who had periled her life with him,
 Who climbed the summit without avail,
 Turned wearily back through the shadows dim,
 Back from the grave on the Skaguay trail.
 —Mary Byron Reese.

THE RE-SETTLEMENT OF ARCADIA.

(From "Songs of the Great Dominion.")

THE rocky slopes for emerald had changed their garb of gray,
 When the vessels from Connecticut came sailing up the bay,
 There were flashing lights on every wave that drew the strangers on,
 And wreaths of wild arbutus round the brows of Blomidon.

Five years in desolation the Acadian land had lain,
 Five golden harvest moons had wooed the fallow fields in vain;
 Five times the winter snows caressed, and summer sunsets smiled,
 On lonely clumps of willows, and fruit trees growing wild.

There was silence in the forest, and along the Uniac shore,
 And not a habitation from Canard to Beauséjour,
 But many a ruined cellar and many a broken wall
 Told the story of Acadia's prosperity, and fall!

And even in the sunshine of that peaceful day in June,
 When Nature swept her harp, and found the strings in perfect tune,
 The land seemed calling wildly for its owners, far away,

The exiles scattered on the coast from Maine to Charleston Bay.

Where, with many bitter longings for their fair homes and their dead,
 They bowed their heads in anguish, and would not be comforted;
 And like the Jewish exiles, long ago, beyond the sea,
 They could not sing the songs of home in their captivity!

But the simple Norman peasant-folk shall till the land no more,
 For the vessels from Connecticut have anchored by the shore,
 And many a sturdy Puritan, his mind with Scripture stored,
 Rejoices he has found at last his "garden of the Lord."

There are families from Jolland, from Killingworth and Lyme;
 Gentle mothers, tender maidens, and strong men in their prime;
 There are lovers who have plighted their vows in Coventry,
 And merry children, dancing o'er the vessels' decks in glee.

They come as came the Hebrews into their promised land,
 Not as to wild New England's shores came first the Pilgrim band,

The Minas fields were fruitful, and the
Gaspereau had borne
To seaward many a vessel with its freight
of yellow corn.

They come with hearts as true as their
manners blunt and cold,
To found a race of noble men of stern
New England mould,
A race of earnest people, whom the com-
ing years shall teach
The broader ways of knowledge and the
gentler forms of speech.

They come as Puritans, but who shall say
their hearts are blind
To the subtle charms of Nature and the
love of humankind?
The Blue Laws of Connecticut have
shaped their thought, 'tis true,
But human laws can never wholly
Heaven's work undo.

And tears fall fast from many an eye
long time unused to weep,
For o'er the fields lay whitening the
bones of cows and sheep—
The faithful cows that used to feed upon
the broad Grand Pré,
And with their tinkling bells come slowly
home at close of day.

And where the Acadian village stood, its
roofs o'ergrown with moss,
And the simple wooden chapel with its
altar and its cross,
And where the forge of Basil sent its
sparks towards the sky,
The lonely thistle blossomed and the fire-
weed grew high.

The broken dykes have been rebuilt a
century and more,

The cornfields stretch their furrows from
Canard to Beauséjour,
Five generations have been reared beside
the fair Grand Pré
Since the vessels from Connecticut came
sailing up the bay.

And now across the meadows, while the
farmers reap and sow,
The engine shrieks its discords to the hills
of Gaspereau;
And ever onward to the sea, the restless
Fundy tide
Bears playful pleasure yachts and busy
trade ships side by side.

And the Puritan has yielded to the
softening touch of time,
Like him who still content remained in
Killingworth and Lyme;
And graceful homes of prosperous men
make all the landscape fair,
And mellow creeds and ways of life are
rooted everywhere.

And churches nestle lovingly on many a
glad hillside,
And holy bells ring out their music in the
eventide;
But here and there, on untilled ground,
apart from glebe or town,
Some lone surviving apple-tree stands
leafless, bare and brown.

And many a traveler has found, as
thoughtlessly he strayed,
Some long-forgotten cellar in the deepest
thicket's shade,
And clumps of willows by the dykes,
sweet-scented, fair and green,
That seemed to tell again the story of
Evangeline.

—Arthur Wentworth Eaton.

FIRE IN THE WOODS; OR, THE OLD SETTLER'S STORY.

(From "Songs of the Great Dominion.")

WHEN first I settled in the
woods,

There were no neighbors nigh,
And scarce a living thing, save wolves,
And Molly, dear, and I.

We had our troubles, ne'er a doubt,
In those wild woods alone;
But then, sir, I was bound to have
A homestead of my own.

This was my field of battle, and
The forest was my foe,
And here I fought with ne'er a thought,
Save "lay the giants low."
I toiled in hope—got in a crop,
And Molly watched the cattle;
To keep those "breachy" steers away,
She had a weary battle.

The devil's dears were those two steers,—
Ah, they were born fence-breakers!
And sneaked all day, and watched their
prey,
Like any salt-sea wreckers.
And gradually, as day by day,
My crop grew golden yellow,
My heart and hope grew with that crop,—
I was a happy fellow.

That crop would set me on my feet,
And I'd have done with care;
I built away, the livelong day,
Such "castles in the air!"
I'd beaten poverty at last,
And, like a little boy
When he has got his first new coat,
I fairly leapt for joy.

I blush to think upon it yet
That I was such a fool;
But young folks must learn wisdom, sir,
In old misfortune's school.

One fatal night, I thought the wind
Gave some unwonted sighs,
Down through the swamp I heard a tramp
Which took me by surprise.

Is this an earthquake drawing near?
The forest moans and shivers;
And then I thought that I could hear
The rushing of great rivers;
And while I looked and listened there,
A herd of deer swept by,
As from a close pursuing foe
They madly seemed to fly.

But still those sounds, in long, deep
bounds,
Like warning heralds came,
And then I saw, with fear and awe,
The heavens were all aflame.
I knew the woods must be on fire,
I trembled for my crop;
As I stood there, in mute despair,
It seem'd the death of hope.

On, on it came, a sea of flame,
In long deep rolls of thunder,
And drawing near, it seem'd to tear
The heavens and earth asunder!
How those waves snored, and raged, and
roared,
And reared in wild commotion!
On, on they came, like steeds of flame
Upon a burning ocean.

How they did snort, in fiendish sport,
As at the great elms dashing;
And how they tore 'mong hemlocks hoar,
And through the pines went crashing;
While serpents wound the trunks around,
Their eyes like demons gleaming,
And wrapped like thongs around the
prongs,
And to the crests went screaming!

Ah! how they swept, and madly leapt
 From shrinking spire to spire,
 'Mid hissing hail, and in their trail
 A waving lake of fire!
 Anon some whirlwind, all aflame,
 Growled in the ocean under;
 Then up would reel a fiery wheel
 And belch forth smoke and thunder!

And it was all that we could do
 To save ourselves by flight,
 As from its track we madly flew,—
 Oh! 'twas an awful night!
 When all was past, I stood aghast,
 My crop and shanty gone,
 And blackened trunks 'mid smouldering
 chunks
 Like specters looking on!

A host of skeletons they seemed,
 Amid the twilight dim,
 All standing there in their despair,
 With faces gaunt and grim;
 And I stood like a specter too,
 A ruined man was I,
 And nothing left,—what could I do
 But sit me down and cry?

A heavy heart indeed was mine,
 For I was ruined wholly,
 And I gave way that awful day
 To moping melancholy;
 I lost my all, in' field and stall,
 And nevermore would thrive,
 All save those steers,—the devil's dears
 Had saved themselves alive.

Nor would I have a farm to-day
 Had it not been for Molly,
 She cheered me up, and charmed away
 My moping melancholy;
 She schemed and planned to keep the land,
 And cultivate it too;
 And how I moiled, and strained, and toiled,
 And fought the battle through!

Yes, Molly played her part full well;
 She's plucky, every inch, sir!
 It seemed to me the "deil himsel" "
 Could not make Molly flinch, sir;
 We wrought and fought, until our star
 Got into the ascendant;
 At troubles past we smile at last,
 And now we're independent!
 —Alexander M'Lachlan.



PATHETIC SELECTIONS.



LITTLE BOY BLUE.

THE little toy dog is covered with
dust,

But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket molds in his hands.

Time was, when the little toy dog was
new,

And the soldier was passing fair,
And that is the time when our little boy
blue

Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"

So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys.

And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened, our Little Boy Blue—

O, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Aye, faithful to Little Boy Blue, they
stand,

Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.

And they wonder, as waiting these long
years through

In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them, and put them
there. —Eugene Field.

THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

DARK is the night! How dark! No
light: no fire!

Cold, on the hearth, the last faint
sparks expire!

Shivering, she watches by the cradle-side,
For him, who pledged her love—last year
a bride!

"Hark! 'tis his footstep! No! 'tis past!
—'tis gone!"

Tick!—tick!—"How wearily the time
crawls on!

Why should he leave me thus?—He once
was kind!

And I believed 'twould last!—How mad!
—How blind!

"Rest thee, my babe!—Rest on!—'Tis
hunger's cry!

Sleep!—for there is no food! The fount
is dry!

Famine and cold their wearying work
have done.

My heart must break! And thou!" The
clock strikes one.

"Hush! 'tis the dice-box! Yes! he's
there! he's there!

For this!—for this he leaves me to despair!
Leaves love! leaves truth! his wife! his
child! for what?

The wanton's smile—the villain—and the
sot!

"Yet I'll not curse him. No! 'tis all in
vain!

'Tis long to wait, but sure he'll come
again!

And I could starve, and bless him, but for
you,

My child! his child! Oh, fiend!" the
clock strikes two.

"Hark! how the signboard creaks! The
blast howls by.

Moan! Moan! a dirge swells through the
cloudy sky!

Ha! 'tis his knock! he comes! he comes
once more!"

'Tis but the lattice-flaps! Thy hope is
o'er!

"Can he desert us thus? He knows I stay,
Night after night, in loneliness, to pray
For his return—and yet he sees no tear!
No! no! it cannot be! He will be
here!

"Nestle more closely, dear one, to my
heart!

Thou'rt cold! thou'rt freezing! But we
will not part!

Husband!—I die!—Father!—It is not he!
O God! protect my child!" The clock
strikes three.

They're gone, they're gone! the glimmer-
ing spark hath fled!

The wife and child are numbered with the
dead;

On the cold hearth, outstretched in
solemn rest,

The babe lay, frozen on its mother's
breast;

The gambler came at last—but all was
o'er—

Dread silence reigned around:—the clock
struck four!

—Reynell Coates.

A TRUE STORY.

T WAS just at eve, long years ago,
A little girl lay dying,
And they who soon would miss
her so

Stood by her softly crying.

They said, "She's gone!" But soon her eye
Beckoned her father near,

And when he bowed his head more nigh,
She whispered low, with latest sigh—

"Be a dood man, papa dear!"

God knows; perhaps the spotless soul

Part way toward glory winging,

Turned earthward from its heavenly goal,

This precious message bringing.

Perhaps so tender was her love
For those remaining here

It brought her like a blessed dove

Back with this word of peace and love—

"Be a dood man, papa dear!"

A change came o'er the father then,
Subduing him, and taming;

No more he sought, with sinful men,
Resorts of vice and gaming.

For always after that sad day,

To wicked taunt and jeer

He answered: "I'll not go astray.

I hear my girl in Heaven say—

'Be a dood man, papa dear!'"

SAVING MOTHER.

THE farmer sat in his easy chair
Between the fire and the lamp-
light's glare;

His face was ruddy, and full and fair.
His three small boys in the chimney nook
Conned the lines of a picture book;
His wife, the pride of his home and heart,
Baked the biscuit and made the tart,
Laid the table and steeped the tea,
Deftly, swiftly, silently;
Tired and weary, and weak and faint,
She bore her trials without complaint,
Like many another household saint—
Content, all selfish bliss above,
In the patient ministry of love.

At last, between the clouds of smoke
That wreathed his lips, the husband
spoke:

"There's taxes to raise, and int'rest to
pay,

And if there should come a rainy day,
'Twould be mighty handy, I'm boun' to
say,

T' have sumpthin' put by. For folks
must die,

An' there's funeral bills an' gravestuns to
buy—

Enough to swamp a man, purty nigh.
Besides, there's Edward and Dick and
Joe

To be provided for when we go.

"So'f I was you, I'll tell you what I'd du;
I'd be savin' of wood as ever I could—
Extry fire don't du any good—

I'd be savin' of soap, an' savin' of ile,
And run up some candles once in a while;
I'd be rather sparin' of coffee an' tea,

For sugar is high,

And all to buy,

And cider is good enough for me.

I'd be kind o' careful about my clo'es
And look out sharp how the money
goes—

Gewgaws is useless, nater knows;

Extry trimmin'

'S the bane of women.

"I'd sell off the best of the cheese and
honey,

And eggs is as good, nigh about, 's the
money;

And as to the carpet you wanted new—

I guess we can make the old one du.

And as for the washer, an' sewin' ma-
chine,

Them smooth-tongued agents so pesky
mean,

You'd better get rid of 'em, slick and
clean.

What do they know about women's
work?

Du they kalkilate women was born to
shirk?"

Dick and Edward and Little Joe

Sat in the corner in a row.

They saw the patient mother go,

On ceaseless errands to and fro;

They saw that her form was bent and
thin,

Her temples gray, her cheeks sunk in,

They saw the quiver of her lip and
chin—

And then, with a warmth he could not
smother,

Outspoke the youngest, frailest brother—

"You talk of savin' wood and ile

An' tea an' sugar, all the while,

But you never talk of savin'
mother!"

HOW TIM'S PRAYER WAS ANSWERED.

IT'S a staving night for a supper, a hot supper, too," said Tim Mulligan to himself, as he stood on the street corner, in the piercing wind and sleet.

"A staving night," he reiterated, as he peered wistfully into the bakery windows across the way. He had not had any dinner at all, and not enough breakfast to say so—nothing but a crust or two that he had picked up.

A little humpbacked, stunted figure, with dull blue eyes, and thin, peaked face surmounted by a brimless hat; his clothes, evidently odds and ends—for the pants were too large and long, while the coat-sleeves came scarcely below his elbows, and the garment would not begin to button around him,—that was Tim.

"It's a bad night," he said, as a gust of wind nearly took him off his feet. "The worst I ever knew," which was saying a good deal, for Tim had known some pretty rough nights in the course of his short life. "There isn't much show of my getting anything to-night. Guess I'd better be turnin' in, pervided nobody's gone and took possession of my 'stablishment."

But just as Tim was bracing himself up to face the storm, some one came driving down the street at a furious rate, stopping so close to Tim that he took a step to get out of the way.

"Here, bub, hold my horse for me," said the gentleman, springing out; and handing the lines to Tim, he disappeared.

"Mebbe he'll give me as much as—five cents," thought Tim, when he had thoughtfully obeyed. "If he does, I'll have a plate of hot beans and biscuits. P'r'aps he'll give me ten. Wouldn't I have a reg'lar square meal then? But 'tain't likely."

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed.

Tim's hands were pretty thoroughly benumbed when at last the gentleman returned in as much haste as he had gone away.

"Here's something for you," he said, dropping a couple of coins into Tim's hand, then springing into his buggy.

Tim went under the nearest gaslight to examine.

"Je-ru-sa-lem!" he gasped, as he saw two bright silver dimes in his rather grimy hands. Twenty cents seemed a small fortune to Tim, for there were so few things a poor little hunchback like him could do.

He would have such a supper, baked beans, biscuit, and a cup of coffee, and even a doughnut; he could have all that, and still have some money left for to-morrow. The richest man in the whole great city would have felt poor beside Tim, as, clutching his treasure, he crossed the street. There, crouching in the shadow of a doorway, he spied two miserably forlorn little figures.

"Hullo!" he cried. "What you doin' here?"

"Nuthin'," replied the oldest briefly.

"What makes you stay here then? Why don't you go home?" continued Tim.

"Hain't got none," was the reply; and then feeling the hearty, though unspoken sympathy of one of their own sort, the little waif added, as he drew his jacket-sleeve across his eyes, "They carried mother up to the graveyard, yonder," pointing in the direction of the pauper burial ground, "and we hasn't anybody now, nor nowheres to stay."

As Tim stood deliberating, the bakery door opened and a most appetizing odor came out, reminding Tim of his promised treat.

"Hungry?" he asked.

"You bet!" was the inelegant but emphatic response. Tim reflected on his own real good fortune. He could get biscuits, cold beans, and perhaps doughnuts enough for them all.

"Tell you what, fellers," he said magnificently, "I was just a-goin' to order my bill of fare. I'll increase my order a little, have a party and invite you two. As it's rather suddint, we won't none of us bother 'bout party cloes. 'Greeable?"

"Reckon we air," was the quick response. Tim made a dive for the bakery, trying hard not to smell the coffee, nor think how much better a plate of hot beans would be than the same cold.

"Now," he said, reappearing, "all aboard. Follow me sharp."

You may be sure the two little ragamuffins did as they were bidden.

"'Tain't much further," said Tim, at length. "I'm a little s'lect in my tastes, you see, so I live rather out of the way o' folks," laughed he.

Presently they struck the railroad, and then, in a few minutes, he stopped before an unused, dilapidated flag house.

"Walk in," he asked, politely holding open the door, which was only a plank. There certainly was not much room to spare when they were all in, but then they were sheltered, and all the warmer for being obliged to keep close together.

"Reckon we'd better interduce before grub, hadn't we? I'm Tim Mulligan—at your service, an' happy to meet you."

"The boys in the alley call us Speckle-Face and Red-Top. I'm Speckle-Face, and he's Red-Top," said the spokesman.

"Now we're all right, and old friends," said Tim, complacently. "Let's pitch in."

He had spread the contents of his

parcels on an old box, and without waiting for another invitation, didn't they "pitch in"! Tim watched them with solid satisfaction, contenting himself with one small biscuit and half a doughnut. "I'm not so very pertic'ler about beans. Guess I won't indulge to-night," he said.

It did not take very long to clear up, even to the last crumb of Tim's spread.

"Now, sirs," said the brave little host, when it was gone and his guests showed signs of departing, "my accommerdations are not so very grand, but they're better than the storm. You'd better stop over night."

As his guests made no remonstrance to this suggestion, he made ready a bed for them, a little straw and part of an old blanket.

"You bundle up together, and you'll stand it, I guess," said Tim.

"You're an awful good feller," said Speckle-Face, gratefully, as he pulled the blanket round him, and in less than five minutes both were sound asleep.

It was cold over by the door, which did not quite fit, and Tim missed his blanket, but did not say anything. Something came to him as he lay there shivering. Sometimes he crept into a church because it was warm there; he had caught at such times snatches of sermons about One who once lived on earth, was homeless, poor, and lonely—"like us fellers," thought Tim. But now this mysterious One was great, rich and powerful, and had a beautiful home. And those who would love and try to please Him could go and live with Him. He thought it over, as the bitter wind and storm came through the cracks upon him. He drew as far away as possible, up beside his little visitors, who lay sleeping so peacefully.

"I wonder if Jesus'd listen to a poor hunchy like me." And clasping his stiff

little hands, Tim knelt and made his first prayer: "Dear Lord, I don't know who you are, nor where you live, but I wish you'd take me to your home, for I am so tired, and hungry, and cold. And I'll do everything I can, if you'll tell me how. Won't you please take me? Amen."

Then Tim lay down again, and somehow he did not mind the cold as before.

"I wonder—when—He'll take me—and how I'll get there," he thought dreamily.

It was broad daylight before the two little visitors awoke, threw off the blanket and sat up.

"Hello!" said Speckle-Face, but Tim did not stir.

"Hello!" piped Red-Top.

Then Speckle-Face shook him, but still Tim's eyes did not open, and Red-Top, putting his hand out on his face, started back in terror.

"He's cold, like she was," he sobbed.

Tim's prayer had been answered; he had gone to that home where they shall hunger no more.

And I think he had found that, inasmuch as he had done it unto the least of earth's sorrowing ones, he had done it unto Him.

LASCA.

I WANT free life and I want fresh air;
And I sigh for the canter after the cattle,
The cracks of the whips like shots in battle,
The mellay of horns, and hoofs, and heads
That wars, and wrangles, and scatters, and spreads;
The green beneath the blue above,
And the dash and the danger, and life and love,
And Lasca! Lasca used to ride
On a mouse-gray mustang, close to my side,
With blue serape and bright-belled spur;
I laughed with joy as I looked at her!
Little knew she of books or creeds;
An Ave Maria sufficed her needs;
Little she cared, save to be by my side,
To ride with me, and ever to ride,
From San Saba's shore to Lavaca's tide;
She was as bold as the billows that beat,
She was wild as the breezes that blow;
From her little head to her little feet
She was swayed, in her suppleness, to and fro

By each gust of passion; a sapling pine,
That grows on the edge of a Kansas bluff,

And wars with the wind when the weather is rough,

Is like this Lasca, this love of mine.

She would hunger that I might eat,

Would take the bitter and leave me the sweet;

But once, when I made her jealous for fun,

At something I'd whispered, or looked, or done,

One Sunday, in San Antonio,

To a glorious girl on the Alamo,

She drew from her garter a dear little dagger,

And—sting of a wasp!—it made me stagger!

An inch to the left or an inch to the right,
And I shouldn't be maundering here to-night;

But she sobbed, and sobbing, so swiftly bound

Her torn reboso about the wound

That I quite forgave her. Scratches don't count

In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

Her eyes was brown—a deep, deep brown;
Her hair was darker than her eye;

And something in her smile and frown,
 Curled crimson lip, and instep high,
 Showed that there ran in each blue vein
 Mixed with the milder Aztec strain,
 The vigorous vintage of old Spain.

The air was heavy, the night was hot,
 I sat by her side and forgot—forgot;
 Forgot the herd that were taking their
 rest;

Forgot the air was close opprest,
 That the Texas norther comes sudden and
 soon,

In the dead of the night or the blaze of
 the noon;

That once let the herd at its breath take
 flight,

And nothing on earth can stop the flight;
 And woe to the rider, and woe to the
 steed,

Who falls in front of their mad
 stampede!

Was that thunder? No, by the Lord!
 I sprang to my saddle without a word.
 One foot on mine, she clung behind.
 Away! on a hot chase down the wind!
 But never a fox-hunt half so hard,
 And never was steed so little spared,
 For we rode for our lives. You shall hear
 how we fared

In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The mustang flew, and we urged him
 on;

There was one chance left, and you have
 but one—

Halt, jump to ground, and shoot your
 horse;

Crouch under his carcass, and take your
 chance;

And if the steers, in their frantic course,
 Don't batter you both to pieces at once,
 You may thank your star; if not, good-
 bye

To the open air and the open sky,
 In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The cattle gained on us, and, just as I
 felt

For my old six-shooter, behind in my
 belt,

Down came the mustang and down came
 we,

Clinging together, and—what was the
 rest?

A body that spread itself on my breast,
 Two arms that shielded my dizzy head,
 Two lips that hard on my lips were
 pressed;

Then came thunder in my ears
 As over us surged the sea of steers,
 Blows that beat blood into my eyes,
 And when I could rise—Lasca was dead!

I gouged out a grave a few feet deep,
 And there in Earth's arms I laid her to
 sleep;

And there she is lying, and no one knows,
 And the summer shines and the winter
 snows;

For many a day the flowers have spread
 A pall of petals over her head;
 And the little gray hawk hangs aloft in
 the air,

And the sly coyote trots here and there,
 And the black snake glides, and glitters,
 and slides

Into the rift in a cotton-wood tree;
 And the buzzard sails on,
 And comes and is gone,
 Stately and still like a ship at sea.
 And I wonder why I do not care
 For the things that are like the things
 that were.

Does half my heart lie buried there
 In Texas, down by the Rio Grande?
 —F. Desprez.

LORRAINE.

"**A**RE you ready for your steeple-chase, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree?

You're booked to ride your capping race
to-day at Coulterlee,
You're booked to ride Vindictive, for all
the world to see,
To keep him straight, and keep him first,
and win the run for me."

She clasped her new-born baby, poor
Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree,

"I can not ride Vindictive, as any man
might see,
And I will not ride Vindictive with this
baby on my knee;
He's killed a boy, he's killed a man, and
why must he kill me?"

"Unless you ride Vindictive, Lorraine,
Lorraine, Lorree,
Unless you ride Vindictive to-day at
Coulterlee

And land him safe across the brook and
win the blank for me,
It's you who may keep your baby, for you'll
get no keep from me."

"That husbands could be cruel," said
Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree,

"That husbands could be cruel I have
known for seasons three;
But oh! to ride Vindictive while a baby
cries for me

And be killed across the fence at last for
all the world to see?"

She mastered young Vindictive—oh! the
gallant lass was she!—

And she kept him straight and won the
race, as near as near could be;
But he killed her at the brook against a
pollard willow tree.

Oh! he killed her at the brook—the brute!
—for all the world to see,

And no one but the baby cried for poor
Lorraine, Lorree.

—Charles Kingsley.

PRINCE'S FEATHER.

I SAT at work one summer day,
It was breezy August weather,
And my little boy ran in from his play,
With a bright red prince's feather.

"Make me a cocked-hat, mother dear,"
He cried, "and put this in it;
Dick and Charlie are coming here,
And I want it done in a minute!"

It was but one little boy I had,
And I dearly loved to please him;
When such a trifle would make him glad,
Be sure I did not tease him.

I dropped my work with a merry heart,
And Willie and I together,—
We made the cocked-hat gay and smart,
With its plume of prince's feather.

I set it firm on his bonny head,
Where the yellow curls were dancing,
I kissed his cheeks that were rosy red,
And his mouth where smiles were
glancing;

Then off he ran, the beautiful boy!
My eager eyes ran after,
And my heart brimmed over with loving
joy,
At the ring of his happy laughter.

Back to their work my fingers flew,
I was sewing a frock for Willie,—
A little white frock with a band of blue,
That would make him look like a lily,
For he was fair as a flower, with eyes
Of the real heavenly color;

They were like the blue of the August
skies,
And only the least bit duller.

I never guessed when he ran from me,
With his laugh out-ringing cheerly,
That it was the last time I should see
Those blue eyes loved so dearly.
I sat at my work, and I sang aloud
From a glad heart overflowing,
Nor ever dreamed it was Willie's shroud
That I was so busy sewing.

I folded the frock away complete,
And I had no thought of sorrow,
But only that Willie would look so sweet
When I dressed him in it to-morrow.
And down to the garden gate I ran,
For I thought I heard them drumming,
To see if perhaps my little man,
And Charlie and Dick were coming.

Some one spoke as I reached the gate
(He was Charlie's grown up brother),
"Wait!" he said in a whisper, "wait!
We must break it to his mother!"
"Break it—what?" My ears were quick,
And I shrieked out wild and shrilly,
"What is the matter with Charlie and
Dick?
What have you done with my Willie?"

The boys shrank frightened away at that,
And huddled closer together;
But one of them showed me the little
cocked-hat,
With the wilted prince's feather.
"What does this mean? Is Willie dead?"
He began to tremble and shiver:
"We were skipping stones," with a gasp
he said,
"And Willie—fell in the river!"

I asked no more. They brought him
home—
My Willie! my little Willie!
His curls all tangled and wet with foam,
His white face set so stilly.
I combed the curls, though my eyes were
dim,
And my heart was sick with sorrow;
And the little frock I made for him
He wore indeed on the morrow.

Somewhere, carefully laid away,
Through summer and winter weather,
I keep the hat that he wore that day,
And the bit of prince's feather.
It is only dust that was once a flower,
But there never will bloom another
In sun or shower, that will have such
power
To wring the heart of his mother.
—Mary E. Bradley.

WITH THE CHILDREN.

I WAS sitting alone one evening,
Counting the tireless tick
Of the clock that hung in the corner,
Until drowsiness played me a trick.

From out of the hallway came romping,
As children so often will,
A dear little girl and her brother,
And rudely I bade them be still.

The face of fair Ethel grew solemn,
And Jamie looked suddenly sad,
While his lips asked the pertinent question:
"Ethel, what makes papa bad?"

How quickly my heart then relented!
And, gathering one to each knee,
I told them a wonderful story
Of the wonderful days to be.

They listened with eager attention
 Until happiness shone in each face.
 Ere long they were slumbering sweetly,
 And my lap was their nestling place.

Then I lifted them ever so gently—
 But that was the end of my joy,
 For I woke from the dream I was dreaming,
 And I've no little girl or boy.
 —William S. Lord.

THE OLD STORY.

SHE told him that men were false,
 That love was a dreadful bore,
 As they danced to the Nanon waltz,
 On the slippery ball-room floor.

He said that her woman's face,
 The crown of her shining hair,
 Her subtle feminine grace
 Were haunting him everywhere.

He told her his orders had come
 To march with the dawn of day,
 A soldier must "follow the drum"—
 No choice but to mount and away.

A sudden tremor of fear
 Her rallying laughter smote
 As he gave a souvenir—
 A button from off his coat.

He went to the distant war,
 And fought as men should do;
 But she forgot him afar
 In the passion for something new.

His trinket among the rest,
 She wore at her dainty throat;
 But a bullet had pierced his breast
 Where the button was off his coat.

THE LITTLE HUNCHBACK.

I'M nine years old! an' you can't guess
 how much I weigh, I bet!
 Last birthday I weighed thirty-three!
 An' I weigh thirty yet!
 I'm awful little for my size—I'm purt'
 nigh littler 'an
 Some babies is!—an' neighbors all calls
 me "The Little Man!"
 An' Doc one time he laughed and said:
 "I 'spect, first thing you know,
 You'll have a spike-tail coat an' travel
 with a show!"
 An' nen I laughed—till I looked round
 an' Aunty was a-cryin'—
 Sometimes she acts like that, 'cause I
 got "curv'ture of the spine!"

I set—while Aunty's washing—on my
 little long-leg stool,
 An' watch the little boys and girls a-skip-
 pin' by to school;

An' I peck on the winder an' holler out
 an' say:
 "Who wants to fight the little man 'at
 dares you all to-day?"
 An' nen the boys climbs on the fence, an'
 little girls peeks through,
 An' they all says: "'Cause you're so big,
 you think we're 'feared o' you?"
 An' nen they yell, and shake their fist at
 me, like I shake mine—
 They're thist in fun, you know, 'cause I
 got "curv'ture of the spine!"

At evening, when the ironin's done, an'
 Aunty's fixed the fire,
 An' filled an' lit the lamp, and trimmed
 the wick an' turned it higher,
 An' fetched the wood all in fer night, an'
 locked the kitchen door,
 An' stuffed the ole crack where the wind
 blows in up through the floor—



A REVERIE.

She sets the kittle on the coals, an' biles
 an' makes the tea,
 An' fries the liver an' mush, an' cooks a
 egg fer me;
 An' sometimes—when I cough so hard—
 her elderberry wine
 Don't go so bad fer little boys with "curv'-
 ture of the spine."

But Auntie's all so childish like, on my
 account, you see,
 I'm 'most feared she'll be took down—
 an' 'at's what bothers me—

'Cause ef my good ole Auntie ever would
 git sick an' die,
 I don't know what she'd do in Heaven—
 till I come, by an' by,
 For she's so ust to all my ways, an' every-
 thing, you know,
 An' no one there like me, to nurse, an'
 worry over so—
 'Cause all the little childrens there's so
 straight an' strong an' fine,
 They's nary angel 'bout the place with
 "curv'ture of the spine."
 —James Whitcomb Riley.

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR.

THERE was once a child, and he
 strolled about a good deal, and
 thought of a number of things.
 He had a sister who was a child too, and
 his constant companion. They wondered
 at the beauty of the flowers; they
 wondered at the height and blueness of
 the sky; they wondered at the depth of
 the water; they wondered at the goodness
 and power of God, who made them so
 lovely.

They used to say to one another some-
 times: Supposing all the children upon
 earth were to die, would the flowers,
 and the water, and the sky be sorry?
 They believed they would be sorry.
 For, said they, the buds are the children
 of the flowers, and the little playful
 streams that gambol down the hillsides
 are the children of the water, and the
 smallest bright speck playing at hide and
 seek in the sky all night must surely be
 the children of the stars; and they would
 all be grieved to see their playmates, the
 children of men, no more.

There was one clear shining star that
 used to come out in the sky before the
 rest, near the church spire, above the
 graves. It was larger and more beauti-

ful, they thought, than all the others, and
 every night they watched for it, standing
 hand-in-hand at a window. Whoever
 saw it first cried out, "I see the star."
 And after that, they cried out both
 together, knowing so well when it would
 rise, and where. So they grew to be
 such friends with it, that before lying
 down in their bed, they always looked out
 once again to bid it good-night; and
 when they were turning around to sleep,
 they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young, oh,
 very young, the sister drooped, and came
 to be so weak that she could no longer
 stand at the window at night, and then
 the child looked sadly out by himself, and
 when he saw the star, turned round and
 said to the patient pale face on the bed,
 "I see the star!" and then a smile would
 come upon the face, and a little weak
 voice used to say, "God bless my brother
 and the star!"

And so the time came, all too soon,
 when the child looked out all alone, and
 when there was no face on the bed, and
 when there was a grave among the
 graves, not there before, and when the
 star made long rays down toward him as

he saw it through his tears. Now these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels; and the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that lying in his bed he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "No!"

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "Oh, sister, I am here! Take me!" And then she turned her beaming eyes upon him—and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down towards him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth the child looked out upon the star as the home he was to go to when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the

earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child, and, while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched out his tiny form on the bed, and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Not that one, but another!"

As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "Oh, my sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him,—and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him and said:

"Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son."

Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "The mother!"

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was reunited to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried, "Oh, mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him, "Not yet!"—and the star was shining.

He grew to be a man, whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter!"

And the man who had been a child, saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and he said: "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is around my mother's neck, and at her feet is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her, God be praised!"—And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and

his back was bent. And one night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he cried so long ago: "I see the star!"

They whispered one to another, "He is dying." And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move towards the star as a child. And O, my Father, now I thank Thee that it has so often opened to receive those dear ones who await me!"—

And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.

—Charles Dickens.

GOOD-BYE.

WE say it for an hour or for years,
We say it smiling, say it choked
with tears;

We say it coldly, say it with a kiss;
And yet we have no other word than
this,— "Good-bye."

We have no dearer word for our heart's
friend,

For him who journeys to the world's far
end,

And sears our soul with going; this we say,
As unto him who steps but o'er the way,—
"Good-bye."

Alike to those we love, and those we
hate,

We say no more at parting at life's gate,
To him who passes out beyond earth's
sight,—

We cry, as to the wanderer for the
night,— "Good-bye."

"ONE, TWO, THREE."

IT was an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy who was half-past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy no more could he,
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin, little, twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple tree;
And the game they played, I'll tell you,
Just as it was told to me.

It was Hide-and-Go-Seek they were
playing,
Though you'd never known it to be,
With an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down,
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses One, Two, Three!

"You are in the china-closet!"
He would cry, and laugh with glee,
It wasn't the china-closet,
But he still had Two and Three.

"You are up in Papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key!"
And she said: "You are warm and
warmer;
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard,
Where Mamma's things used to be—
So it must be the clothes-press, Grand-
ma!"
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her
fingers,

That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was
hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their
places,
Right under the maple-tree—
This old, old, old, old lady,
And the boy with the lame little
knee—
This dear, dear, dear, old lady,
And the boy who was half-past three.
—H. C. Bunner.

DEATH OF LITTLE JOE.

JO is very glad to see his old friend;
and says, when they are left alone,
that he takes it uncommon kind as
Mr. Sangsby should come so far out of
his way on accounts of sich as him. Mr.
Sangsby, touched by the spectacle before
him, immediately lays upon the table
half-a-crown; that magic balsam of his
for all kinds of wounds.

"And how do you find yourself, my
poor lad?" inquired the stationer, with
his cough of sympathy.

"I'm in luck, Mr. Sangsby, I am,"
returns Jo, "and don't want for nothink.
I'm more cumfbler nor you can't think,
Mr. Sangsby. I'm wery sorry that I
done it, but I didn't go fur to do it, sir."

The stationer softly lays down another
half-crown, and asks him what it is that
he is sorry for having done.

"Mr. Sangsby," says Jo, "I went and
give a illness to the lady as wos and yet as
warn't the t'other lady, and none of 'em
never says nothink to me for having done
it, on accounts of their being so good and
my having been s' unfortnet. The lady
come herself and sees me yes'day, and
she ses, 'Ah, Jo!' she ses. 'We thought

we'd lost you, Jo!' she ses. And she sits
down a-smiling so quiet, and don't pass a
word nor yit a look upon me for having
done it, she don't, and I turns agin the
wall, I doos, Mr. Sangsby. And Mr.
Jarnders, I see him a-forced to turn away
his own self. And Mr. Woodcot, he
come fur to give me somethink for to
ease me, wot he's allus a-doin' on day
and night, and wen he comes a-bendin'
over me and a-speakin' up so bold, I see
his tears a-fallin', Mr. Sangsby."

The softened stationer deposits another
half-crown on the table. Nothing less
than a repetition of that infallible remedy
will relieve his feelings.

"Wot I wos-thinkin' on, Mr. Sangsby,"
proceeds Jo, "wos, as you wos able to
write wery large, p'raps?"

"Yes, Jo, please God," returns the
stationer.

"Uncommon, precious large, p'raps?"
says Jo, with eagerness.

"Yes, my poor boy."

Jo laughs with pleasure. "Wot I wos
thinkin' on then, Mr. Sangsby, wos, that
wen I wos moved on as fur as ever I
could go, and couldn't be moved no

further, whether you might be so good, p'raps, as to write out, wery large, so that anyone could see it anywheres, as that I was wery truly hearty sorry that I done it, and that I never went fur to do it; and that though I didn't know nothink at all, I knowd as Mr. Woodcot once cried over it, and was allus grieved over it, and that I hoped as he'd be able to forgive me in his mind. If the writin' could be made to say it wery large, he might."

"I shall say it, Jo; very large."

Jo laughs again. "Thankee, Mr. Sangsby. It's wery kind of you, sir, and it makes me more comfblor nor I was afore."

The meek little stationer, with a broken and unfinished cough, slips down his fourth half-crown,—he has never been so close to a case requiring so many,—and is fain to depart. And Jo and he, upon this little earth, shall meet no more. No more.

(Another Scene.—Enter Mr. Woodcourt.)

"Well Jo, what is the matter? Don't be frightened."

"I thought," says Jo, who has started, and is looking round, "I thought I was in Tom-All-Alone's agin. An't there nobody here but you, Mr. Woodcot?"

"Nobody."

"And I an't took back to Tom-All-Alone's, am I, sir?"

"No."

Jo closes his eyes, muttering, "I am wery thankful."

After watching him closely a little while, Allan puts his mouth very near his ear, and says to him in a low, distinct voice: "Jo, did you ever know a prayer?"

"Never knowd nothink, sir."

"Not so much as one short prayer?"

"No, sir. Nothink at all. Mr. Chadbands he was a prayin' wunst at Mr. Sangsby's, and I heerd him, but he sounded as if he was a-speakin to hisself, and not to me. He prayed a lot, but I couldn't make out nothink on it. Different times there was other gen'lemen come down Tom-All-Alone's a-prayin', but they all mostly sed as t'other wuns prayed wrong, and all mostly sounded to be talkin' to theirselves, or a-passin' blame on the t'others, and not a-talkin' to us. We never knowd nothink. I never knowd what it was all about."

It takes him a long time to say this; and few but an experienced and attentive listener could hear, or, hearing, understand him. After a short relapse into sleep or stupor, he makes, of a sudden, a strong effort to get out of bed.

"Stay, Jo, stay! What now?"

"It's time for me to go to that there berryin' ground, sir," he returns, with a wild look.

"Lie down, and tell me. What burying ground, Jo?"

"Where they laid him as was wery good to me; wery good to me indeed, he was. It's time for me to go down to that there berryin' ground, sir, and ask to be put along with him. I wants to go there and be berried. He used fur to say to me, 'I am as poor as you to-day, Jo,' he ses. I wants to tell him that I am as poor as him now, and have come there to be laid along with him."

"By-and-by, Jo; by-and-by."

"Ah! P'raps they wouldn't do it if I was to go myself. But will you promise to have me took there, sir, and laid along with him?"

"I will, indeed."

"Thankee, sir! Thankee, sir! They'll have to get the key of the gate afore they can take me in, for it's allus locked."

And there's a step there, as I used fur to clean with my broom.—It's turned wery dark, sir. Is there any light a-comin'?"

"It is coming fast, Jo."

Fast. The cart is shaken all to pieces, and the rugged road is very near its end.

"Jo, my poor fellow!"

"I hear you, sir, in the dark, but I'm a-gropin,—a-gropin,—let me catch hold of your hand."

"Jo, can you hear what I say?"

"I'll say anything as you say, sir, for I knows it's good."

"Our Father."

"Our Father!—yes, that's wery good, sir."

"Which art in Heaven."

"Art in Heaven!"—Is the light a-comin', sir?"

"It is close at hand. Hallowed be Thy name."

"Hallowed be—Thy—name!"

The light has come upon the benighted way. Dead.

Dead, your Majesty. Dead, my Lords and Gentlemen. Dead, Right Reverends and Wrong Reverends of every order. Dead, men and women, born with heavenly compassion in your hearts. And dying thus around us every day.

—Charles Dickens.

ON THE OTHER TRAIN.

"**T**HERE, Simmons, you blockhead! Why didn't you put that old woman aboard her train? She'll have to wait here now until 11:05."

"You didn't tell me."

"Yes, I did tell you, too. 'Twas only your carelessness."

"She—"

"She! what else could you expect of her? Probably she hasn't any wit. Besides, she isn't bound on a very jolly journey. Got a pass up to the poor-house. I'll tell her she'll have to wait, and don't you forget her to-night."

"You've missed your train, ma'am."

"Never mind."

"'Tis only three o'clock now; you'll have to wait until the night train."

"Very well, sir, I can wait. One place is as good as another to me."

"Well, they'll tell you when it's time."

All the afternoon she sat there, so quiet it seemed as if she must be asleep; but every little while a great tear rolled down her cheek, which she would wipe hastily away. The station was crowded, and all was bustle and hurry until the

9:50 train going East. Then every passenger left except the old lady. It is very rare indeed that any one takes the night express, and almost always after ten o'clock the station becomes silent and empty. It was a cold night, and the wind howled dismally. The lamps grew dim and flared, casting weird shadows on the wall. By and by there was a smothered sigh from the corner. The old lady had risen from her seat, and oh, the look of agony on her poor, pinched face! "I can't believe it," she sobbed, "I can't believe it. Oh, children, children, how often have I held you in my arms and kissed you; and now, oh, God! you've turned against me. You've sent me to the poor-house. No! no! no! I cannot go there. O God, spare me this, and take me home."

The wind rose higher, and swept through the crevices, icy cold. It moaned, and shrieked, and sobbed; but the crouching figure in the corner never stirred. The thin shawl had dropped from her shoulders unheeded. One by one the lamps went out, and it grew very

dark. At twelve o'clock some one entered, bearing a bright light that seemed to fill the room with its radiance. He bent tenderly above the form of the old woman, touched her lightly, and said: "It is train-time, ma'am, come!"

A look of joy came over the wrinkled face, and she answered, "I'm ready."

"Then give me your pass, ma'am."

She reached him a worn old book, and he took it, and read aloud: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." The light died away, and darkness fell again. She had gone out upon a train that never stops at the poor-house.

THE UNBOLTED DOOR.

A CAREWORN widow sat alone
Beside her fading hearth;
Her silent cottage never hears
The ringing laugh of mirth.
Six children once had sported there,
But now the church-yard snow
Fell softly on five little graves
That were not long ago.

She mourned them all with patient love;
But since, her eyes had shed
Far bitterer tears than those which dewed
The faces of the dead,—
The child which had been spared to her,
The darling of her pride,
The woeful mother lived to wish
That she had also died.

Those little ones beneath the snow,
She well knew where they are;
"Close gathered to the throne of God,"
And that was better far.
But when she saw where Katy was,
She saw the city's glare,
The painted mask of bitter joy
That need gave sin to wear.

Without, the snow lay thick and white;
No step had fallen there;
Within, she sat beside her fire,
Each thought a silent prayer;
When suddenly behind her seat
Unwonted noise she heard,
As though a hesitating hand
The rustic latch had stirred.

She turned, and there the wanderer stood
With snow-flakes on her hair;
A faded woman, wild and worn,
The ghost of something fair.
And then upon the mother's breast
The whitened head was laid,
"Can God and you forgive me all?
For I have sinned," she said.

The widow dropped upon her knees
Before the fading fire,
And thanked the Lord whose love at last
Had granted her desire;
The daughter kneeled beside her, too,
Tears streaming from her eyes,
And prayed, "God help me to be good
To mother ere she dies."

They did not talk about the sin,
The shame, the bitter woe;
They spoke about those little graves
And things of long ago.
And then the daughter raised her eyes
And asked in tender tone,
"Why did you keep your door unbarred
When you were all alone?"

"My child," the widow said, and smiled
A smile of love and pain,
"I kept it so lest you should come
And turn away again.
I've waited for you all the while—
A mother's love is true;
Yet this is but a shadowy type
Of His who died for you!"

—Edward Garrett.

POOR LITTLE JOE.

PROP yer eyes wide open, Joey,
For I've brought you sumpin'
great.

Apples? No, a heap sight better!

Don't you take no int'rest? Wait!

Flowers, Joe—I know'd you'd like 'em—

Ain't them scrumptious? Ain't them
high?

Tears, my boy? Wot's them fur, Joey?

There—poor little Joe!—don't cry!

I was skippin' past a winder,

Where a bang-up lady sot,

All amongst a lot of bushes—

Each one climin' from a pot;

Every bush had flowers on it—

Pretty? Mebbe not! Oh, no!

Wish you could a seen 'em growin',

It was sich a stunnin' show.

Well, I thought of you, poor feller,

Lyin' here so sick and weak,

Never knowin' any comfort,

And I puts on lots o' cheek.

"Missus," says I, "if you please, mum,

Could I ax you for a rose?

For my little brother, missus—

Never seed one, I suppose."

Then I told her all about you,—

How I'd bringed you up—poor Joe
(Lackin' women folks to do it.)

Sich a' imp you was, you know—

Till yer got that awful tumble,

Jist as I had broke yer in

(Hard work, too) to earn yer livin'

Blackin' boots for honest tin.

How that tumble crippled of you,

So's you couldn't hyper much—

Joe, it hurted when I seen you

Fur the first time with yer crutch.

"But," I says, "he's laid up now, mum,
'Pears to weaken every day;"

Joe, she up and went to cuttin,—

That's the how of this bokay.

Say! It seems to me, ole feller,

You is quite yerself to-night;

Kind o' chirk—it's been a fortnit

Sence yer eyes has been so bright.

Better? Well, I'm glad to hear it!

Yes, they're mighty pretty, Joe.

Smellin' of 'em's made you happy?

Well, I thought it would, you know!

Never see the country, did you?

Flowers growin' everywhere!

Sometime when you're better, Joey,

Mebbe I kin take you there.

Flowers in heaven? 'M—I s'pose so;

Dunno much about it, though;

Ain't as fly as wot I might be

On them topics, little Joe.

But I've heard it hinted somewheres

That in heaven's golden gates

Things is everlastin' cheerful—

B'lieve that's wot the Bible states.

Likewise, there folks don't git hungry;

So good people, when they dies,

Finds themselves well fixed forever—

Joe, my boy, wot ails yer eyes?

Thought they looked a little sing'lar.

Oh, no! Don't you have no fear;

Heaven was made fur such as you is—

Joe, wot makes you look so queer?

Here—wake up! Oh, don't look that
way!

Joe, my boy! Hold up yer head!

Here's yer flowers—you dropped 'em,

Joey,

Oh, my God, can Joe be dead?

—P. Arkwright.

THE BOOTBLACK.

HERE y'are—? Black your boots,
boss,

Do it for jest five cents;
Shine 'em up in a minute—
That is 'f nothin' prevents.

Set your right foot on there, sir;
The mornin's kinder cold—
Sorter rough on a feller
When his coat's gettin' old.

Well, yes—call it coat, sir,
Though 'tain't much more'n a tear;
Can't get myself another—
Ain't got the stamps to spare.

Make as much as most on 'em?
That's so; but then, yer see,
They've only got one to do for;
There's two on us, Jack and me.

Him? Why—that little feller
With a doubled-up sorter back,
Sittin' there on the gratin'
Sunnin' hisself—that's Jack.

Used to be round sellin' papers,
The cars ther was his lay,

But he got shoved off the platform,
Under the wheels, one day.

Yes, the conductor did it—
Gave him a reg'lar throw;
He didn't care if he killed him;
Some on 'em is just so.

He's never been all right since, sir,
Sorter quiet and queer—
Him and me go together,
He's what they call cashier.

Trouble? I guess not much, sir,
Sometimes when biz gets slack
I don't know how I'd stand it
If 'twasn't for little Jack.

Why, boss, you ought to hear him;
He says we needn't care
How rough luck is down here, sir,
If some day we git up there.

All done now—how's that, sir?
Shine like a pair of lamps.
Mornin'—give it to Jack, sir,
He looks after the stamps.

—Anon.

ME AN' PAP AN' MOTHER.

WHEN I wuz a little chap
I set at th' table
'Tween my mother an' my pap;
Eat all I 'uz able.

Pap 'ud feed me from one side,
Mammy from th' other—
Tell ye, we wuz chums them days,
Me an' pap—an' mother.

Sundays we'd take great long walks
Through th' woods an' pasters;
Pap he al'ays hed a cane,
Mother 'n' me'd pick asters.
Sometimes they's a sister 'long,
Sometimes they's a brother,

But they al'ays wuz us three—
Me an' pap an' mother.

Pap he never gabbled much,
Held 'is head down, thinkin';
Didn't 'pear to hear us talk
Ner th' cow bell clinkin';
Love streaks all 'peared worried out
'Bout one thing ernuther;
Didn't al'ays understand
Pap—that's me an' mother.

I got big an' went away,
Left th' farm behind me;
Thinkin' o' that partin' yit,
'Pears to choke an' blind me;

Course I'd be all safe an' good
 With my married brother,
 But we had t' part, us three,
 Me an' pap an'—mother.

Hurried back one day; found pap
 Changed, an' pale an' holler;
 Seen right off he'd haf to go
 Where we couldn't foller.
 Lovin' streaks all showed up then—
 Stuck right to each other,
 Talkin' just to keep back tears,
 Pap an' me—an' mother.

Pap he's dead, but mother ain't;
 Soon will be, I reckon;

Claims already she kin see
 Pap's forefinger beckon;
 Life hain't long—I'll go myself
 Some these days eruther,
 Then we'll have good times agin,
 Me an' pap—an' mother.

Purtier hills we'll have t' climb,
 Saunterin' 'long, old fashion,
 Hear th' wild birds singin' 'round,
 See th' river splashin'—
 'F God 'ud only let us three
 Be 'lone, like we'd ruther,
 Heaven'd be a great ol' place
 F'r me an' pap—an' mother.
 —Indianapolis Journal.

NOBODY'S CHILD.

(A girl dressed in ragged clothes, and the stage darkened.)

ALONE, in the dreary, pitiless
 street,
 With my torn old dress and bare
 cold feet,
 All day I wandered to and fro,
 Hungry and shivering and nowhere to
 go;
 The night's coming on in darkness and
 dread,
 And the chill sleet beating upon my bare
 head;
 Oh! why does the wind blow upon me so
 wild?
 Is it because I'm nobody's child?

Just over the way there's a flood of light,
 And warmth and beauty, and all things
 bright;
 Beautiful children, in robes so fair,
 Are caroling songs in rapture there.
 I wonder if they, in their blissful glee,
 Would pity a poor little beggar like me,
 Wandering alone in the merciless street,
 Naked and shivering and nothing to
 eat?

Oh! what shall I do when the night comes
 down
 In its terrible blackness all over the town?
 Shall I lay me down 'neath the angry sky,
 On the cold, hard pavements alone to die?
 When the beautiful children their prayers
 have said,
 And mammas have tucked them up
 snugly in bed,
 No dear mother ever upon me smiled—
 Why is it, I wonder, that I'm nobody's
 child?

No father, no mother, no sister, not one
 In all the world loves me; e'en the little
 dogs run
 When I wander too near them; 'tis
 wondrous to see,
 How everything shrinks from a beggar
 like me!
 Perhaps 'tis a dream; but sometimes when
 I lie
 Gazing far up in the dark blue sky,
 Watching for hours some large bright star,
 I fancy the beautiful gates are ajar.

And a host of white-robed, nameless
things,
Come fluttering o'er me in gilded wings;
A hand that is strangely soft and fair
Caresses gently my tangled hair,
And a voice like the carol of some wild
bird—
The sweetest voice that ever was heard—
Calls me many a dear pet name,
Till my heart and spirits are all aflame;

And tells me of such unbounded love,
And bids me come up to their home above,
And then, with such pitiful, sad surprise,
They look at me with their sweet blue eyes,
And it seems to me out of the dreary night,
I am going up to the world of light,
And away from the hunger and storms so
wild—
I am sure I shall then be somebody's
child.

TWO LITTLE SHOES.

I SAW wife pull out the bottom drawer of the old family bureau this evening, and went softly out, and wandered up and down, until I knew that she had shut it up and gone to her sewing. We have some things laid away in that drawer which the gold of kings could not buy, and yet they are relics which grieve us until both our hearts are sore. I haven't dared look at them for a year, but I remember each article.

There are two worn shoes, a little chip-hat with part of the brim gone, some stockings, pants, a coat, two or three spools, bits of broken crockery, a whip, and several toys. Wife—poor thing—goes to that drawer every day of her life, and prays over it, and lets her tears fall upon the precious articles; but I dare not go.

Sometimes we speak of little Jack, but not often. It has been a long time, but somehow we can't get over grieving. He was such a burst of sunshine into our lives that his going away has been like covering our every-day existence with a pall. Sometimes, when we sit alone of an evening, I writing and she sewing, a child on the street will call out as our boy used to, and we will both start up with beating hearts and a wild hope,

only to find the darkness more of a burden than ever.

It is so still and quiet now. I look up at the window where his blue eyes used to sparkle at my coming, but he is not there. I listen for his pattering feet, his merry shout, and his ringing laugh; but there is no sound. There is no one to climb over my knees, no one to search my pockets and tease for presents; and I never find the chairs turned over, the broom down, or ropes tied to the door-knobs.

I want some one to tease me for my knife; to ride on my shoulder; to lose my axe; to follow me to the gate when I go, and be there to meet me when I come; to call "good-night" from the little bed, now empty. And wife, she misses him still more: there are no little feet to wash, no prayers to say; no voice teasing for lumps of sugar, or sobbing with the pain of a hurt toe; and she would give her own life, almost, to awake at midnight, and look across to the crib and see our boy there as he used to be.

So we preserve our relics; and when we are dead we hope that strangers will handle them tenderly, even if they shed no tears over them.

THE CHILD MUSICIAN.

HE had played for his lordship's
 levee,
 He had played for her ladyship's
 whim,
 Till the poor little head was heavy
 And the poor little brain would swim.

And the face grew peaked and eerie,
 And the large eyes strange and bright,
 And they said—too late—"He's weary!
 He shall rest for, at least, to-night!"

But at dawn, when the birds were waking,
 As they watched in the silent gloom,
 With the sound of a strained cord break-
 ing
 A something snapped in the room.

'Twas a string of his violoncello
 And they heard him stir in his bed:—
 "Make room for a tired little fellow,
 King God!" was the last that he said.
 —Austin Dobson.

MEASURING THE BABY.

WE measured the riotous baby
 Against the cottage wall—
 A lily grew on the threshold,
 And the boy was just as tall;
 A royal tiger-lily,
 With spots of purple and gold,
 And a heart like a jeweled chalice,
 The fragrant dew to hold.

Without, the bluebirds whistled
 High up in the old roof-trees,
 And to and fro at the window
 The red rose rocked her bees;
 And the wee pink fists of the baby
 Were never a moment still,
 Snatching at shine and shadow
 That danced on the lattice-sill.

His eyes were wide as bluebells—
 His mouth like a flower unblown—
 Two little bare feet, like funny white
 mice,
 Peeped out from his snowy gown;
 And we thought, with a thrill of rapture
 That had yet a touch of pain,
 When June rolls around with her roses,
 We'll measure the boy again.

Ah me! in a darkened chamber,
 With the sunshine shut away,
 Through tears that fell like a bitter rain,
 We measured the boy to-day;
 And the little bare feet that were dimpled
 And sweet as a budding rose,
 Lay side by side together,
 In a hush of a long repose!

Up from the dainty pillow,
 White as the risen dawn,
 The fair little face lay smiling,
 With the light of heaven thereon;
 And the dear little hands, like rose-leaves
 Dropped from a rose, lay still,
 Never to snatch at the sunshine
 That crept to the shrouded sill!

We measured the sleeping baby
 With ribbons white as snow,
 For the shining rosewood casket
 That waited him below;
 And out of the darkened chamber
 We went with a childless moan—
 To the height of the sinless angels
 Our little one had grown.

—Emma Alice Brown.

HUMOROUS RECITATIONS.



SO WAS I.

(Appropriate for a bachelor.)

JACK, I hear you have gone and done it,
Yes, I know; most fellows will;
Went and tried it once myself, sir,
Though you see I'm single still.
And you met her—did you tell me?
Down at Brighton last July,
And resolved to ask the question
At a soiree? So did I.

I suppose you left the ball-room,
With its music and its light;
For they say love's flame is brightest
In the darkness of the night.
Well, we walked along together,
Overhead the starlit sky;
And I'll bet—old man confess it—
You were frightened. So was I.

So you strolled along the terrace,
Saw the summer moonlight pour
All its radiance on the waters
As they rippled on the shore,
Till at length you gathered courage,
When you saw that none were nigh—
Did you draw her close and tell her
That you loved her? So did I.

Well, I needn't ask you further,
And I'm sure I wish you joy;
Think I'll wander down and see you
When you're married—eh, my boy?
When the honeymoon is over,
And you're settled down, we'll try—
What? The deuce you say! Rejected?
You rejected? So was I!

A BOY'S PLEA.

(For a boy of nine years.)

IT'S strange as people grow older what
lots of sense they lose,
And how they get full of notions,
and begin to pick and choose,
And start on such strange ideas, and
want such queer things done—
Why, what is a fellow to live for, if he
never can have any fun?

Now there are fathers and mothers, as
good as good can be
But they fret if a boy goes coasting, for
fear he'll run into a tree;
They fret if a boy goes skating, for fear
he'll get a fall;
And they're sure that he'll come back
broken, if he asks to play base-ball.

And as for stealing a ride as the big
teams roll along,
And as for a swim in the river, if the
current be swift or strong,
Or climbing a roof on a ladder, or
shinning a good high pole—
Why, they look at a boy if he tries it, as
if he had got no soul!

They want you to enter a parlor and bow
like a grown-up man;
They want you to move without racket—
just show me the fellow who
can!
To come downstairs on tiptoes, just creep-
ing as still as a mouse,
And to keep things quiet and chilly as if
boys never lived in the house!

When you open your eyes in the morning
and are lying awake in bed,
They'd rather you wouldn't take pillows
to shy at another one's head;
They'd like you to talk in whispers and
never to rant or shout,
And empty your jacket pockets so they
never would look bulged out.

Then, in spite of all this nonsense, they'll
look in a fellow's eyes
As if you were the ones who were foolish,
and they were the ones who were
wise;
You'd think as people grow older, they
ought to grow wiser too,
But I wouldn't make such blunders in
talking to boys—would you?
—M. E. B.

"PARTNERSHIP."

(What the little girl says to the mother cat.)

YOU need not be looking around at
me so;
She's my kitten as much as your
kitten, you know;
And I'll take her wherever I wish her to
go!

You know very well that the day she was
found,
If I hadn't cried, she'd have surely been
drowned,
And you ought to be thankful she's here
safe and sound!

She is only just crying because she's a
goose;
I'm not squeezing her—look, now! my
hands are quite loose,
And she may as well hush, for it's not
any use.

And you may as well get right down and
go 'way!
You're not in the play we are going to
play,
And, remember, it isn't your half of the
day.

You're forgetting the bargain we made—
and so soon!
In the morning she's yours, and mine all
afternoon,
And you couldn't teach her to eat with a
spoon.

So don't let me hear you give one single
mew.
Do you know what will happen right off,
if you do?
She'll be my kitten mornings and after-
noons too!

MILTIADES PETERKIN PAUL.

(Suitable for a school entertainment.—To be spoken by a boy from eight to ten years of age.)

LITTLE Miltiades Peterkin Paul
 Had been heard to declare he feared
 nothing at all.

"There's Abiathar Ann"—he would say
 —"now, at her age,

One would think she might show a little
 more courage.

Why, I really believe she would fall dead
 with fright,

If she came down the lane by herself at
 night.

I can tell you, though, that's not the stuff
 I am made of!

I never saw anything I was afraid of!"

But one warm summer evening it chanced
 to befall

That little Miltiades Peterkin Paul,
 Having been to the village for John
 Henry Jack,

Found it growing quite dark when he
 came to start back.

But he thought, "Pooh! I don't care for
 that in the least!"

And he winked at the full moon, just up
 in the east;

Then with hands in his pockets he swaggered
 along,

While he kept up his courage with whistle
 and song.

All at once young Miltiades Peterkin Paul,
 As he turned down the lane, perceived,
 close by the wall,

Right before him, a dark, ghostly shape,
 crouching low,

Which frightened poor little Miltiades so
 That he turned cold all over—our valiant
 young hero—

Just as though the thermometer'd dropped
 down to zero;

Then, his heart beating loudly, he covered
 his face

With his hands and trudged on at a much
 quicker pace.

But little Miltiades Peterkin Paul

Had not gone many steps, when he
 thought, "After all,

I may be mistaken; perhaps I mistook
 Some old stump, or a rock, or the cow,
 for a 'spook.'

Why, what could I be thinking of?"

Then growing bolder,
 He ventured to cast a glance over his
 shoulder,

When what was his wonder and horror to
 find

That the specter was following close
 behind!

For one moment Miltiades Peterkin Paul
 Was so terribly frightened he thought he
 would fall;

Then he flung his checked apron up over
 his head

To shut out the dread sight, and inglori-
 ously fled.

But alas! by the footsteps behind he soon
 knew

That his ghostly pursuer began to run,
 too;

And he uttered a shriek, and sped on
 without knowing

(With his eyes covered up) just which way
 he was going.

But little Miltiades Peterkin Paul,

Though he ran like the wind, found 'twas
 no use at all.

The footsteps grew louder behind, and at
 last

He suddenly found himself caught and held fast.

Whereupon, faint with terror, he sank to his knees,

And in piteous accents besought, "Oh, sir, please,

Good kind Mr. Ghost, let me go! Oh, please do!

I am sure I would do as much, gladly, for you!"

But just then the ghost spoke and soothed his alarms,

And he found he'd rushed into his own brother's arms.

"Why," cried John Henry Jack, "what does this mean, my lad? Oh,

I see. Ha, ha, ha! Why, sir, that's your own shadow!"

And, sure enough, when he uncovered his face,

Our hero saw plainly that such was the case.

"Well," said little Miltiades Peterkin Paul, "Please don't tell our Abiathar Ann—that is all!" —John Brownjohn.

HOW TOM SAWYER GOT HIS FENCE WHITEWASHED.

(Tom Sawyer, having offended his sole guardian, Aunt Polly, is by that sternly affectionate dame punished by being set to whitewash the fence in front of the garden.)

TOM appeared on the sidewalk with a bucket of whitewash and a long handled brush. He surveyed the fence, and all gladness left him and a deep melancholy settled down upon his spirit. Thirty yards of board fence nine feet high. Life to him seemed a hollow, and existence but a burden. Sighing he dipped his brush and passed it along the topmost plank; repeated the operation; did it again; compared the insignificant whitewashed streak with the far-reaching continent of unwhitewashed fence, and sat down on a tree-box discouraged.

He began to think of the fun he had planned for this day, and his sorrows multiplied. Soon the free boys would come tripping along on all sorts of delicious expeditions, and they would make a world of fun of him for having to work—the very thought of it burnt him like fire. He got out his worldly wealth and examined it—bits of toys, marbles, and trash; enough to buy an exchange of work, maybe, but not half enough to buy so much as half an hour of pure freedom. So he returned his straitened means to

his pocket, and gave up the idea of trying to buy the boys. At this dark and hopeless moment an inspiration burst upon him! Nothing less than a great, magnificent inspiration.

He took up his brush and went tranquilly to work. Ben Rogers hove in sight presently—the very boy, of all boys, whose ridicule he had been dreading. Ben's gait was the hop-skip-and-jump—proof enough that his heart was light and his anticipations high. He was eating an apple, and giving a long, melodious whoop, at intervals, followed by a deep-toned ding-dong-dong, ding-dong-dong, for he was personating a steamboat. As he drew near he slackened speed, took the middle of the street, leaned far over to starboard and rounded to ponderously and with laborious pomp and circumstance—for he was personating the "Big Missouri," and considered himself to be drawing nine feet of water. He was boat, captain, and engine-bells combined, so he had to imagine himself standing on his own hurricane deck giving the orders and executing them.



From Photograph, copyrighted 1898 by Morrison, Chicago

"BETTER FOR SOAP BUBBLES, BELIEVE I'LL TAKE IT"



From photograph by Morrison, Chicago

"IT TAKES A MAN TO BE BRAVE"

(Reading suitable for Parlor Entertainment.)

Tom went on whitewashing—paid no attention to the steamboat. Ben stared a moment and then said:

"Hi-yi! you're a stump, ain't you?"

No answer. Tom surveyed his last touch with the eye of an artist; then he gave his brush another gentle sweep, and surveyed the result as before. Ben ranged up alongside of him. Tom's mouth watered for the apple, but he stuck to his work. Ben said:

"Hello, old chap; you got to work, hey?"

Tom wheeled suddenly and said:

"Why, it's you, Ben; I warn't noticing."

"Say, I'm going in a-swimming, I am. Don't you wish you could? But, of course, you'd druther work, wouldn't you? Course you would!"

Tom contemplated the boy a bit, and said:

"What do you call work?"

"Why, ain't that work?"

Tom resumed his whitewashing, and answered carelessly:

"Well, maybe it is, and maybe it ain't. All I know is, it suits Tom Sawyer."

"Oh, come now, you don't mean to let on that you like it?"

"Like it? Well, I don't see why I oughtn't to like it. Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?"

That put the thing in a new light. Ben stopped nibbling his apple. Tom swept his brush daintily back and forth—stepped back to note the effect—added a touch here and there—criticised the effect again, Ben watching every move, and getting more and more interested, more and more absorbed. Presently he said:

"Say, Tom, let me whitewash a little."

Tom considered—was about to consent—but he altered his mind. "No, no, I reckon it wouldn't hardly do, Ben. You see, Aunt Polly's awful particular about this fence—right here on the street, you

know—but if it was the back fence I wouldn't mind, and she wouldn't. Yes, she's awful particular about this fence; it's got to be done very careful; I reckon there ain't one boy in a thousand, maybe two thousand, that can do it in the way it's got to be done."

"No—is that so? Oh, come now, lemme just try, only just a little. I'd let you, if you was me, Tom."

"Ben, I'd like to, honest Injin; but Aunt Polly—well, Jim wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let him. Sid wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let Sid. Now don't you see how I'm fixed? If you was to tackle this fence, and anything was to happen to it—"

"Oh, shucks! I'll be just as careful. Now lemme try. Say—I'll give you the core of my apple."

"Well, here. No, Ben; now don't; I'm afeard—"

"I'll give you all of it!"

Tom gave up the brush with reluctance in his face, but alacrity in his heart. And while Ben worked and sweated in the sun, the retired artist sat on a barrel in the shade close by, dangled his legs, munched his apple, and planned the slaughter of more innocents. There was no lack of material; boys happened along every little while; they came to jeer, they remained to whitewash. By the time Ben was fagged out, Tom had traded the next chance to Billy Fisher for a kite in good repair; and when he played out, Johnny Miller bought it for a dead rat and a string to swing it with; and so on, and so on, hour after hour. And when the middle of the afternoon came, from being a poor, poverty-stricken boy in the morning, Tom was literally rolling in wealth. He had, beside the things before mentioned, twelve marbles, part of a jew's-harp, a piece of blue

bottle-glass to look through, a spool cannon, a key that wouldn't unlock anything, a fragment of chalk, a glass stopper of a decanter, a tin soldier, a couple of tadpoles, six fire-crackers, a kitten with only one eye, a brass door-knob, a dog collar—but no dog—the handle of a knife, four pieces of orange peel, and a dilapidated old window sash.

Tom had had a nice, good, idle time all the while—plenty of company—and the fence had three coats of whitewash on it!

If he hadn't run out of whitewash, he would have bankrupted every boy in the village.

He said to himself that it was not such a hollow world, after all. He had discovered a great law of human action without knowing it—namely, that in order to make a man or a boy covet a thing, it is only necessary to make it difficult to attain.

—Extract from "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," by Mark Twain.

CONSULT THY WIFE.

(Excellent for parlor entertainment.)

A BLUEBIRD sat on a farmhouse shed

And wagged his tail as he scratched his head,

While he puzzled his brain to find the best

And safest spot to build his nest.

A "cruel monster," this bluebird, he

No counsel would take from Mrs. B—b,
He did not allow her in aught to have choice,

Nor in family matters to raise up her voice.

The consequence was that his wife's small head

Was very firm set against all that he said;

But he was the master, and "willy or nilly,"

His orders she followed—no matter how silly.

"Chick-a-dee! I have it! The very thing!
We will go where the swallows built last spring!"

"You have it, indeed!" sneered Mrs. B—b;

"You'd do no such thing if you listened to me!

"Why not build in the shed?" "Hush! hush, my dear!

You've nothing to do but sit quiet and hear."

So sloth prevailed, and they quietly took A swallow's nest in the chimney nook.

"Three eggs?" Mr. Bluebird hopped out in the sun

To laugh at the trick he'd played. "What fun!"

But as he was smoothing his little brown vest,

Came a sound which soon made him fly back to the nest.

The swallows had come, and their fierce, flashing eyes

Showed the anger they felt, as well as surprise.

After some consultation they urged the request

That Blue and his wife would vacate their nest.

But gentleman Blue knew the old-time saw,

Possession is fully nine-tenths of the law:
And he laughed in their faces, and winked his left eye,

As much as to say, "You are green, not I."

But Mrs. B——b, with an angry burst,
Said, "I told you so from the very first;
And I won't stay here another day."
So out she flew and hurried away.
"Good riddance!" cried Bluebird. "To
go you are free,
But they won't find it easy to get rid of
me!"

Alas! for the folly that revels in sin;
The swallows with mud came and coffined
him in.

Moral:

Oh, man who wouldst flourish and prosper in life,
In matters of moment consult with thy
wife.

AS REVEALED TO HIM.

(This could be recited in Quaker costume.)

WHILE Quaker folks were Quakers still, some fifty years ago,

When coats were drab and gowns were plain and speech was staid and slow,
Before Dame Fashion dared suggest a single friz or curl,

There dwelt, 'mid Penfield's peaceful shades, an old-time Quaker girl.

Ruth Wilson's garb was of her sect,
devoid of furbelows,
She spoke rebuke to vanity from bonnet to her toes;

Sweet redbird was she, all disguised in feathers of the dove,

With dainty foot and perfect form and eyes that dreamt of love.

Sylvanus Moore, a bachelor of forty years or so,

A quaintly pious, weazened soul, with beard and hair of tow,

And queer thin legs and shuffling walk and drawling, nasal tone,

Was prompted by the Spirit to make this maid his own.

He knew it was the Spirit, for he felt it in his breast

As oft before in meeting-time, and, sure of his request,

Procured the permit in due form. On Fourth-day of that week

He let Ruth know the message true that he was moved to speak.

"Ruth, it has been revealed to me that thee and I shall wed;

I have spoken to the meeting and the members all have said

That our union seems a righteous one, which they will not gainsay,

So if convenient to thy views, I'll wed thee next Third-day."

The cool possession of herself by friend Sylvanus Moore

Aroused her hot resentment, which by effort she forbore—

She knew he was a goodly man, of simple, childlike mind—

And checked the word "Impertinence!" and answered him in kind:

"Sylvanus Moore, do thee go home and wait until I see

The fact that I must be thy wife, revealed unto me."

And thus she left him there alone, at will to ruminate—

Sore puzzled at the mysteries of Love, Free-will, and Fate.

—Richard A. Jackson.

A WARNING.

(Very effective when recited in rural costume.)

I HOPE this story will be a warning to all young women, never to commit the mistake which I did, most innocent, on Saturday gone a week, at a big dry-goods store in New York. I had heard considerable about this 'ere store, but I wasn't in no way prepared for all I see there. Sakes! It was equal to a dozen villages like Vandusenburg a-comin' out o' meetin' all to once. Such a crowd I never see! And the women maulin' of the goods without buyin', and the clerks lookin' on sarcastic, just like you see in any ordinary store. Well, I went about better 'n an hour, gettin' a couple o' pair o' good domestic hose for my son Jabez, and seven-eighths of a yard of stuff for cheese-bags, and finally, bein' uncommon tired, I hadn't hardly strength to ask for chintz for the sittin'-room sofa.

"Next floor, ma'am," says the clerk, kind o' lookin' sharp at me, "wouldn't you like to take a elevator?"

Well, I was beat! It seemed a most uncommon proceedin', and what I never heard no gentleman do before, to ask me to take a elevator. I had my misgivin's what it meant; for our Jabez, though father and me is most strong temperince folks, presists sometimes in takin' what he calls elevators, which is glasses o' speerits and water, calkerlated, as he says, to raise droopin' feelin's and failin' strength.

"Sir," says I as lofty as I could, "I prefer not! and, to my mind, you'd do better for a respectable shop, not to be offerin' elevators—leastwise not to me."

So I kept walkin' round, not likin' to ask questions showin' my country ways, and still feelin' that awful feelin' o' gone-ness, when another clerk, hearin' me ask for chintzes, said somethin' agin about my

takin' a elevator. By this time, I felt dreadful; and so says I, makin' up my mind it was a New York fashion, and it wasn't best to seem too back-country, "Thanks to you, sir, I don't mind tryin' something of the kind, bein' most remarkable thirsty."

"Certainly, ma'am," says he, bowin' careless toward a stand holdin' a fancy pail, full of what I might have took to be water, judgin' by the taste, but I know well enough now it was some deceitful, genteel kind of liquor with the taste and smell took out of it. No sooner had I swallowed a goblet of it, than a young man pintoed to a little room, which, if you'll believe me, give the queerest kind of jerk you ever see just as I looked in. But seein' comfortable sofas all around the walls, I stepped in, and sot down. There was other ladies goin' in too, and I couldn't help wond'rin' whether they had been takin' elevators like me. "It won't do no harm," said I to myself, "to set here a minute or two, till this dizzy spell passes off"—when massy on me! if I didn't feel myself goin' up. Yes, a-goin' up! And with me the room, and sofas, and ladies, and all! I clutched a hold of the cushions and stared kind o' wild, like as not, for one of the ladies bit her lips as if contemplating to laugh. And still we was all a-goin' up—leastwise it seemed so to me. "It's all on account o' takin' that elevator," thinks I to myself. And then it came upon me how uncommon appropriate the word was, meanin' a drink. But I couldn't help feelin' scared, particular when I see, all of a sudden, men and women kind o' walkin' about in the air. Once I jumped up to go out of the room, but a man, workin' some clock-

works in the corner, held out his hand. "In one moment, madam!" said he, a-pushin' me back with such an air.

"Did you take a elevator?" I whispered to the lady settin' along side of me. She nodded her head without sayin' nothing, and from her queer look, I reckoned she was worse affected, even, than I was.

"It's the first one I ever took in my life. Our country elevators is more positive to take, but they don't have nothin' like this effect, though I must say such things never oughter to be took except in sickness."

"Now, madam," says the clerk, very pompous, "you'll have no difficulty now." Sure enough, I didn't have no difficulty. For a minute, the effect of the elevator passed off suddener than it come. I followed the ladies out, lively enough. But, sakes alive! what a time I had findin' the street-door! I never was so bothered in my whole life; though I knowed all along what was the matter.

But I just kept on, without asking no questions, a-goin' down stairs, and down stairs, and down stairs, and expectin' nothin' else but to find myself in the kitchen, if Mr. Stewart's family lives anywhere in the buildin', which is most likely, there bein' enough room, I should think. How I ever got out of that store, I don't never expect to know. But after I once ketched sight of them glass doors, I didn't halt till I stood out on the sidewalk explainin' private to a police that I had been takin' a elevator, and wouldn't he put me into a down-town stage.

To this day I haven't said a word about the business to Jabez, nor husband, nor no one to home. Some things had best be by-gones. But I feel it a boundin' duty to warn respectable women not to be led into takin' elevators when they go into them big stores. Least of all, this new-fangled kind, which tastes like nothin' on earth but water, and that leads you to talkin' too much.

WIDOW BEDOTT TO ELDER SNIFFLES.

(Old but ever new.)



REVEREND SIR, I do declare

It drives me most to frenzy,
To think of you a-lying there
Down sick with influenzy.

A body'd thought it was enough
To mourn your wife's departer,
Without sich troubles as this ere
To come a-follerin' arter.

But sickness and affliction
Are sent by a wise creation,
And always ought to be underwent
By patience and resignation.

O, I could to your bedside fly,
And wipe your weeping eyes,
And do my best to cheer you up,
If't wouldn't create surprise.

It's a world of trouble we tarry in,
But, Elder, don't despair;
That you may soon be movin' again
Is constantly my prayer.

Both sick and well, you may depend
You'll never be forgott
By your faithful and effectionate friend,
Priscilla Pool Bedott.

BRIDGET O'FLANNAGAN.

(To be recited in the costume of an Irish girl who has just landed in America.)

OCH, Mollie Moriarity, I've been havin' the quare iksparyences since yiz hurrud from me, an' if I'd known how it wud be whin I left the ould Oireland, I'd niver have sit fut until this counthry befoor landin'. Me prisint mishtriss that I had before the lasht wan is a discoiple av a new kind av relijun called Christian Soience. She's been afthar takin' a sooccission av cooris av coolchur (I belave that's fwat they call it) an' indid oup wid this Christian Soience. I've hurrud her talkin' wid the other ladies about mouind an' matther, an' as will as I can unthershtand, Christian Soience manes that iverthing is all moind, an' no matther, or all matther an' niver moind, an' that ivery wan's nobody an' iverything's nothing ilse. The mishtriss ses there's no disase nor throoble, an' no nade of physic; nivertheless,

whin she discoovered cockroaches intil the panthry, she sint me out wid money to buy an iksterminatin' powder. Thinks I to meself, I'll give thim roaches a dose av Christian Soience, ar fwat the ladies call an absint thratmint. So I fixed the powers av me moind on the middlesome craythers an' shpint the money till me ouwn binifit. Afthar a few days the misthress goes intil the panthry an' foinds thim roaches roonin' round as if they's niver been kilt at all. I throid to iksplain, but wid the inconsistency av her six, she wouldn't listhin till a worrud, but ses I was addin' impertinince to desavin'. So I'm afthur lookin' fur a place, an' if yiz know av any lady widout notions that do be bewildherin' to me moind, address Miss Bridget O'Flannagan,

Postoffice, Ameriky.

THE COURTIN'.

GOD makes sech nights, all white an' still
Fur'z you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
With half a cord o' wood in—
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her,
An' leetle flames danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look
On sech a blessed cretur;
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A1,
Clear grit an' human natur';
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton
Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
 He'd squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
 Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells—
 All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
 All crinkly like curled maple,—
 The side she breshed felt full o' sun
 Ez a south slope in April.

She thought no voice hed sech a swing
 Ez hisn in the choir;
 My! when he made Ole Hundred ring,
 She knowed the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
 When her new meetin' bunnet
 Felt somehow thru its crown a pair
 O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked some!
 She seemed to 've gut a new soul,
 For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
 Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
 A-raspin' on the scraper,—
 All ways to once her feelins flew,
 Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
 Some doubtfe o' the sekle;
 His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
 But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a juerk
 Ez though she wished him funder,
 An' on her apples kep' to work,
 Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
 "Wal—no—I come dasignin'—"
 "To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
 Agin to-morrer's i'nin."

To say why gals acts so or so,
 Or don't 'ould be presumin';
 Mebby to mean yes an' say no
 Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
 Then stood a spell on t'other,
 An' on which one he felt the wust
 He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin,"
 Says she, "Think likely, Mister;"
 Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
 An'—wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
 Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
 All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
 An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jest the quiet kind
 Whose naturs never vary,
 Like streams that keep a summer mind
 Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost 'roun' her heart felt glued
 Too tight for all expressin'
 Tell mother see how metters stood,
 An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
 Down to the Bay of Fundy,
 An' all I know is they was cried
 In' meetin' come nex' Sunday.

PUTTING UP THE STOVE.

(Realistic.)

THE melancholy days had come,
that no householder loves—

Days of the taking down of blinds
and putting up of stoves;

The lengths of pipe forgotten lie in the
shadow of the shed,

Dinged out of symmetry they be, and all
with rust are red.

The husband gropes amid the mass that
he placed there anon,

And swears to find an elbow-joint, and
eke a leg, are gone.

So fared it with good Mister Brown, to
whom his spouse: "Behold,

Unless you wish us all to go and catch our
deaths of cold,

Swift be yon stove and pipes from out
their storing-place conveyed,

And to black-lead and set them up, lo, I
will lend my aid."

This Mister Brown he trembling heard—
I trow his heart was sore—

For he was married many years, and had
been there before.

And timidly he said: "My love, per-
chance the better plan

Twere to hie to the tinsmith's shop and
bid him send a man?"

To whom his spouse indignantly: "So
you would have me, then,

To waste our substance upon riotous
tinsmith's journeymen?

A penny saved is twopence earned, rash
prodigal of pelf;

Go, false one, go, and I will black and set
it up myself."

When thus she spoke, the husband knew
that she had sealed his doom;

"Fill high the bowl with Simian lead, and
gimme down that broom,"

He cried, then to the outhouse marched.

Apart the doors he hove,

And closed in deadly conflict with his
enemy, the stove.

Round 1—They faced each other; Brown
to get an opening sparred

Adroitly. His antagonist was cautious
on its guard.

Brown led off with his left to where a
length of stovepipe stood,

And nearly cut his fingers off. (The stove
allowed First Blood.)

Round 2—Brown came up swearing, and
in Greco-Roman style

Closed with the stove, and tugged and
strove at it a weary while;

At last the leg he held gave way; flat on
his back fell Brown,

And the stove fell on top of him, and
claimed the First Knockdown.

The fight is done, and Brown has won;
his hands are rasped and sore,

And perspiration and black-lead stream
from his every pore;

Sternly triumphant, as he gives his
prisoner a shove,

He cries: "Where in the angel's name
shall I put this blessed stove?"

And calmly Mrs. Brown to him she
indicates the spot,

And bids him keep his temper, and
remarks that he looks hot.

And now comes in the sweet o' the day;
the Brown holds in his gripe

And strives to fit a six-inch joint upon a
five-inch pipe;

He hammers, dinges, bends, and shakes,
while his wife scornfully

Tells him how she would manage if only
she were he.

At last the joints are joined; they rear
 a pyramid in air,
 A tub upon the table, and upon the table
 a chair,
 And on the chair supporters are the stove-
 pipe and the Brown,
 Like the lion and the unicorn, a-fightin'
 for the crown;
 While Mistress Brown she cheerily says to
 him: "I expect'
 'Twould be just like your clumsiness to
 fall and break your neck."

Scarce were the piteous accents said
 before she was aware
 Of what might be called a miscellaneous
 music in the air,
 And in wild crash and confusion upon the
 floor rained down
 Chairs, tables, tubs, and stovepipes,
 anathemas, and Brown.

There was a moment's silence—Brown
 had fallen on the cat;
 She was too thick now for a book-mark,
 but too thin for a mat;
 And he was all wounds and bruises from
 his head unto his foot,

And seven breadths of Brussels were
 ruined with the soot.

"Oh, wedded love, how beautiful, how
 sweet a thing thou art!"
 Up from her chair did Mistress Brown, as
 she saw him falling, start,
 And shrieked aloud as a sickening fear did
 her inmost heartstrings gripe,
 "Josiah Winterbotham Brown, have you
 gone and smashed that pipe?"

Then up and stert he Mister Brown, as
 one that had been wode,
 And big his bosom swelled with wrath,
 and red his visage glowed;
 Wild rolled his eye as he made reply (and
 his voice was sharp and shrill):
 "I have not, madam, but, by—by—by the
 Nine Gods, I will!"

He swung the pipe above his head, he
 dashed it on the floor,
 And that stove-pipe, as a stove-pipe, it
 did exist no more;
 Then he strode up to his shrinking wife,
 and his face was stern and wan,
 As in a hoarse, changed voice he hissed:
 "Send for that tinsmith man!"

AUNT DOLEFUL'S PHILOSOPHY.

HOW do you do, Cornelia? I
 heard you were sick, and I
 stopped in to cheer you up a
 little. My friends often say, "It's such a
 comfort to see you, Aunty Doleful. You
 have such a flow of conversation and are
 so lively." Besides, I said to myself as I
 came up the stairs, "Perhaps this is the
 last time I'll ever see Cornelia Jane
 alive."

You don't mean to die yet, eh? Well,
 now, how do you know? You can't tell.
 You think you're gettin' better, but there
 was poor Mrs. Jones sitting up, and every

one saying how smart she was, and all of
 a sudden she was taken with spasms in
 the heart and went off like a flash. But
 you must be careful and not get excited.
 Keep quite calm, and don't fret about
 anything. Of course, things can't go
 just as if you was down-stairs; and I
 wondered whether you knew your little
 Billy was sailing about in a tub on the
 mill-pond, and that your little Sammy
 was letting your little Jimmy adown from
 the veranda roof in a clothes basket.

Goodness! What's the matter? I
 guess Providence 'll take care of 'em;

don't look so. You thought Bridget was watchin' them? No; I saw her talking to a man at the gate. He looks to me like a burglar. There was a family at Knob Hill last week all killed for fifty dollars. Yes, indeed. Now, don't fidget so; it will be bad for the baby.

Poor little dear! How singlar it is, to be sure, that you can't tell whether a child is blind, or deaf and dumb, or a cripple, at that age. It might be all and you'd never know it. Most of them that have their senses make bad use of them, though; that ought to be your comfort, if it does turn out to have anything dreadful the matter with it.

How is Mr. Knobble? Well, but finds it warm in town, eh? Well, I should think he would. They are dropping down by hundreds there from sunstroke. You must prepare your mind for anything. Then, a trip on these railroad trains is

just a-riskin' your life every time you take one. Back and forth as he is, it's just a-triflin' with danger. Don't forget now, Cornelia, that the doctor said you must keep calm.

Dear! dear! now to think what dreadful things hang over us all the time! Oh dear! Scarlet fever has broken out in the village, Cornelia. Little Isaac Porter has it, and I saw your Jimmy playing with him last Saturday.

Well, I must be going now. I've got another sick friend, and I shan't think my duty done unless I cheer her up a little before I sleep. Good-bye. How pale you look, Cornelia. I don't believe you have a good doctor. Do send him away and get somebody else. You don't look as well as you did when I came in.

If anything happens send for me at once. If I can't do anything else, I can cheer you up a little.—Mary Kyle Dallas.

THE TELL - TALE.



ONCE on a golden afternoon,
With radiant faces and hearts in
tune
Two fond lovers, in dreaming mood
Threaded a rural solitude.
Wholly happy, they only knew
That the earth was bright and the sky
was blue;
That light and beauty and joy and
song
Charmed the way as they passed along.
The air was fragrant with woodland
scents—
The squirrel frisked on a roadside
fence—
And hovering near them. "Chee, chee,
chink?"
Queried the curious bobolink,
Pausing and peering with sidelong head
As saucily questioning all thy said.

Swinging low on a slender limb
The sparrow warbled his wedding hymn,
And balancing on a blackberry brier
The bobolink sang with his heart on
fire,
"Chink! if you wish to kiss her, do!
Do it! do it! you coward you!"
Through dim vistas of sweet-breathed
pines,
Past wide meadow-fields, lately mowed,
Wandered the indolent country road.
The lovers followed it, listening still
And loitering slowly, as lovers will,
Entered a gray-roofed bridge that lay
Dusk and cool, in their pleasant way;
Under its arch a smooth brown stream
Silently glided with glint and gleam,
Shaded by graceful elms which spread
Their verdurous canopy overhead—

The stream so narrow, the boughs so wide
They met and mingled across the tide.

Fluttering lightly from brink to brink
Followed the garrulous bobolink,
Rallying loudly with mirthful din
The pair who lingered unseen within;
And when from the friendly bridge at
last
Into the road beyond they passed,

Again beside them the tempter went
Keeping the thread of his argument—
"Kiss her! kiss her! Chink-a-chee-chee!
I'll not mention it! Don't mind me."
But, ah! they noted—nor deemed it
strange—
In his rollicking chorus a trifling
change—
"Do it! do it!"—with might and main,
Warbled the tell-tale—"Do it again!"

IT TAKES A MAN TO BE BRAVE.

"ANOTHER Daring Burglary!" read Mrs. Banford, as she picked up the morning paper. "Lucullus," she said, turning to her husband, "this is the fourth outrage of the kind in this town within a week, and if you don't procure a burglar-alarm, or adopt some other means of security, I shall not remain in this house another night. Some morning we'll get up and find ourselves murdered and the house robbed if we have to depend on the police for protection."

Banford assured his wife that he would have the matter attended to at once. Then he left the house and didn't return until evening. When Mrs. B. asked him if he had given a second thought to the subject which she broached in the morning, he drew a newspaper from his pocket, and said: "See here, Mirandy! There's no use o' foolin' away money on one o' those new-fangled burglar-alarms. Economy is wealth. Here's a capital idea suggested in this paper—cheap, simple and effective."

And then he read the suggestion about hanging a tin pan on the chamber-door.

"I tell you, Mirandy! the man who conceived that brilliant notion is a heaven-born genius—a boon to mankind; and his name should go ringing down the corridors of time with those of such brilliant

intellect as Watts, Morse, Edison, and other successful scientific investigators. You see, the least jar of the door will dislodge the pan, and the noise occasioned thereby will not only awaken the occupants of the room, but will also scare the burglar half to death, and perhaps the pan will strike him on the head and fracture his skull. It is a glorious scheme, and the fact that it was not utilized years ago is the most remarkable thing about it."

"Well," assented Mrs. B., in less sanguine tones, "it may be better than nothing, and it won't cost anything; and as Susan has gone out to spend the night with her sick sister, and we'll be all alone, I'll hunt up the pans now."

Accordingly, each inside door was crowned with a tin pan and left slightly ajar. Banford also thoughtfully placed a six-shooter under his pillow and stood a base-ball bat within easy reach.

"Now, Mirandy," he courageously observed, as they were preparing to retire, "if you are awakened by noise during the night, don't scream and jump out of the bed. Just lie still, or some o' the bullets I fire at the burglar may go through you and kill you. Let me wrestle with the intruder, and I'll soon make him regret that he had not postponed being born for a few centuries."

Then they turned down the gas with a feeling of increased security, and were soon asleep. About half-past midnight they were awakened by a noise that sounded like a sharp clap of thunder, followed by a wail that almost chilled the marrow in their bones.

"Goodness!" screamed Mrs. B., in a voice swollen with terror, as she dived under the bed-clothes. "We'll be murdered in a minute. Shoot him, Lucullus! Quick—shoot him!"

Banford, after considerable nervous fumbling under the pillow, grasped his revolver and with an unsteady hand discharged its six barrels in rapid succession, but not with very gratifying results. One bullet shattered the mirror in the bureau; another plowed a furrow along the ceiling; another splintered the bed-post; a fourth perforated a portrait of his wife's mother; and the other two left their imprint on the walls.

"D-d-don't be fuf-fuf-frightened, M-mirandy," said Banford, encouragingly, his articulation sounding as if it had "collided" with an Arctic wave. "I gug-guess I've kik-kik-killed him. He'll not kik-kik-come here—"

At this juncture there was a noise in an adjoining room, as if a two-ton meteorite had crashed through a boiler-foundry, and Mrs. B. uttered a series of ear-piercing shrieks, that would have scared the life out of any burglar.

"M-mirandy," stammered the frightened and demoralized Banford, grasping the base-ball bat and swinging it around with such reckless promiscuousness that he struck his terror-stricken wife on the head, "Mum-mirandy, the house is full of midnight mum-marauders, and we'll be bub-bub-butchered in cold bub-bub-blood! Save yourself and don't mum-mind about me!" And leaping out of bed,

he sprang through a window on to the roof of a back building, and accidentally rolled off into the yard, fifteen feet below, just as another burglar-alarm went off with a clamor almost as deafening and harrowing as an amateur orchestra. Mrs. B., thinking she had been hit by the burglar, emitted a fresh outburst of shrieks, while her husband lay groaning in the back yard, with a sprained ankle and a frightful gash in his head.

A policeman had now been awakened by the uproar, and boldly mounting the front stoop, he pulled the door-bell out by the roots without evoking a response. Then he hesitated.

"If a foul murder has been committed," he mused, "the assassin has already made good his escape."

This thought gave him courage, and he forced an entrance. In the entry he collided with a hat-rack, which he mistook for the outlaw, and almost demolished it with several whacks of his club. Then he made a careful reconnoissance, and dislodged one of the burglar-alarms.

"Spare my life," he yelled to the imaginary assailant, "and I'll let you escape!"

He thought he had been stabbed with a frying-pan. He rushed out of the house and secured the assistance of four of his fellow-officers, and a search of the building was resumed. Mrs. Banford was found in bed unconscious. Her husband was found in the yard in nearly a similar condition; and the burglar was found under the sofa, shivering with fear, and with his tail clasped tightly between his legs.

The cause of the panic was soon explained. Mrs. Banford had overlooked the presence of her pet dog in the house, and this innocent animal, in running from one room to another, had dislodged the "cheap and effective" burglar alarms.

MR. CAUDLE AND HIS SECOND WIFE.

WHEN Harry Prettyman saw the very superb funeral of Mrs. Caudle,—Prettyman attended as mourner, and was particularly jolly in the coach,—he observed that the disconsolate widower showed, that, above all men, he knew how to make the best of a bad bargain. The remark, as the dear deceased would have said, was unmanly, brutal, but quite like the Prettyman. The same scoffer, when Caudle declared “he should never cease to weep,” replied “he was very sorry to hear it; for it must raise the price of onions.” It was not enough to help to break the heart of a wife; no, the savage must joke over its precious pieces.

The funeral, we repeat, was remarkably handsome: in Prettyman’s words, nothing could be more satisfactory. Caudle spoke of a monument. Whereupon Prettyman suggested “Death gathering a nettle.” Caudle—the act did equal honor to his brain and his bosom—rejected it.

Mr. Caudle, attended by many of his friends, returned to his widowed home in tolerable spirits. Prettyman said jocosely poking his two fingers in Caudle’s ribs, that in a week he’d look “quite like a tulip.” Caudle merely replied, he could hardly hope it.

Prettyman’s mirth, however, communicated itself to the company; and in a very little time the meeting took the air of a very pleasant party. Somehow, Miss Prettyman presided at the table. There was in her manner a charming mixture of grace, dignity and confidence,—a beautiful black swan. Prettyman, by the way, whispered to a friend, that there was just this difference between Mrs. Caudle and his sister,—“Mrs. Caudle was

a great goose, whereas Sarah was a little duck.” We will not swear that Caudle did not overhear the words; for, as he resignedly stirred his tea, he looked at the lady at the head of the table, smiled and sighed.

It was odd; but women are so apt! Miss Prettyman seemed as familiar with Caudle’s silver tea-pot as with her own silver thimble. With a smile upon her face—like the butter on the muffins—she handed Caudle his tea-cup. Caudle would, now and then, abstractedly cast his eyes above the mantel-piece. There was Mrs. Caudle’s portrait. Whereupon Miss Prettyman would say, “You must take comfort, Mr. Caudle, indeed you must.” At length Mr. Caudle replied, “I will, Miss Prettyman.”

What then passed through Caudle’s brain we know not; but this we know: in a twelvemonth and a week from that day, Sarah Prettyman was Caudle’s second wife,—Mrs. Caudle number two. Poor thing!

(Mr. Caudle begins to “show off the fiend that’s in him.”)

“It is rather extraordinary, Mrs. Caudle, that we have now been married four weeks,—I don’t exactly see what you have to sigh about,—and yet you can’t make me a proper cup of tea. However, I don’t know how I should expect it. There never was but one woman who could make tea to my taste, and she is now in heaven. Now, Mrs. Caudle, let me hear no crying. I’m not one of the people to be melted by the tears of a woman; for you can all cry—all of you—at a minute’s notice. The water’s always laid on, and down it comes if a man only holds up his finger.

"You didn't think I could be so brutal? That's it. Let a man only speak, and he's brutal. It's a woman's first duty to make a decent cup of tea. What do you think I married you for? It's all very well with your tambour-work and such trumpery. You can make butterflies on kettle-holders; but can you make a pudding, ma'am? I'll be bound not.

"Of course, as usual, you've given me the corner roll, because you know I hate a corner roll. I did think you must have seen that. I did hope I should not be obliged to speak on so paltry a subject; but it's no use to hope to be mild with you. I see that's hopeless.

"And what a herring! And you call it a bloater, I suppose? Ha! there was a woman who had an eye for a bloater, but—sainted creature!—she's here no longer. You wish she was? Oh, I understand that. I'm sure, if anybody should wish her back, it's—but she was too good for me. 'When I'm gone, Caudle,' she used to say, 'then you'll know the wife I was to you.' And now I do know it.

"Here's the eggs boiled to a stone again! Do you think, Mrs. Caudle, I'm a canary-bird, to be fed upon hard eggs?

Don't tell me about the servant. A wife is answerable to her husband for her servants. It's her business to hire proper people: if she doesn't, she's not fit to be a wife. I find the money, Mrs. Caudle, and I expect you to find the cookery.

"There you are with your pocket-handkerchief again,—the old flag of truce; but it doesn't trick me. A pretty honeymoon? Nonsense! People can't have two honeymoons in their lives. There are feelings—I find it now—that we can't have twice in our existence. There's no making honey a second time.

"No: I think I've put up with your neglect long enough: and there's nothing like beginning as we intend to go on. Therefore, Mrs. Caudle, if my tea isn't made a little more to my liking to-morrow—and if you insult me with a herring like that—and boil my eggs that you might fire 'em out of guns—why, perhaps, Mrs. Caudle, you may see a man in a passion. It takes a good deal to rouse me, but when I am up—I say, when I am up—that's all.

"Where did I put my gloves? You don't know? Of course not: you know nothing." —Douglas Jerrold.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

A MUNSON street man, being told that there were several pieces of tin which needed mending, conceived the idea of getting the iron and solder and doing the mending himself. His wife, filled with vague forebodings, perhaps, said that the expense was such a trifle that it would hardly pay to do it one's self, to which he responded:

"I'll admit that in this one instance it would not pay, but there is something in want of repair every little while, and if I have the tools here for fixing it we are

saved so much expense right along. It may not be much in the course of a year, but every little helps, and in time the total amounts to a nice little lump. We don't want the Astors' lugging off all the money in the country."

He got the iron, one dollar and fifty cents' worth of solder and ten cents' worth of rosin. He came home with these things and went into the kitchen, looking so proud and happy that his wife would have been glad he got them were it not for an overpowering dread of an impending

ing muss. He called for the articles needing repair. His wife brought out a pan.

"Where's the rest? Bring 'em all out, an' let me make one job of 'em while I'm about it."

He got them all and seemed to be disappointed that there were no more of them. He pushed the iron into the fire, got a milk pan inverted on his knees, and with the solder in his hand, waited for the right heat.

"That iron only cost a dollar, and it'll never wear out, and there's enough solder in this piece to do twenty-five dollars' worth of mending," he explained to his wife.

Pretty soon the iron was at right heat, he judged. He rubbed the rosin about the hole which was to be repaired, and held the stick of solder over it, and carefully applied the iron. It was an intensely interesting moment. His wife watched him with feverish interest. He said, speaking laboriously, as he applied the iron:

"The only—thing—I—regret—about—

it—is—that—I—didn't—think—of—getting—this—before—we—"

Then ascended through that ceiling, and up into the very vault of heaven, the awfulest yell that woman ever heard, and the same instant the soldering iron flew across the stove, the pan went clattering across the floor and the bar of solder struck the wall with such force as to smash through both the plaster and lath. And before her horrified gaze danced her husband in an ecstasy of agony, sobbing, screaming and holding on to his left leg as desperately as if it were gold and studded with diamonds.

"Get the camphor, why don't you?" he yelled. "Send for the doctor. Oh, oh, I'm a dead man," he shouted.

Just then his gaze rested on the soldering iron. In an instant he caught it up and hurled it through the window, without the preliminary of raising the sash.

She made and applied the poultices herself to save expense. She said:

"We don't want the Astors lugging off all the money in the country."

THE WHISTLE.

"YOU have heard," said a youth to his sweetheart, who stood,
While he sat on a corn-sheaf,
at daylight's decline,—

"You have heard of the Danish boy's whistle of wood?

I wish that Danish boy's whistle were mine."

"And what would you do with it?—tell me," she said,

While an arch smile played over her beautiful face.

"I would blow it," he answered, "and then my fair maid

Would fly to my side, and would here take her place."

"Is that all you wish it for?—That may be yours

Without any magic," the fair maiden cried;

"A favor so light one's good nature secures,"

And she playfully seated herself by his side.

"I would blow it again," said the youth,
"and the charm

Would work so, that not even Modesty's check

Would be able to keep from my neck
your fine arm;"

She smiled,—and she laid her fine arm
round his neck.

"Yet once more would I blow, and the
music divine

Would bring me the third time an
exquisite bliss;

You would lay your fair cheek to this
brown one of mine,

And your lips, stealing past it, would
give me a kiss."

The maiden laughed out in her innocent
glee,—

"What a fool of yourself with your
whistle you'd make!

For only consider how silly 'twould be,
To sit there and whistle for—what you
might take."

—Robert Story.

MARK TWAIN'S WATCH.

MY beautiful new watch had run eighteen months without losing or gaining, and without breaking any part of its machinery, or stopping. I had come to believe it infallible in its judgments about the time of day, and to consider its constitution and anatomy imperishable. But at last, one night, I let it run down. I grieved about it as if it were a recognized messenger and fore-runner of calamity. But by and by I cheered up, set the watch by guess, and commanded my bodings and superstitions to depart. Next day I stepped into the chief jeweler's to set it by the exact time, and the head of the establishment took it out of my hand and proceeded to set it for me. Then he said, "She is four minutes slow—regulator wants pushing up." I tried to stop him—tried to make him understand that the watch kept perfect time. But no; all this human cabbage could see, was that the watch was four minutes slow, and the regulator must be pushed up a little; and so, while I danced around him in anguish, and implored him to let the watch alone, he calmly and cruelly did the shameful deed. My watch began to gain. It gained faster and faster day by day.

Within the week it sickened to a raging fever, and its pulse went up to a hundred and fifty in the shade. At the end of two months it had left all the timepieces of the town far in the rear, and was a fraction over thirteen days ahead of the almanac. It was away into November enjoying the snow, while the October leaves were still turning. It hurried up house rent, bills payable, and such things, in such a ruinous way that I could not abide it. I took it to the watch-maker to be regulated. He asked me if I had ever had it repaired. I said no, it had never needed any repairing. He looked a look of vicious happiness and eagerly pried the watch open, and then put a small dice box into his eye and peered into its machinery. He said it wanted cleaning and oiling, besides regulating—come in a week. After being cleaned, and oiled, and regulated, my watch slowed down to that degree that it ticked like a tolling bell. I began to be left by trains, I failed all appointments, I got to missing my dinner; my watch strung out three days' grace to four and let me go to protest; I gradually drifted back into yesterday, then day before, then into last week, and by and by the comprehension came



RECITATION IN COSTUME WITH DANCE ACCOMPANIMENT.

upon me that all solitary and alone I was lingering along in week before last, and the world was out of sight. I seemed to detect in myself a sort of sneaking fellow-feeling for the mummy in the museum, and a desire to swop news with him. I went to a watchmaker again. He took the watch all to pieces while I waited, and then said the barrel was "swelled." He said he could reduce it in three days. After this the watch averaged well, but nothing more. For half a day it would go like the very mischief, and keep up such a barking and wheezing and whooping and sneezing and snorting, that I could not hear myself think for the disturbance; and as long as it held out there was not a watch in the land that stood any chance against it. But the rest of the day it would keep on slowing down and fooling along until all the clocks it had left caught up again. So at last, at the end of twenty-four hours, it would trot up to the judges' stand all right and just in time. It would show a fair and square average, and no man could say it had done more or less than its duty. But a correct average is only a mild virtue in a watch and I took this instrument to another watchmaker. He said the king-bolt was broken. I said I was glad it was nothing more serious. To tell the plain truth, I had no idea what the kingbolt was, but I did not choose to appear ignorant to a stranger. He repaired the kingbolt, but what the watch gained in one way it lost in another. It would run a while and then stop a while, and then run a while again, and so on, using its own discretion about the intervals. And every time it went off it kicked back like a musket. I padded my breast for a few days, but finally took the watch to another watchmaker. He picked it all to pieces, and turned the ruin over and over

under his glass; and then he said there appeared to be something the matter with the hair-trigger. He fixed it, and gave it a fresh start. It did well now, except that always at ten minutes to ten the hands would shut together like a pair of scissors, and from that time forth they would travel together. The oldest man in the world could not make out the time of day by such a watch, and so I went again to have the thing repaired. This person said that the crystal had got bent, and that the mainspring was not straight. He also remarked that part of the works needed half-soling. He made these things all right, and then my timepiece performed unexceptionably, save that now and then she would reel off the next twenty-four hours in six or seven minutes, and then stop with a bang. I went with a heavy heart to one more watchmaker, and looked on while he took her to pieces. Then I prepared to cross-question him rigidly, for the thing was getting serious. The watch had cost two hundred dollars originally, and I seemed to have paid out two or three thousand for repairs. While I waited and looked on I presently recognized in this watchmaker an old acquaintance—a steamboat engineer of other days, and not a good engineer either. He examined all the parts carefully, just as the other watchmakers had done, and then delivered his verdict with the same confidence of manner.

He said: "She makes too much steam—you want to hang the monkey-wrench on the safety-valve!"

I floored him on the spot.

My uncle William (now deceased, alas!) used to say that a good horse was a good horse until it had run away once, and that a good watch was a good watch until the repairers got a chance at it.

—Mark Twain

THE SPOOPENDYKES.

(The old gentleman takes exercise on a bicycle.)

"**N**OW, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, hurrying up to his wife's room, "if you'll come down in the yard I've got a pleasant surprise for you."

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, "what have you got, a horse?"

"Guess again," grinned Mr. Spoopendyke. "It's something like a horse."

"I know! It's a new parlor carpet. That's what it is!"

"No, it isn't either. I said it's something like a horse; that is, it goes when you make it. Guess again."

"Is it paint for the kitchen walls?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, innocently.

"No, it ain't and it ain't a hogshead of stoveblackening, nor a set of dining-room furniture, nor it ain't seven gross of stationary wash tubs. Now guess again."

"Then it must be some lace curtains for the sitting-room windows. Isn't that just splendid?" and Mrs. Spoopendyke patted her husband on both cheeks and danced up and down with delight.

"It's a bicycle, that's what it is!" growled Mr. Spoopendyke. "I bought it for exercise and I'm going to ride it. Come down and see me."

"Well, ain't I glad," ejaculated Mrs. Spoopendyke. "You ought to have more exercise; if there's exercise in anything, it's in a bicycle. Do let's see it!"

Mr. Spoopendyke conducted his wife to the yard and descanted at length on the merits of the machine.

"In a few weeks I'll be able to make a mile a minute," he said, as he steadied the apparatus against the clothes post and prepared to mount. "Now you watch me go to the end of this path."

He got a foot into one treadle and went

head first into a flower patch, the machine on top, with a prodigious crash.

"Hadn't you better tie it up to the post until you get on?" suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Leave me alone, will ye?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke, struggling to an even keel. "I'm doing most of this myself. Now you hold on and keep your mouth shut. It takes a little practice, that's all."

Mr. Spoopendyke mounted again and scuttled along four or five feet and flopped over on the grass plat.

"That's splendid!" commended his wife. "You've got the idea already. Let me hold it for you this time."

"If you've got any extra strength you hold your tongue, will ye?" growled Mr. Spoopendyke. "It don't want any holding. It ain't alive. Stand back and give me room, now."

The third trial Mr. Spoopendyke ambled to the end of the path and went down all in a heap among the flower pots.

"That's just too lovely for anything!" proclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "You made more'n a mile a minute, that time."

"Come and take it off!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke. "Help me up! Blast the bicycle!" and the worthy gentleman struggled and plunged around like a whale in shallow water.

Mrs. Spoopendyke assisted in righting him and brushed him off.

"I know where you make your mistake," said she. "The little wheel ought to go first, like a buggy. Try it that way going back."

"Maybe you can ride this bicycle better than I can," howled Mr. Spoopendyke. "You know all about wheels! What you

need now is a lantern in your mouth and ten minutes behind time to be the City Hall clock! If you had a bucket of water and a handle you'd make a steam grind-stone! Don't you see the big wheel has got to go first?"

"Yes, dear," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, "but I thought if you practiced with the little wheel at first, you wouldn't have so far to fall."

"Who fell?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "Didn't you see me step off? I tripped, that's all. Now you just watch me go back."

Once more Mr. Spoopendyke started in, but the big wheel turned around and looked him in the face, and then began to stagger.

"Look out!" squealed Mrs. Spoopendyke.

Mr. Spoopendyke wrenched away and kicked and struggled, but it was of no avail. Down he came, and the bicycle was a hopeless wreck.

"What'd ye want to yell for!" he shrieked. "Couldn't ye keep your mouth shut? What'd ye think ye are, anyhow, a fog horn? Dod gast the measly bicycle!" and Mr. Spoopendyke hit it a kick that folded it up like a bolt of muslin.

"Never mind, my dear," consoled Mrs. Spoopendyke, "I'm afraid the exercise was too violent anyway, and I'm rather glad you broke it."

"I s'pose so," snorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "There's sixty dollars gone."

"Don't worry love. I'll go without the carpet and curtains, and the paint will do well enough in the kitchen. Let me rub you with arnica."

But Mr. Spoopendyke was too deeply grieved by his wife's conduct to accept any office at her hands, preferring to punish her by letting his wounds smart rather than get well, and thereby relieve her of any anxiety she brought on herself by acting so outrageously under the circumstances.

THAT YALLER GOWN.

(More effective when recited in costume of old time Southern "mammy." Burned cork—for blackening the face and hands use freshly burned cork.)

DAT'S the cutes' pickaninny
Ebber born 'n dis heah town;
Dey's none sich in ole Virginny
As him in dat yaller gown.

Yo' nebber seed a child so keeful
'Bout his close; dey's al'as clean,
Jes' to speck 'em hurts 'im fearful—
De proudest' chile yo' ebber seen.

Bress his heart! jes' heah 'im holler!
Hansum, ain't he? Like his dad;
De gander, now, he's tryin't foller;
Down he goes! Dat makes 'm mad.

Jump up spry now, Alexander!
Keeful. Doan you see dat mud?

Heah m' chile, yo'll riz my dander
If yo sile dat bran new dud!

Stop, dis instep! stop dat sprawlin',
Hi! yo' Alexander Brown!
Dar's a puddle, an' you crawlin'
To'ard it wid yer yaller gown!

See yerself, now, jes' a drippin'
Wid dat black, disgustful sile,
Keeps me half de time a-strippin'
Off yer close—yo' dirty chile.

Come dis way! yes, dat's my taukin—
Nex' time look out whar' yi go;
Yer desarvin' sich a spankin'
As yer nebber had befo'.

Ain't yer 'shamed yer good fo'-nuffin
 Little niggah? Sarved yo' right,
 'Case yer al'as into suffin
 Silin', if it's in yer sight.

Dar; now what's de good o' bawlin'?
 Dat won't slick yer gown agin;
 Yo' air de wustest coon fo' crawlin',
 In de mud, I ebber seen.
 —Charles H. Turner.

BOOH!

(Read at the Literary Congress in Chicago Children's Day.)

ON afternoons, when baby boy has
 had a splendid nap
 And sits, like any monarch on his
 throne, in nurse's lap,
 In this peculiar wise I hold my 'kerchief
 to my face,
 And cautiously and quietly I move about
 the place;
 Then, with a cry, I suddenly expose my
 face to view,
 And you should hear him laugh and crow
 when I say "Booh!"

Sometimes that rascal tries to make
 believe that he is scared,
 And really, when I first began, he stared
 and stared and stared;
 And then his under lip came out and
 further out it came,

Till mamma and the nurse agreed it was
 a "cruel shame."
 But now what does that same wee, tod-
 dling, lisping baby do
 But laugh and kick his little heels when
 I say "Booh!"

He laughs and kicks his little heels in
 rapturous glee, and then
 In shrill, despotic treble bids me "do it
 all aden!"
 And I—of course I do it, for, as his pro-
 genitor,

It is such pretty, pleasant play as this that
 I am for!

And it is, oh, such fun! and I'm sure that
 I shall rue

The time when we are both too old to play
 the game of "Booh!"

—Eugene Field.

BOB AND THE WATCH.

A CHICAGO man made his nephew
 a present last Christmas of a
 watch.

The nephew lives in Indiana. A few
 days after the present the beneficiary of
 the gift sent his uncle a telegram, collect,
 like this:

"Watch received. Does it keep Chi-
 cago or New York time? Bob."

The uncle replied by letter that it
 could be made to keep either. It was
 constructed that way on purpose. Within
 forty-eight hours another dispatch,
 collect, was received by the uncle. It
 was like this:

"Watch an hour ahead Chicago time,
 an hour behind New York. What'll I do?
 "Bob."

The uncle answered that by mail,
 explaining what might be done, and had
 a postscript as follows:

"When you want to know anything
 more about the watch, write—don't
 telegraph. Messages cost money."

Then there was silence for a few days.
 One morning at breakfast the uncle was
 handed a message which read:

"Dear uncle: It won't run at all. I
 scond this night message 'cause it costs
 only half as much as day rate. Bob."

The uncle was annoyed, but amused, at the boy's persistence and curious idea of economy. "I was a boy myself," he said to his elder brother. Then he wrote to Bob to take the watch to the watchmaker, have him fix it, and send the bill to Chicago. Two days later another message:

"Uncle: Man says he don't know you. But he knows me. I'm suffering for time, so I send this by wire. Bob."

The uncle forgot that he had been a boy and wrote his nephew a sharp letter, lecturing him for not observing his request.

"You made a mistake when you presented that boy with a watch," said the uncle's elder brother. "What he needs is a hammer."

"The mischief has been done," said the uncle, "and ex-post facto remarks on your part are out of order."

A few days later another message, night rate:

"Uncle: Shipped watch to you to-night by express. Man here says you can have it mended in Chicago cheaper than he can do it. Bob."

A few hours later a package was laid on the uncle's desk. Charges fifty cents. Of course he raved, put the watch in his desk, and went about his business trying to forget it. Two days later this message:

"Dear uncle: Did you get her? Sent her day before yesterday. Answer.

"Bob."

The uncle took the watch to the firm from which he bought it, left it, wrote to Bob enjoining silence on his part until he received the watch. Then the uncle was called out of town and did not return for three weeks. He found on his desk two frantic messages and two letters from Bob. The office boy had receipted for the messages and left them there. The last message read:

"If I don't get her in two days your conduct in the transaction will be published in our paper. The editor says it's a good one on you. Bob."

The uncle concluded it was diplomacy to answer this by wire. He sent this:

"Bob: Have been out of town. Just returned. Watch goes down to-night.

"Uncle."

Two days later this from Bob (collect):

"Watch received. Not the same watch you sent before. Is this what I read about as a confidence game? I should think you'd be ashamed to play it on your own blood. Bob."

The uncle investigated. The concern had sent the wrong watch. Telegram from uncle to Bob:

"Bob: Watchmaker's mistake. Your own watch goes down to-night. Return other to watchmaker here. Uncle."

Two days later. Message from Bob (collect):

"Uncle: Watch received. I don't know watchmaker's name nor address in Chicago. So I send it to you. Sorry to trouble you. Bob."

The uncle sat down in the same attitude and despair as that described by novelists where the hero gets it in the neck at every turn.

"If I ever see that boy again I will lame him for life," said the uncle to his brother. "That watch has cost me in messages and express charges almost as much as I paid for the dratted thing originally. And the little rascal has gone and told the chain of transactions to the editor of the sheet that is printed in his town."

The brother stroked his beard and said he made it a rule to never make a boy a present of any kind. While this situation was on there came another message. It was from Bob (collect):

"Uncle: Spring in watch snapped and

two of the hands came off. I think I had rather have a pair of skates. Do you care? Bob."

This dispelled the gloom for a moment. Here was a chance to get rid of the watch forever. The uncle answered by wire:

"Bob: Good idea. Push it along. Trade quick. Uncle."

"I reckon that will settle it," said the uncle, as he trimmed his beard.

That night another message from Bob (collect):

"Uncle: Hardware man say he wants a dollar to boot between watch and skates. Answer by wire, as ice may melt. Bob."

"I can't stand this nuisance any longer," thundered the uncle as he ran his hand through his hair. "This boy will drive me mad. I can't look at a telegraph messenger boy on the street

without starting like a frightened animal. What in thunder is there in a boy anyhow?"

His brother, a very cool headed man, seeing that a crisis was at hand, said: "There was a mistake in the whole business—at the start. What you should have done was to have the boy sent here for repairs in place of the watch. I tell you it is the boy."

There was a cold gulf between the two brothers from that moment. They never spoke again until they met in front of an elevator that was not running. The uncle said something about elevators in a country where the frost never grows and the temperature is about the same the year round. The brother said: "Thank you. How's Bob?"

Of course, Bob got the skates. The uncle has the watch. It wouldn't do to leave it in the same town with Bob.

A GIRL'S CONVERSATION OVER THE TELEPHONE.

(As repeated at home.)

I CONSIDER that a conversation by telephone—when you are simply sitting by and not taking any part in that conversation—is one of the solemnest curiosities of this modern life.

Yesterday I was writing a deep article on a sublime philosophical subject while such a conversation was going on in the next room. I notice that one can always write best when somebody is talking through a telephone close by. Well, the thing began in this way. A member of our household came in and asked me to have our house put into communication with Mr. Bagley's down town. I have observed, in many cities, that the gentle sex always shrink from calling up the Central Office themselves. I don't know

why, but they do. So I rang the bell, and this talk ensued:

Central office—"What-number-do-you want?"

I.—"Main 24-68."

C. O.—"Main 2-4-6-3?"

I.—"No, 2-4-6-8."

Then I heard a k-look, k-look, k'look—klook-klook-klook-look-look! Then a horrible "gritting" of teeth, and finally a piping voice:

"Hello?" (rising inflection).

I.—"Hello, is this Mr. Bagley's?"

"Yes, did you wish to speak to me?"

Without answering, I handed the receiver to the applicant, and sat down. Then followed the queerest of all things in the world—a conversation with only

one end to it. You hear questions asked; you don't hear the answer. You hear invitations given; you hear no thanks in return. You have listening pauses of dead silence, followed by apparently irrelevant and unjustifiable exclamations of glad surprise, or sorrow or dismay. You can't make head or tail out of the talk, because you never hear anything that the person at the other end of the wire says. Well, I heard the following series of remarkable observations, all from the one tongue, and all shouted,—for you can't ever persuade the gentle sex to speak gently into a telephone:

"Hello, is that you, Daisy?"

Pause.

"Yes. Why, how did that happen?"

Pause.

"What did you say?"

Pause.

"Oh, no, I don't think it was."

Pause.

"No! Oh, no, I didn't mean that. I did think of getting it, but I don't believe it will stay in style, and—what?—and Charlie just hates that shade of blue, anyway."

Pause.

"What's that?"

"You wouldn't let him dictate to you, at least before you were married?"

Pause.

"Why, my dear, how childish! You don't suppose I'd let him afterwards, do you?"

Pause.

"I turned it over with a back-stitch on the selvage edge."

Pause.

"Yes, I like that way, too; but I think it better to baste it, on with valenciennes, or something of that kind. It gives such an air."

Pause.

"Yes, you know he did pay some attention to Celia."

Pause.

"Why, she threw herself right at his head."

Pause.

"And he told me he always admired me."

Pause.

"Well, he said it seemed as if he never could get anybody to introduce him."

Pause.

"Perhaps so; I generally use a hairpin."

"What did you say?" (Aside) "Children, do be quiet!"

Pause.

"Oh! B flat! Dear me, I thought you said it was the cat!"

Pause.

"Since when?"

Pause.

"Why, I never heard of it."

Pause.

"You astound me! It seems utterly impossible!"

Pause.

"Who did?"

Pause.

"Goodness gracious!"

Pause.

"Well, what is the world coming to? Was it right in church?"

Pause.

"And was her mother there?"

Pause.

"Why, Daisy, I should have died of humiliation! What did they do?"

Long pause.

"I can't be perfectly sure, because I haven't the notes by me; but I think it goes something like this: To-tolly-loll-loll-lee-ly-li-i-do! And then repeat, you know."

Pause.

"Yes, I think it is very sweet—and very

solemn and impressive, if you get the andantino and the pianissimo right."

Pause.

"Did he really say that?"

Pause.

"Yes, I do care for him—what?—but mind you don't tell him, I don't want him to know it."

Pause.

"What?"

Pause.

"Oh, not in the least—go right on. Papa's here, writing,—it doesn't bother him."

Pause.

"Very well, I'll come if I can."

(Aside) "Dear me, papa, how it does tire a person's arm to hold this thing up so long! I wish she'd——"

Pause.

"Oh, no, not at all; I like to talk—but I'm afraid I'm keeping you from your affairs."

Pause.

"Visitors?"

Pause.

"No, we never use butter on them."

Pause.

"Yes, that is a very good way; but all the cook-books say they are very unhealthy when they are out of season. And papa

doesn't like them, anyway,—especially canned."

Pause.

"Yes, I'm going to the concert with him to-night."

"Engaged? why, certainly not."

Pause.

"You know, dear, you'd be the very first one I'd tell."

Pause.

"No, we really are not engaged."

Pause.

"Must you go? Well, good-bye."

Pause.

"Yes, I think so. Good-bye."

Pause.

"Four o'clock, then—I'll be ready. Can Charlie meet us then?"

Pause.

"Oh, that's good. Good-bye."

Pause.

"Thank you ever so much. Good-bye."

Pause.

"Oh, not at all! Just as fresh—which?"

"Oh, I'm glad to hear that. Good-bye."

(Hangs up the receiver and says: "Oh, it does tire a person's arm so.")

A man delivers a single brutal "Good-bye," and that is the end of it. Not so with the gentle sex—I say it in their praise, they cannot abide abruptness.

MORE WAYS THAN ONE TO PRONOUNCE IT.

(Suitable for a girl from ten to fifteen.)

PAR from the crowd they stand apart,
The maidens four and the works
of art;

And none might tell from sight alone,
In which had *culture* ripest grown,—

The Gotham million fair to see,
The Philadelphia Pedigree,

The Boston mind of azure blue
Or the soulful soul from Kalamazoo,—

For all loved art in a seemly way,
With an earnest soul and a capital *A*.

Long they worshiped; but no one broke
The sacred stillness, until up spoke

The Western one from the nameless *place*,
Who blushing said: "What a lovely
vace!"

Over their faces a sad smile flew,
And they edged away from Kalamazoo.

But Gotham's haughty soul was stirred
To crush the stranger with one small
word.

So deftly hiding reproof in *praise*,
She cries, "'Tis indeed a lovely *vase*!"

But brief her unworthy triumph when
The lofty one from the home of Penn,
With the consciousness of two *grandpapas*,

Exclaimed, "It is quite a lovely *vahs*."

And glances round with an anxious thrill,
Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.

But the Boston maid smiles courteouslee,
And gently murmurs, "Oh, pardon me!

"I did not catch your remark,—*because*
I was so entranced with that charming
vaws!"

THE IRISH PHILOSOPHER.

(Excellent when recited by a young man who can imitate the Irish brogue.)

LADIES and Gentlemen. I see so many foine lookin' people sittin' before me, that if you'll excuse me I'll be after takin' a seat meself. You don't know me, I'm thinkin', as some of yees 'ud be noddin' to me afore this. I'm a walkin' pedestrian, a traveling philosopher. Terry O'Milligan's me name. I'm from Dublin, where many philosophers before me was raised and bred. Oh, philosophy is a foine study! I don't know anything about it, but it's a foine study! Before I kim over I attended an important meetin' of philosophers in Dublin, and the discussin' and talkin' you'd hear there about the world 'ud warm the very heart of Socrates or Aristotle himself. Well, there was a great many imminent and learned min there at the meetin', and I was there too, and while we was in the very thickest of a heated argument, one comes up to me and says he: "Do you know what we're talkin' about?" "I do," says I, "but I don't understand yees." "Could ye explain the sun's motion around the earth?" says he. "I could," says I, "but I'd not know could you understand or not." "Well," says he, "we'll see," says he. Sure'n I didn't know anything how to get out of it then, so I piled in, "for," says I, to myself, "never let on to any one that

you don't know anything, but make them believe that you do know all about it." So I says to him, takin' up me shillalah this way (holding a very crooked stick perpendicular), "We'll take that for the straight line of the earth's equator"—how's that for gohography? (to the audience). Ah, that was straight till the other day I bent it in an argument. "Wery good," says he. "Well," says I, "now the sun rises in the east" (placing the disengaged hand at the east end of the stick). Well, he couldn't deny that. "And when he gets up he

Darts his rosy beams
Through the morning gleams."

Do you moind the poetry there? (to the audience, with a smile). "And he keeps on risin' and risin' till he reaches his meriden." "What's that?" says he. "His dinner-toime," says I; "sure that's my Latin for dinner-toime, and when he gets his dinner

He sinks to rest
Behind the glorious hills of the West."

Oh, begorra, there's more poetry! I fail it creepin' out all over me. "There," says I, well satisfied with myself; "will that do for ye?" "You haven't got done with him yet," says he. "Done with

him," says I, kinder mad like, "what more do you want me to do with him? Didn't I bring him from the east to the west? What more do you want?" "Oh," says he, "you'll have to bring him back again to the east to rise next mornin'."

By Saint Patrick! and wasn't I near betrayin' me ignorance? Sure'n I thought there was a large family of suns, and they rise one after the other. But I gathered meself quick, and, says I to

him, "Well," says I, "I'm surprised you axed me that simple question. I thought any man 'ud know," says I, "when the sun sinks to rest in the west—when the sun——" says I. "You said that before," says he. "Well, I want to press it stronger upon you," says I. "When the sun sinks to rest in the east—no, west—why, he—why, he waits till it grows dark, and then he goes back in the noight toime!"

WHAT WOULD YOU CALL IT?

(To be recited with dash.)

I HAD sworn to be a bachelor, she had sworn to be a maid,
For we quite agreed in doubting whether matrimony paid.

Besides, we had our higher aims, fair science filled my heart,
And she said her young affections were all wound up in art.

So we laughed at those wise men who say friendship cannot live
'Twixt man and woman unless each has something more to give.

We would be friends, and friends as true as e'er were man and man,
I'd be a second David, and she Miss Jonathan.

We liked each other, that was all, quite all there was to say,
So we just shook hands upon it in a business sort of way;
We shared our sorrows and our joys; together hoped and feared,
With common purpose sought the goal which young ambition reared.

We dreamed together of the days, the dream-bright days to come,
We were strictly confidential, and we called each other "chum";

And many a day we wandered together o'er the hills—

I seeking bugs and butterflies, and she the ruined mills,

And rustic bridges and the like, which picture-makers prize

To run in with their waterfalls and groves and sunny skies;

And many a quiet evening in hours of happy ease

We floated down the river, or strolled beneath the trees,

And talked in long gradation, from the poets to the weather,

While the western sun and my cigar burned slowly out together.

But through it all no whispered word, no tell-tale glance or sigh

Told aught of warmer sentiment than friendly sympathy;

We talked of love as coldly as we talked of nebulae,

And thought no more of being one than we did of being three.

"Well, good-bye, old fellow!"—I took her hand, for the time had come to go.

My going meant our parting, when to meet we did not know.

I had lingered long and said farewell with
a very heavy heart,
For though we were but friends, you
know 'tis hard for friends to part.

"Well, good-bye, old fellow! Don't forget
your friends across the sea,
And some day when you've lots of time,
just drop a line to me."

The words came lightly, gaily, but a great
sob just behind

Welled upward with a story of quite a
different kind.

And then she raised her eyes to mine,
great liquid eyes of blue,
Filled to the brim and running over like a
violet cup of dew.

One long, long look, and then I did what
I never did before—

Perhaps the tears meant friendship, but I
know the kiss meant *more*.

A KENTUCKY "WATER-MILLION."

(To be recited in costume, face and hands blackened, plain dress, white apron and bandanna on head.)

YOU, Wi'yam, cum 'ere, suh, dis
instance. Wu' dat you got
under dat box?

I do' want no foolin'—you hear me?
Wut you say? Ain't nu'h'n' but
rocks?

Pears ter me you'e owdashus p'ticler.
S'posin' dey's uv a new kine?

I'll des take a look at dem rocks. Hi, yi!
der you think dat I's bline?

I calls dat a plain water-million, you
scamp, en I knows whah it growed;
It cum fum de Jimmerson cawn fiel', dah
on ter side er de road.

You stole it, you rascal—you stole it! I
watched you fum down in de lot.

En time I gets th'ough wid you, nigger,
you won't eb'n be a grease spot!

I'll fix you. Mirandy! Mirandy! go cut
me a hick'ry—make 'ase!

En cut me de toughes' en keenes' you c'n
fine anywhah on de place.

I'll larn you, Mr. Wi'yam Joe Veters, ter
steal en ter lie, you young sinner,

Disgracin' yo' old Christian mammy, en
makin' her leave cookin' dinner!

Now ain't you ashamed er yo'se'f, sur?
I is. I's 'shamed you's my son!

En de holy accorjan angel he's 'shamed
er wut you has done;

En he's tuk it down yp yander in coal-
black, blood-red letters—

"One water-million stoles by Wi'yam
Josephus Veters."

En wut you s'posen Brer Bascom, yo'
teacher at Sunday school,

'Ud say ef he knowed how you's broke de
good Lawd's Gol'n Rule?

Boy, whah's de raisin' I give you? Is you
boun' fuh ter be a black villiun?

I's s'prised dat a chile er yo' mammy 'ud
steal any man's water-million.

En I's now gwiner cut it right open, en
yo' shain't have nary bite,

Fuh a boy who'll steal water-millions—en
dat in de day's broad light—

Ain't—Lawdy! it's green! Mirandy!
Mirandy! come 'n wi' dat switch!

Well, stealin' a g-r-e-e-n water-million!
who ever yhered tell or des sich?

Cain't tell w'en dey's ripe? W'y, you
thump 'um, en w'en dey go pank dey
is green;

But w'en dey go punk, now you mine me,
dey's ripe—en dat's des wut I mean.

En nex' time you hook water-millions—
you heered me, you ign'ant, you
hunk,

Ef you do' want a lickin' all over, be sho
dat dey allers go "punk"!

THE FOURTH OF JULY AT JONESVILLE.

(Abridged.)

THE celebration was held in Josiah's sugar-bush, an' I meant to be on the ground in good season; for when I have jobs I dread I'm for takin' 'em by the forelock, an' grapplin' with 'em at once. But as I was bakin' my last plum-puddin' an' chicken-pie, the folks begun to stream by. I'd no idee there could be so many folks scairt up in Jonesville. Thinks I to myself, I wonder if they'd flock out that way to a prayer-meetin'. But they kep' a-comin', all kinds of folks, in all kinds of vehicles, from a six-horse team down to peacible lookin' men an' wimmen drawin' baby-wagons.

There was a stagin' built in most the center of the grove for the leadin' men of Jonesville, an' some board seats all round it for the folks to set on. As Josiah owned the ground, he was invited to set up on to the stagin'. An' as I glanced up at that man every little while throughout the day, thinks I proudly to myself, "There may be nobler lookin' men there, and men that weigh more by the steel-yards; but there hain't a man there that's got on a whiter shirt-bosom than Josiah Allen has."

About noon Prof. Aspire Todd walked slowly onto the ground, arm in arm with the editor of the "Gimlet," old Mr. Bobbett follerin' close behind. As they stepped up onto the stagin', the band struck up "Hail to the Chief, that in Triumph Advances." As soon as it stopped playin' the editor came forrard an' said: "Fellow-citizens of Jonesville, and the adjacent and surroundin' country, I have the honor of introducin' to you the orator of the day—Prof. Aspire Todd, Esq."

Professor Todd came forrard, an' made a low bow. "Brethren and sisters of Jonesville, friends and patrons of Liberty: I am not here, fellow-citizens, to outrage your feelin's by triflin' remarks. I am not here, male patrons, to lead your noble, and you, female patrons, your tender, footsteps into the flowery fields of useless rhetorical eloquence. But I *am* here to present a few plain truths, in a manner suited to the most illimitable comprehension."

"Jess so," shouted old Bobbett—who was a-settin' on a bench, right under the speaker's stand—"Jess so! so we be!"

Professor Todd looked down on him in a troubled kind of a way, an' then went on: "Let us, then, noble brethren in the broad field of humanity, let us rise. Let us prove that mind is superior to matter."

"Yes, less prove ourselves."

Professor Todd stopped stone still, an' his face got as red as blood. He dranked several swallows o' water, an' then whispered a few words to the editor of the "Gimlet," who immediately came forrard an' said, "Although it is a scene of touchin' beauty, to see an old gentleman, and especially a bald-headed one, give such remarkable proofs of his love of eloquence—still, as it is the request of my young friend, the orator of the day (and when I say young friend I am proud to say so concerning one so gifted and so noble)—as it is his request, I would beg to be permitted to hint that if the bald-headed old gentleman in the linen coat would conceal his enthusiasm, and suppress his applause during the remainder of the speech, he would confer a favor on my young friend, the orator of the day, and through him to Jonesville, and

through Jonesville to America, and so to the great cause of humanity throughout the length and breadth of the land."

Professor Todd contin'ed after this without any more interruption, till most the last, when he wanted the people of Jonesville to "drown black care in the deep waters of oblivion. Not mind her mad throes of dissolvin' bein', but let the deep waters cover her black head an' march onward!"

An' then the old gentleman forgot himself an' jumped right up and hollered out: "Yes, drown'd the black cat! Hold her head under! There'll be cats enough left after she's gone! Do as he tells ye—drown'd the black cat!"

Professor Todd finished in a few words, an' sot down lookin' pretty gloomy and morbid.

The next speaker was a large, healthy-lookin' man, who talked against wimmin's right. He didn't bring up no new arguments, but talked as they all do who oppose 'em—about wimmin outragin' an' destroyin' their modesty, by bein' seen in the same street with a man once every 'lection day. He talked grand about how woman's weakness aroused all the shivelry an' nobility of a man's nater; an' how it was his dearest an' most sacred privilege an' happiness to pertect her from even a summer's breeze. Why, before he had got through, a stranger from another world, who hadn't never seen a woman, wouldn't 'a' had the least idee that they was made of the same kind of clay that a man was; but he'd 'a' thought they was made out of some sort o' thin gauze, which was liable to blow away any minute. He called wimmin every pretty name he could think of, an' says he, a-wavin' his hands in the air in a wrappid eloquence, "Shall these weak, helpless creatures, these angels, these

seraphims, these sweetly cooin' doves, whose only mission is to sweetly coo—shall these rainbows, these posys, vote? Never! my brethren, will we lay such hardships onto them. Never, never, never!"

Just as they was concludin' their frantic cheers over his speech, a thin, feeble-lookin' woman come by where I stood, drawin' a large baby-wagon with two children in it. She also carried one in her arms. She looked so beat out an' so ready to drop down, that I got up and gave her my seat, and says I, "You look ready to fall down."

"Am I too late—to hear—my husband's—speech?"

"Is that your husband that is laughin' an' talkin' with that air pretty girl?"

"Yes."

"Wall, he's just finished."

She looked ready to cry. An', as I took the lame child out of her breakin' arms, says I, "This is too hard for you."

"Oh, I wouldn't mind gettin' 'em onto the ground; I hain't hed only three miles to bring 'em. That wouldn't be much, if it wasn't for the work I hed to do before I come."

"Why, what did you have to do?"

"Oh, I hed to fix him off, an' brush his clothes, an' black his boots, an' then I did up all my work; an' then I hed to go out and lay up six lengths o' fence—the cattle got into the corn yesterday, and he was so busy writin' his piece he couldn't fix it—an' then I had to mend his thick coat, in the wagon there, he didn't know but he should want it to wear home. He knew he was goin' to make a great exertion. He's dretful easy to take cold."

"Why didn't he help you along with these 'ere children?"

"Oh, he said he had to make a great effort, an' he wanted to have his mind

free and clear. He is one of the kind that can't have their minds trammelled."

"It would do him good to be trammelled hard!"

"Don't speak so of him."

"Are you satisfied with his doin's?"

"Oh, yes. You don't know how beautiful he can talk."

I said no more, for it is a rule of my life not to make no disturbance in families. But the glances I cast at him an' the pretty girl he was a-talkin' with, was cold enough to freeze 'em both.

The editor then came forrard and said: "Before we leave this festive grove I am requested to announce that a poem will be recited by one of the fair young ladies of our town, which is dedicated to the Goddess of Liberty; and was transposed for its present purposes by another female, who desires that her name shall be no further disclosed than the initials, 'B. B.'"

Sophrony Gowdey then came forrard, an' recited the follerin' lines:

"Before all causes East or West,
I love the Liberty cause the best,
I love its cheerful greetin's.
No joys on earth can e'er compare
With those pure pleasures that we share
At Jonesville Liberty greetin's—meetin's—
greet—no, meetin's.

To all the world I give my hand,
My heart is with that chosen band,
The Jonesville Liberty Brothers—
The Jonesville Liberty Brothers—
May every land preserved be,
Each land that dotes on Liberty,
Jonesville before all others."

Lawyer Nugent then got up an' said: "That whereas, The speaking was now foreclosed, or, in other words, finished, he motioned they should adjourn to the dinner-table, as the fair committee had

signified by a snowy signal that fluttered like a dove of promise above waves of emerald, or, in other words, a towel tied to the branch of a tree, that dinner was forthcoming, whereas, he motioned that they adjourn to the aforesaid dinner-table."

Old Mr. Bobbett an' the editor of the "Gimlet" seconded the motion at the same time; and Shakespeare Bobbett, wantin' to do somethin' in a public way, got up an' motioned, "That they proceed to the tables by the usual road." But as there wan't any other road for 'em to take unless they waded the creek, that didn't seem hardly necessary. Nobody took no notice of it, though, so 'twas just as well.

The picnic never broke up till most night, an' if there was ever a beat-out creetur, I was. I jest dropped my dilapidated form into the rocking-chair with a red cushion, an' says I, "There needn't be another word said. I'll never go to another Fourth of July as long as my name's Josiah Allen's wife."

"You hain't patriotic enough, Samantha. You don't love your country."

"What good's it done to the country to hev my dress all tore to pieces? Look at my bunnit and cape! Anybody ought to be iron-clad to stand it. Look at my dishes," says I.

"I guess the old heroes of the Revolution went through more'n that."

"Wall, I hain't an old hero."

"Wall, ye can honor 'em, can't ye?"

"Honor 'em! Josiah Allen, what good's it done to old Mr. Lafayette to hev my new earthen pie-plates all smashed to bits, and a couple o' tines broke off'n one of my best forks? What good has it done to Thomas Jefferson to have my lawn dress tore? What honor has it been to George Washington to have my straw bonnet flattened down tight to

my head? I am sick of all this talk about honorin' these old heroes, and goin' through all these performances to please 'em; fer if they're in Heaven, they can get along without hearin' the Jonesville brass band play, and if they hain't, they are probably where fireworks hain't much of a rarity to 'em."—Josiah Allen's wife.

GONE WITH A HANDSOMER MAN.

(Scene: A home-like living-room. Properties suggested by the poem: John in farm working clothes; Jane in hat and shawl, which she throws aside as she enters.)

JOHN.

I'VE worked in the field all day, a-plowin' the "stony streak";
I've scolded my team till I'm hoarse;
I've tramped till my legs are weak;
I've choked a dozen swears (so's not to tell Jane fibs),
When the plow-pint struck a stone, and the handles punched my ribs.

I've put my team in the barn, and rubbed their sweaty coats;
I've fed 'em a heap of hay and a half a bushel of oats;
And to see the way they eat makes me like eatin' feel,
And Jane won't say to-night that I don't make out a meal.

Well said! the door is locked! but here she's left the key,
Under the step, in a place known only to her and me;
I wonder who's dyin' or dead, that she's hustled off pell-mell;
But here on the table's a note, and probably this will tell.

Good God! my wife is gone! my wife is gone astray!
The letter it says, "Good-bye, for I'm going away;
I've lived with you six months, John, and so far I've been true;

But I'm going away to-day with a handsomer man than you."

A han'somer man than me! Why, that ain't much to say;
There's han'somer men than me go past here every day.
There's han'somer men than me—I ain't of the han'some kind;
But a *loven'er* man than I was, I guess she'll never find.

And when her face grows pale, and when her eyes grow dim,
And when he is tired of her and she is tired of him,
She'll do what she ought to have done, and coolly count the cost;
And then she'll see things clear, and know what she has lost.

And thoughts that are now asleep will wake up in her mind,
And she will mourn and cry for what she has left behind;
And maybe she'll sometimes long for me—for me—but no!
I've blotted her out of my heart, and I will not have it so.

And yet in her girlish heart there was somethin' or other she had
That fastened a man to her, and wasn't entirely bad;

And she loved me a little, I think,
although it didn't last;
But I mustn't think of these things—I've
buried 'em in the past.

I'll take my hard words back, nor make a
bad matter worse;
She'll have trouble enough; she shall not
have my curse;
But I'll live a life so square—and I well
know that I can—
That she always will sorry be that she
went with that han'somer man.

Ah, here is her kitchen dress! It
makes my poor eyes blur;
It seems when I look at that, as if 'twas
holdin' her.
And here are her week-day shoes, and
there is her week-day hat,
And yonder's her weddin' gown; I wonder
she didn't take that.

'Twas only this mornin' she came and
called me her "dearest dear,"
And said I was makin' for her a regular
paradise here;
O God! if you want a man to sense the
pains of hell,
Before you pitch him in just keep him in
heaven a spell!

Good-bye! I wish that death had severed
us two apart,
You've lost a worshiper here, you've
crushed a lovin' heart.
I'll worship no woman again; but I guess
I'll learn to pray,
And kneel as *you* used to do before you
ran away.

And if I thought I could bring my words
on heaven to bear,
And if I thought I had some little influ-
ence there,

I would pray that I might be, if it only
could be so,
As happy and gay as I was a half hour
ago.

JANE (entering).

Why, John, what a litter here! you've
thrown things all around!
Come, what's the matter now? and what
have you lost or found?
And here's my father here, a-waiting for
supper, too;
I've been a-riding with him—he's that
"handsomer man than you."

Ha! ha! Pa, take a seat, while I put the
kettle on,
And get things ready for tea, and kiss my
dear old John.
Why, John, you look so strange! Come,
what has crossed your track?
I was only a-joking, you know; I'm will-
ing to take it back. [Exit.

JOHN.

Well, now, if this *ain't* a joke, with rather
a bitter cream!
It seems as if I'd woke from a mighty
ticklish dream;
And I think she "smells a rat," for she
smiles at me so queer,
I hope she don't; good gracious! I hope
that they didn't hear!


'Twas one of her practical drives—she
thought I'd understand!
But I'll never break sod again till I get
the lay of the land.
But one thing's settled with me—to
appreciate heaven well,
'Tis good for a man to have some fifteen
minutes of hell.

—Will Carleton.

THE CHARITY DINNER.

A MONOLOGUE.

(Time: Half-past six o'clock. Place: The London Tavern. Occasion: Fifteenth Annual Festival of the Society for the Distribution of Blankets and Top-boots among the Natives of the Cannibal Islands.)

 N entering the room we find more than two hundred noblemen and gentlemen already assembled; and the number is increasing every minute. The preparations are now complete, and we are in readiness to receive the chairman. After a short pause, a little door at the end of the room opens, and the great man appears, attended by an admiring circle of stewards and toadies, carrying white wands like a parcel of charity-school boys bent on beating the bounds. He advances smilingly to his post at the principal table, amid deafening and long-continued cheers.

The dinner now makes its appearance, and we yield up ourselves to the enjoyments of eating and drinking. These important duties finished, and grace having been beautifully sung by the vocalists, the real business of the evening commences. The usual loyal toasts having been given, the noble chairman rises, and after passing his fingers through his hair, places his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, gives a short preparatory cough, accompanied by a vacant stare round the room, and commences as follows:

“My Lords and Gentlemen: It is with feelings of mingled pleasure and regret that I appear before you this evening; of pleasure to find that this excellent and world-wide-known society is in so promising a condition; and of regret that you have not chosen a worthier chairman; in fact, one who is more capable than myself of dealing with a subject of such vital importance as this. (Loud cheers.) But, although I may be unworthy of the

honor, I am proud to state that I have been a subscriber to this society from its commencement; feeling sure that nothing can tend more to the advancement of civilization, social reform, fireside comfort, and domestic economy among the Cannibals, than the diffusion of blankets and top-boots. (Tremendous cheering, which lasts for several minutes.) Here in this England of ours, which is an island surrounded by water, as I suppose you all know—or, as our great poet so truthfully and beautifully expresses the same fact, ‘England bound in by the triumphant sea’—what, down the long vista of years, have conduced more to our successes in arms, and arts, and song, than blankets? Indeed, I never gaze upon a blanket without my thoughts reverting fondly to the days of my early childhood. Where should we all have been now but for those warm and fleecy coverings?

“My Lords and Gentlemen: Our first and tender memories are all associated with blankets; blankets when in our nurses’ arms, blankets in our cradles, blankets in our cribs, blankets to our French bedsteads in our school days, and blankets to our marital four-posters now. Therefore, I say, it becomes our bounden duty as men—and, with feelings of pride, I add, as Englishmen—to initiate the untutored savage, the wild and somewhat uncultivated denizen of the prairie, into the comfort and warmth of blankets; and to supply him, as far as practicable, with those reasonable, seasonable, luxurious and useful appendages. At such a moment as this, the lines of another poet

strike familiarly upon the ear. Let me see, they are somewhat like this—ah—ah—

'Blankets have charms to soothe the savage breast,
And to—to do—a——'

I forget the rest. (Loud cheers.)

"My Lords and Gentlemen! I will not trespass on your patience by making any further remarks; knowing how incompetent I am—no, no! I don't mean that—knowing how incompetent you all are—no! I don't mean that either—but you all know what I mean. Like the ancient Roman lawgiver, I am in a peculiar position; for the fact is, I cannot sit down—I mean to say, that I cannot sit down without saying that, if there ever *was* an institution, it is *this* institution; and therefore, I beg to propose 'Prosperity to the Society for the Distribution of Blankets and Top-boots among the Natives of the Cannibal Islands.' "

The toast having been cordially responded to, his lordship calls upon Mr. Duffer, the secretary, to read the report. Whereupon that gentleman, who is of a bland and oily temperament, and whose eyes are concealed by a pair of green spectacles, produces the necessary document, and reads in the orthodox manner:

"Thirtieth Half-Yearly Report of the Society for the Distribution of Blankets and Top-boots to the Natives of the Cannibal Islands."

The reading concluded, the secretary resumes his seat amid hearty applause, which continues until Mr. Alderman Gobbleton rises, and, in a somewhat lengthy and discursive speech—in which the phrases, "the Corporation of the City of London," "suit and service," "ancient guild," "liberties and privileges," and

Court of Common Council," figure fre-

quently—states that he agrees with everything the noble chairman has said; and has, moreover, never listened to a more comprehensive and exhaustive document than the one just read; which is calculated to satisfy even the most obtuse and hard-headed of individuals.

Gobbleton is a great man in the city. He has either been lord mayor, or sheriff, or something of the sort; and, as a few words of his go a long way with his friends and admirers, his remarks are very favorably received.

"Clever man, Gobbleton!" says a common councilman, sitting near us, to his neighbor, a languid swell of the period.

"Ya-as, vewy! Wemarkable style of owatowy—gwheat fluency," replies the other.

But attention, if you please!—for M. Hector de Longuebeau, the great French writer, is on his legs. He is staying in England for a short time, to become acquainted with our manners and customs.

"Milors and Gentlemans!" commences the Frenchman, elevating his eyebrows and shrugging his shoulders. "Milors and Gentlemans—You excellent chairman, M. le Baron de Mount-Stuart, he have to say to me, 'Make de toast.' Den I say to him I have no toast to make; but he nudge my elbow very soft, and say dat dere is one toast dat nobody but von Frenchman can make proper; and, darfore, wid your kind permission, I vill make de toast. 'De brevete is de sole of de feet,' as your great philosophere, Dr. Johnson, do say, in dat amusing little work of his, de Pronouncing Dictionaire; and, darfore, I vill not say ver moch to de point. Ven I was a boy, about so moch tall, and used for to promenade the streets of Marseilles et of Rouen, vid no feet to put onto my shoe, I nevere to have expose dat dis day vould to have arrive.

I was to begin de world as von garcon—or what you call in dis countrie von vaitaire in a cafe—vere I vork ver hard, vid no habillements at all to put onto myself, and ver little food to eat, excep' von old blue blouse vat vas give to me by de proprietaire, just for to keep myself fit to be showed at; but tank goodness, tings dey have change ver moch for me since dat time, and I have rose myself, soulevant par mon industrie et perseverance. (Loud cheers.) Ah! mes amis! ven I hear to myself de flowing speech, de oration magnifique of you Lor' Maire, Monsieur Gobbledown, I feel dat it is von great privilege for von stranger to sit at de same table, and to eat de same food, as dat grand, dat majestic man, who are de terreur of de voleurs and de brigands of de metropolis; and who is also, I for to suppose, a halterman and de chief of you common scoundrel. Milors and gentlemen, I feel dat I can perspire to no greatare honeur dan to be von common scoundrelman myself; but alas! dat plassir are not for me, as I are not free-

man of your great city, not von liveryman servant of von of you compagnies joint-stock. But I must not forget de toast. Milors and Gentlemans! De immortal Shakispeare he have write, 'De ding of beauty are de joy for nevermore.' It is de ladies who are de toast. Vat is more entrancing dan de charmante smile, de soft voice, de vinking eye of de beautiful lady! It is de ladies who do sweeten de cares of life. It is de ladies who are de guiding stars of our existence. It is de ladies who do cheer but not inebriate, and, darefore, vid all homage to dere sex, de toast dat I have to propose is, 'De Ladies! God bless dem all!'"

And the little Frenchman sits down amid a perfect tempest of cheers.

A few more toasts are given, the list of subscriptions is read, a vote of thanks is passed to the noble chairman; and the Fifteenth Annual Festival of the Society for the Distribution of Blankets and Top-boots among the Natives of the Cannibal Islands is at an end.

THE RUNAWAY BOY.

(James Whitcomb Riley related the following incident when introducing Richard Malcolm Johnston to an Indianapolis audience. Mr. Johnston, a popular southern author, was giving a public reading from his own writings.)

THERE was once a boy, an aggrieved, unappreciated boy, who grew to dislike his own home very much and found his parents not at all up to the standard of his requirements as a son and disciplinarian. He brooded over the matter, and one morning before breakfast climbed over the back fence and ran away. He thought of the surprise and remorse of his parents when they discovered that he had indeed gone, and he pictured with rainbow colors the place he would make for himself in the world. He would show his

parents that he would not brook their ill-treatment, and that he could get along better without them than they could without him. Some way this feeling of exhilaration died out as the long, hot day wore on. There came a time when other boys went home to dinner. He raided a neighboring orchard. The afternoon seemed endless. A knotted, rigid sort of an aching spot came into his throat that seemed to hurt worse when he didn't notice it than when he did. It was a very curious, self-assertive, opinionated sort of a pain.

It was nearly dark when the struggle was given up and the boy slowly walked along the dusty road towards home. When he reached the woodpile he gathered up a load of wood and carried it in with him. The hired girl was washing dishes, but she did not seem glad to see him; in fact, did not seem to have noticed that he had been away. He sauntered carelessly into the pantry, but the cupboard was locked. Then he walked straight into the old sitting-room. His father didn't look up from his paper; his mother was busy sewing.

He sat meekly down on the edge of a chair. Why didn't somebody say something? He was ready to be scolded or

punished, anything rather than this terrible silence. If the clock would only strike it would be a relief. He heard the boys shouting far down the street, but had no desire to join them—no, never again in the world. He just wanted to stay in of nights, right there at home, always. He coughed and moved to attract attention, but no one heard him or looked up. He could not remember any prior silence that at all approached it in point of such profundity of depth and density of hush. He felt that he himself must break it. Assuming an air of careless naturalness and old-time ease, he airily remarked: "I see you've got the same old cat."

THE PARTING LOVERS.

GOOD-NIGHT, sweetheart! It can't be ten, I know;
That clock would better "go a little slow"!

I do not see how it can have the face
To take "new deals" at such a rapid pace.
Full well I know ten minutes have not flown

Since it struck nine! Good-night, my love, my own!

"Good-night, Charlie!"

Oh, yes; last night, while going down Broadway,

Whom do you think I met? Dick Gray!
Just home from Europe! You should hear him talk!

'Twould make a mummy laugh to see him walk!

He struts around with such a killing air.
Ha! ha! Good-night, my love, my jewel rare.

"Good night, Charlie!"

Oh, Katie! wait, dear; I forgot to tell
You something. Let me think! That's funny! Well,

It's gone, and in a moment so am I.

My darling, how I hate to say good-bye!

Some fellows would much later stay, I know;

But "Ten" your mother says; so I must go.

"Good-night, Charlie!"

Sometime, bewitching Kate,—ah! sometime, sweet,—

"Good-bye" shall we consider obsolete;

No more will clocks strike terror to my heart,

And in exultant tones bid me depart.

Ah! now, like Cinderella at the ball,
I fly from happiness! Good-night, my all!

"Good-night, Charlie!"

Oh, Katie, dear, is't too much trouble,
think,

To get a match? I could not sleep a
wink

Without my smoke. It is a lovely night,
So clear and sweet, and it is just as
bright

As day. Well, I must tear myself
away.

Thanks, dear! Good-night, once more
I'll say!

"Good-night, Charlie!"

Oh, dear! How stupid of me! There's
my cane—

I must come back and get it! Should it
rain

To-morrow eve, will come and let you
know

About the party; if not, we'll go.

Hark! Catch me ere I fall! Oh! what a
shock!

It strikes again! Good-night! Confound
that clock!

"Good-night, Charlie!"

THE NEW CHURCH ORGAN.

(Costume of an elderly woman—cap, spectacles and powdered hair.)

THEY'VE got a bran new organ,
Sue,

For all their fuss and search;
They've done just as they said they'd do,
And fetched it into church.

They're bound the critter shall be seen,
And on the preacher's right,

They've hoisted up their new machine
In everybody's sight.

They've got a chorister and choir,
Ag'n my voice and vote;

For it was never my desire,
To praise the Lord by note!

I've been a sister good an' true,
For five and thirty year;

I've done what seemed my part to do,
An' prayed my duty clear;

I've sung the hymns both slow and quick,
Just as the preacher read;

And twice, when Deacon Tubbs was sick,
I took the fork an' led.

And now their bold, new-fangled ways,
Is comin' all about;

And I, right in my latter days,
Am fairly crowded out!

To-day, the preacher, good old dear,
With tears all in his eyes,

Read—"I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,"—

I al'ays liked that blessed hymn—
I s'pose I al'ays will;

It somehow gratifies my whim,
In good old "Ortonville";

But when that choir got up to sing,
I couldn't catch a word;

They sung the most senseless thing
A body ever heard!

Some worldly chaps was standin' near,
And when I seed them grin,

I bid farewell to every fear,
And boldly waded in.

I thought I'd chase their tune along,
An' tried with all my might;

But though my voice is good an' strong,
I couldn't steer it right;

When they was high, then I was low,
An' also contra'wise;

And I too fast, or they too slow,
To "mansions in the skies."

An' after every verse, you know,
They played a little tune;

I didn't understand, an' so
I started in too soon.

I pitched it pretty middlin' high,
I fetched a lusty tone,

But oh, alas! I found that I
 Was singing there alone!
 They laughed a little, I am told,
 But I had done my best;
 And not a wave of trouble rolled
 Across my peaceful breast.

And sister Brown—I could but look—
 She sits right front of me;
 She never was no singin' book,
 An' never meant to be;
 But then, she's al'ays tried to do
 The best she could, she said;
 She understood the time right through,
 An' kep' it with her head;
 But when she tried this mornin', oh,
 I had to laugh, or cough—
 It kep' her head a-bobbin' so,
 It e'en a'most came off!

An' Deacon Tubbs,—he all broke down,
 As one might well suppose,
 He took one look at Sister Brown,
 And meekly scratched his nose.

He looked his hymn book through and
 through
 An' laid it on the seat,
 An' then a pensive sigh he drew,
 An' looked completely beat.
 An' when they took another bout,
 He didn't even rise,
 But drewed his red bandanner out,
 An' wiped his weepin' eyes.

I've been a sister, good an' true,
 For five and thirty year;
 I've done what seemed my part to do,
 And prayed my duty clear;
 But death will stop my voice, I know,
 For he is on my track;
 And some day, I to church will go
 And never more come back.
 And when the folks gets up to sing—
 When'er that time shall be—
 I do not want no *patent* thing
 A-squealin' over me!

—Will M. Carleton.

THE FATE OF CHARLOTTE RUSSE.

(A little girl enters, carrying a large doll.)

MY mamma to my papa said,
 "To-day the Lenten season
 ends."

My papa to my mamma said,
 "To-night, my love, we'll dine som
 friends.

"Some soup and fish we'll have," he said;
 "A roast duck and, perhaps, a goose."
 "Some wine and fruit," my mamma said,
 "And then a little Charlotte Russe."

"Charlotte Russe," with great delight
 I told it to my doll: "Dear Pearl,
 Before we go to bed to-night,
 We'll see this little stranger girl.

"This lovely little stranger girl,
 With all her frills and flounces spruce;

I long to meet her, darling Pearl,
 I'm sure you'll dote on Charlotte
 Russe."

So, after awhile, when all was calm,
 And nurse busy with her broom,
 I took my dolly on my arm
 And stole down to the dining-room.

My, how the waxen lights did shine!
 The guests had finished all the goose,
 And some were taking fruits and wine,
 I looked around for Charlotte Russe.

But there was only papa there,
 And Mr. Black and Mr. Brown,
 And Mr. Gray, of Grayville square,
 And Mr. Greene, of Greenwich town.

You may be sure, my face got red,
 I pulled my sash till it got loose,
 Then crept up close to pa and said,
 "Please, papa, where is Charlotte
 Russe?"

Old Mr. Black, he sat and smiled
 At Mr. Greene and Mr. Gray;
 And Mr. Brown said, "Bless the child,
 The cakes have all been taken away."

But papa pressed me to his side,
 And whispered, "Shame, you little
 puss";

Then rolling up his eyes, he cried,
 "We've gone and eaten Charlotte
 Russe "

Oh, then they laughed a horrid laugh,
 Those nasty, greedy, cruel men.

No little girl was ever half
 So awful scared as I was then.

I ran with dolly through the room,—
 My tears, I think, would fill a cup.
 Oh, wasn't it a dreadful doom?
 Poor little Charlotte, eaten up.

"We'll keep as still as any mouse,"
 I said to Pearl. "No one's about;
 There's been a murder in this house
 And mamma hasn't found it out."

Oh, dear, I don't know what to do,
 I'd ask my nurse, but where's the
 use?

My pa will surely eat me, too,
 When he's di-gest-ed Charlotte Russe.

"MY MA, SHE KNOWS."

(Recitation for a small boy.)

MY Pa, he scolds me jes' becuz
 He says I'm gittin' "tough";
 He says my face is never
 clean,

My hands are always rough;
 I'm not behavin' like I should,
 An' goin' wrong, I s'pose,
 But Ma, she takes an' pats my hand
 An' smiles, becuz she knows!

My Pa hain't got no use for boys,
 He wants 'em always men;
 I wonder if he's clean forgot
 The boy he must 'a been;
 Fer Ma, she says they're all alike
 'Bout face an' hands, an' clothes,
 An' says I'll learn to be a man;
 An' Ma, I guess, she knows.

My Pa, he says I'll never be
 A business man like him,
 Becuz I hain't got any "drive"
 An' "get up," "pluck," and "vim";

But Ma, she says, so solemn like,
 A man's a boy that grows,
 An' boys must have their playin' spell;
 An' Ma's a trump, an' knows.

My Pa, he shakes his head an' sighs
 An' says he doesn't see
 Where I get all the careless ways
 That seem jes' born in me;
 An' Ma, she laughs, an' laughs, an'
 laughs,
 Till Pa's face crimson grows,
 An' then she says, "'Tis very queer";
 But somehow, Ma, she knows!

My Ma, she knows most everything
 'Bout boys an' what they like;
 She's never scoldin' 'bout the muss
 I make with kites an' bike;
 She says she wants me to be good
 An' conquer all my foes,
 An' you jes' bet I'm goin' to be,
 'Cuz my sweet Ma, she knows!

THE TABLES TURNED.

(Effective as a dialogue.)

<p>“I KNOW what you’re going to say,” she said, And she stood up, looking uncommonly tall; “You are going to speak of the hectic fall, And say you are sorry the summer’s dead, And no other summer was like it, you know, And can I imagine what made it so? Now, ain’t you, honestly?” “Yes,” I said.</p> <p>“I know what you’re going to say,” she said; “You’re going to ask if I forget That day in June when the woods were wet, And you carried me”—here she dropped her head— “Over the creek; you are going to say, Do I remember that horrid day? Now, ain’t you, honestly?” “Yes,” I said.</p>	<p>“I know what you’re going to say,” she said; “You are going to say that since that time You have rather tended to run to rhyme; And,”—her clear glance fell, and her cheek grew red,— “And have I noticed your tone was queer; Why, everybody has seen it here! Now, aren’t you, honestly?” “Yes,” I said.</p> <p>“I know what you’re going to say,” I said, “You are going to say you’ve been much annoyed, And I’m short of tact—you will say, devoid— And I’m clumsy and awkward, and call me Ted, And I’ll bear abuse like a dear old lamb, And you’ll have me, anyway, just as I am? Now, aren’t you, honestly?” “Ye—es,” she said.</p>
---	---

ALL SHE SAID.

(A monologue.)

<p>THE night shadows were considerably shady, And the flowers along the garden path were peeping, When I started forth to find my little lady, While the stars above were quizzically peeping, I remember when I chanced to meet dear Millie What surprise was in the voice which said, “Why, Willie!”</p>	<p>Well, my heart was beating most tremendous queerly, And it seemed far best to state my case directly, So I told her that I loved her dearly, dearly, And I said my say never or less correctly, Then in silence waited rather shy and silly, What a sober voice it was which said, “Why, Willie!”</p>
--	--

"Oh!" I said, "then very likely I've
mistaken,
Probably you do not want me for a
lover.
In that case," and here I own my voice
was shaken,
"My pleasant visits from this time on
are over.
If you do not love me,—why, then, good-
bye, Millie,"
But the grief and sad reproach in her,
"Why, Willie!"

Then her precious hands in mine I folded
tightly,
While I vowed that I never, never meant
to grieve her,
And that if she only loved me very
slightly,

Nothing in the wide world could make
me leave her,
When I did, I said, "the day would be
quite chilly."
Then she laughed and said,
"Why, Willie!"

Ah! the time has flown since those bright
stars were peeping,
When the shadows were so beautifully
shady,
When the flowers along the garden-path
were sleeping,
And I *met*, and *wooed*, and *won* my
little lady,
But remembrance still holds dear that
hour, with Millie,
And how all she said, was,
"Why, Willie!"

KATE KETCHEM.

KATE KETCHEM, on a winter's
night,
Went to a party, dressed in white.

Gayly she went because her "pap"
Was supposed to be a rich old chap.

But when by chance her glances fell
On a friend who had lately married well,

Her spirits sunk, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

Tom Fudge came slowly through the
throng,
With chestnut hair, worn pretty long.

He saw Kate Ketchem in the crowd,
And, knowing her slightly, stopped and
bowed.

Then asked her to give him a single
flower,
Saying he'd think it a priceless dower.

She blushed as she gave it, looking down
To call attention to her gown.

"Thanks," said Fudge, and he thought
how dear
Flowers must be at this time of year.

Then several charming remarks he made,
And asked if she sang, or danced, or
played:

At last, like one who has nothing to say.
He turned around and walked away.

Kate Ketchem smiled, turned, and said:
"I'll catch that Fudge and his money yet.

"He could aid my father as well as not,
And buy my brother a splendid yacht.

"My mother for money should never fret,
And all that it cried for the baby should
get;

"And after that, with what he could spare,
I'd make a show at the charity fair."

Tom Fudge looked back as he crossed the
sill,
And saw Kate Ketchem standing still.

"A girl more suited to my mind
It isn't an easy thing to find;

"And every thing that she has to wear
Proves her as rich as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and that I to-day
Had the old man's cash my debts to pay."

But, undecided, he walked along,
And Kate was left alone in the throng.

Then the lawyer smiled, whom he sought
by stealth,
To ascertain old Ketchem's wealth;

And as for Kate, she schemed and
planned
Till one of the dancers claimed her hand.

He married her for her father's cash—
She married him to cut a dash.

But as to paying his debts, do you know,
The father couldn't see it so;

And when Tom thought of the way he
had wed
He longed for a single life instead,

And closed his eyes in a sulky mood,
Regretting the days of his bachelorhood;

And said in a sort of reckless vein,
"I'd like to see her catch me again."

She wedded him to be rich and gay;
But husband and children didn't pay.

And oft when she had to coax and pout
In order to get him to take her out,

She thought how very attentive and
bright
He seemed at the party that winter's
night.

Sometimes she hated the very walls—
Hated her friends, her dinners, and calls.

He wasn't the man she thought she saw,
And grief was duty, and hate was law.

So she took up her burden with a groan,
Saying only, "I might have known!"

Alas for Kate! and alas for Fudge!
Though I do not owe them any grudge;

And alas for any that find to their shame
That two can play at their little game!

For of all hard things to bear and grin,
The hardest is knowing you're taken in.

Ah, well! as a general thing we fret
About the one we didn't get;

But I think we needn't make a fuss
If the one we don't want didn't get us.
—Phoebe Cary.

TEMPERANCE SELECTIONS.



THE SNAKE IN THE GRASS.

(A monologue, the reciter dressed as a middle-aged man in sailor costume.)

COME, listen a while to me, my lads,
Come listen to me a spell!
Let that terrible drum
For a moment be dumb,
For your uncle is going to tell
What befell
A youth that loved liquor too well.

A clever young man was he, my lads,
And with beauty uncommonly blest,
Ere with brandy and wine
He began to decline,
And behaved like a person possessed.
I protest
The temperance plan is the best.

One evening he went to the tavern, my
lads,
He went to the tavern one night!
And drinking too much
Rum, brandy, and such,
The chap got exceedingly "tight,"
And was quite
What your aunts would entitle a
"fright."

The fellow went into a snooze, my lads—
'Tis a horrible slumber he takes;
He trembles with fear,
And acts very queer;

My eyes, how he shivers and shakes
When he wakes,
And raves about great horrid snakes!

'Tis a warning to you and to me, my
lads—

A particular caution to all,
Though no one can see
The viper but he—
To hear the poor lunatic howl
How they crawl
All over the floor and the wall!

The next morning he took to his bed, my
lads,
Next morning he took to his bed;
And he never got up
To dine or to sup,
Though properly doctored and bled;
And I read,
Next day, the poor fellow was dead!

You have heard of the snake in the grass,
my lads,
Of the viper concealed in the grass;
But now you must know
Man's deadliest foe
Is the snake of a different class'
Alas!

'Tis the viper that lurks in the grass!

—J. G. Saxe.

"I'LL SIGN THE PLEDGE TO-NIGHT."

YOU ask what makes my heart so
light,

My home so glad and gay;
I'll tell you, sir! All has been right
Since one glad, happy day!
It was not always kept so well,
Sometimes we wanted bread,
And often I and sister Nell
Have wished that we were dead.

Our father was a drunkard, sir,
The worst in all the town;
And when poor mother spoke to him
He'd swear and knock her down.
You gentlefolks, who never know
The miss of any meal,
How can you guess the bitter woe
The drunkard's children feel?

Poor mother! she did all she could
To teach us what was right.
She'd make us say our prayers, she
would,

For father, every night.
The only time she struck me, sir,
Was when I wouldn't say,
"God bless dear father!" in my prayers,
She wouldn't let me pray.

I never saw her in my life
So cross as she was then;
She said, when first she was his wife,
He was the best of men,
And never used to drink at all,
Nor stay out late at night;
Now, if we did not pray for him,
He'd never choose the right.

She said it was the dreadful drink
That made our father mad,
And, but for that, he'd never think
Of treating us so bad.

And then I clenched my fist and said,
I'd give the world if I
Could shut up all the liquor shops;
And, sir, I mean to try!

And so I joined a Band of Hope,
And wore a medal bright,
And learnt a lot of temperance songs,
And sung with all my might.
One day they gave us all a tea—
You reckon I was there,
And sister Nell—because 'twas free
Enough, and some to spare.

And such a meeting after tea—
I scarce believed my eyes
When I saw teacher beckon me—
"Here, Willie, here's your prize;"
I hobbled to the platform then,
Oh, didn't the people shout?
The ladies clapped their hands, and
waved
Their handkerchiefs about.

They said that I must make a speech;
I felt that I could cry,
So I said, "Thank you!" and sat
down,

Then caught my father's eye.
Yes, there he sat, and mother too;
His face looked strangely white,
He walked up to the platform while
I trembled with affright.

Then turning to the crowd, he said:
"You see that crippled boy;
Poor little chap! I ought to make
His life one dream of joy.
And so I will, and so I can,
I'll do the job outright!
I'll sign, and be a sober man—
I'll sign the pledge to-night!"

He took the pen and signed his name;
 Oh, didn't the youngsters yell?
 And then my gentle mother came
 And wrote her name as well.
 You guess I said my prayers that night
 And prayed for father, too;
 I don't think he'd have kept it right
 If we'd not prayed—do you?

So that's what makes my heart so light.
 Father has kept his word,
 And he is making my poor life
 As gay as any bird.
 He never swears at mother now,
 Nor ever lifts his hand;
 In fact, he is—my father is—
 The best in all the land!

PRICE OF A DRINK.

“FIVE cents a glass!” Does any one
 think
 That this is really the price of
 a drink?

“Five cents a glass,” I hear you say,
 “Why, that isn't very much to pay.”
 Ah, no, indeed; 'tis a very small sum
 You are passing over with finger and
 thumb;
 And if that were all that you gave away
 It wouldn't be very much to pay.

The price of a drink! Let him decide
 Who has lost his courage and lost his
 pride,
 And lies a groveling heap of clay
 Not far removed from a beast to-day.

The price of a drink! Let that one tell
 Who sleeps to-night in a murderer's cell,
 And feels within him the fires of hell.
 Honor and virtue, love and truth,
 All the glory and pride of youth,
 Hopes of manhood, the wreath of fame,
 High endeavor and noble aim,
 These are treasures thrown away,
 As the price of drink, from day to day.

“Five cents a glass!” How Satan
 laughed
 As over the bar the young man quaffed
 The beaded liquor, for the demon knew
 The terrible work that drink would do;

And before morning the victim lay
 With his life-blood ebbing swiftly away.
 And that was the price he paid, alas!
 For the pleasure of taking a social glass.

The price of a drink! If you want to
 know
 What some are willing to pay for it, go
 Through that wretched tenement, over
 there,
 With dingy window and broken stair;
 Where foul disease, like a vampire, crawls
 With outstretched wings o'er the moldy
 walls.
 There poverty dwells with her hungry
 brood,
 Wild-eyed as demons, for lack of food;
 There shame in a corner crouches low;
 There violence deals its cruel blow;
 And innocent ones are thus accursed
 To pay the price of another's thirst.

“Five cents a glass!” Oh, if that were
 all
 The sacrifice would, indeed, be small!
 But the money's worth is the least
 amount

We pay, and whoever will keep account,
 Will learn the terrible waste and blight
 That follows the ruinous appetite.
 “Five cents a glass!” Does any one think
 That is really the price of a drink?
 —Josephine Pollard.

CLOSED FOR INVOICE.

(Arrange the stage so as to place over a door the words, "Closed for Invoice." A saloon man, being crowded by some point of law, closed his doors and hung over the door the above announcement. In beginning the recitation gracefully point to the door bearing the words "Closed for Invoice.")

CLOSED for invoice, but God's books
alone
Can reckon the "stock" that this
dealer did own;
God only can number the crimes he hath
sold,
Or the "judgments" he reaped with his
harvest of gold.

What mortal could tell the foul language
or breath,
The sorrow and anguish, the murder and
death,
That this soul hath dealt out from his
palace of sin,
To the world's degradation while selling
his gin.

What mortal could number the hearts
that he broke,
Or the souls that he robbed by the mur-
derous stroke
Of their temples of God; or the children
who cried,
For the bread by the drink-frenzied par-
ent denied.

And yet, he is willing to add to his stock
A dozen more murders the nation to
shock;
A gross of heart-breakers for poor sorrow-
ing wives,
Or a thousand street brawls to endanger
men's lives.

He will order an invoice of anguish and
shame
To deal out o'er his bar (under some other
name),
And forget that the reckoning day
draweth nigh;
Then, his books will not tally with those
kept on high.

If the men and the women who know
what is right,
With the *children* would join in destroying
this blight,
Then "Closed for an invoice" each dive
would display,
And the goods not arrive till the great
judgment day.

THE TWO GLASSES.

(As recited by Jas. S. Burdett.)

THERE sat two glasses, filled to
the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim:
One was ruddy and red as blood,
And one as clear as the crystal flood.

Said the glass of wine to the paler brother:
"Let us tell the tales of the past to each
other;
I can tell of banquet and revel and mirth;

And the proudest and grandest souls on
earth
Fell under my touch as though struck by
blight,
Where I was king, for I ruled in might.
From the heads of kings I have torn the
crown;
From the heights of fame I have hurled
them down.
I have blasted many an honored name;

I have taken virtue and given shame;
 I have tempted the youth with a sip, a
 taste
 That has made his future a barren
 waste.
 Greater, far greater than king am I,
 Or than any army beneath the sky.
 I have made the arm of the driver fail,
 And sent the train from the iron rail;
 I have made good ships go down at sea,
 And the shrieks of the lost were sent to
 me,
 For they said, 'Behold how great you be!
 Fame, strength, wealth, genius before you
 fall,
 For your might and power are over all.'
 Ho! ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,
 "Can you boast of deeds as great as
 mine?"

Said the water glass: "I cannot boast
 Of a king dethroned or a murdered host;
 But I can tell of a heart once sad,
 By my crystal drops, made light and
 glad;
 Of thirsts I've quenched, of brows I've
 laved;

I have leaped through the valley, dashed
 down the mountain,
 Flowed in the river and played in the
 fountain,
 Slept in the sunshine and dropped from
 the sky,
 And everywhere gladdened the landscape
 and eye.
 I have eased the hot forehead of fever and
 pain;
 I have made the parched meadows grow
 fertile with grain.
 I can tell of the powerful wheel of the
 mill,
 That ground out the flour and turned at
 my will.
 I can tell of manhood debased by you,
 That I have lifted and crowned anew.
 I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid;
 I gladden the heart of man and maid;
 I set the chained wine-captive free;
 And all are better for knowing me."

These are the tales they told each other,
 The glass of wine and the paler brother,
 As they sat together filled to the brim,
 On the rich man's table, rim to rim.

A GLASS OF COLD WATER.

(A stirring Temperance oration. When the two last words are spoken raise and hold before the audience a glass of water.)

WHERE is the liquor which God
 the Eternal brews for all his
 children? Not in the simmering
 still, over smoky fires choked with poison-
 ous gases, and surrounded with the
 stench of sickening odors, and rank cor-
 ruptions, doth your Father in heaven pre-
 pare the precious essence of life, the pure
 cold water. But in the green glade and
 grassy dell, where the red deer wanders,
 and the child loves to play; there God
 brews it. And down, low down in the
 lowest valleys, where the fountains mur-

mur and the rills sing; and high upon the
 tall mountain tops, where the naked
 granite glitters like gold in the sun; where
 the storm-cloud broods, and the thunder-
 storms crash; and away far out on the
 wide, wild sea, where the hurricane howls
 music, and the big waves roar; the
 chorus sweeping the march of God: there
 he brews it—that beverage of life and
 health-giving water. And everywhere it
 is a thing of beauty, gleaming in the dew-
 drop; singing in the summer rain; shin-
 ing in the ice-gem, till the leaves all seem

to turn to living jewels; spreading a golden veil over the setting sun; or a white gauze around the midnight moon.

Sporting in the cataract; sleeping in the glacier; dancing in the hail shower; folding its bright snow curtains softly about the wintry world; and waving the many-colored iris, that seraph's zone of the sky, whose warp is the rain-drop of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven; all checkered over with celes-

tial flowers, by the mystic hand of refraction.

Still always it is beautiful, that life-giving water; no poison bubbles on its brink; its foam brings not madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep no burning tears in its depth; no drunken, shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in the words of eternal despair; speak on, my friends, would you exchange the demon's drink, alcohol, for this?

THE RUM MANIAC.

“**S**AY, Doctor, may I not have rum,
To quench this burning thirst
within?

Here on this cursed bed I lie,
And cannot get one drop of gin.
I ask not health, nor even life—
Life! what a curse it's been to me!
I'd rather sink in deepest hell,
Than drink again its misery.

“But, Doctor, may I not have rum?
One drop alone is all I crave:
Grant this small boon—I ask no more—
Then I'll defy—yes, e'en the grave;
Then, without fear, I'll fold my arms,
And bid the monster strike his dart,
To haste me from this world of woe,
And claim his own—this ruined heart.

“A thousand curses on his head
Who gave me first the poisoned bowl,
Who taught me first this banè to drink—
Drink—death and ruin to my soul.
My soul! oh, cruel, horrid thought!
Full well I know thy certain fate;
With what instinctive horror shrinks
The spirit from that awful state!

“Lost—lost—I know forever lost!
To me no ray of hope can come:
My fate is sealed; my doom is ——
But give me rum; I will have rum.
But, Doctor, don't you see him there?
In that dark corner low he sits;
See! how he sports his fiery tongue,
And at me burning brimstone spits!

“Say, don't you see this demon fierce?
Does no one hear? will no one come?
Oh, save me—save me—I will give—
But rum! I must have—will have rum!
Ah! now he's gone; once more I'm free:
He—the boasting knave and liar—
He said that he would take me off
Down to —— But there! my bed's on fire!

“Fire! water! help! come, haste—I'll die;
Come, take me from this burning bed:
The smoke—I'm choking—cannot cry;
There now—it's catching at my head!
But see! again that demon's come;
Look! there he peeps through yonder
crack,
Mark how his burning eyeballs flash!
How fierce he grins! what brought him
back?



"OUR FATHER WAS A DRUNKARD, SIR,
THE WORST IN ALL THE TOWN"

(From "I'll sign the pledge to-night.")



From Photograph by Morrison, Chicago

"I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO SAY," SHE SAID.

(Recitation, "The Tables Turned.")

"There stands his burning coach of fire;
He smiles and beckons me to come—
What are those words he's written there?
'In hell, we never want for rum!' "
One loud, one piercing shriek was heard;
One yell rang out upon the air;
One sound, and one alone, came forth—
The victim's cry of wild despair.

"Why longer wait? I'm ripe for hell;
A spirit's sent to bear me down:
There, in the regions of the lost,
I sure will wear a fiery crown.
Damned, I know, without a hope!—
One moment more, and then I'll come!—
And there I'll quench my awful thirst
With boiling, burning, fiery rum!"

—Allison.

DRINKING A HOME.

(For a temperance entertainment.)

MY homeless friend with the ruby nose, while you are stirring up the sugar in that ten-cent glass of gin, let me give you a fact to wash it down with. You say you have longed for years for the free, independent life of the farmer, but have never been able to get enough money together to buy a farm. But this is just where you are mistaken. For several years you have been drinking a good improved farm at the rate of one hundred square feet a gulp. If you doubt this statement, figure it out for yourself. An acre of land contains forty-three thousand five hundred and sixty square feet. Estimating, for convenience, the land at forty-three dollars and fifty-six cents per acre, you will see that this brings the land to just one mill per square foot, one cent for ten square feet. Now pour down that fiery

dose, and just imagine you are swallowing a strawberry patch. Call in five of your friends, and have them help you gulp down that five-hundred-foot garden. Get on a prolonged spree some day, and see how long a time it requires to swallow a pasture large enough to feed a cow. Put down that glass of gin! there is dirt in it—one hundred square feet of good, rich dirt, worth forty-three dollars and fifty-six cents per acre.

But there are plenty of farms which do not cost more than a tenth part of forty-three dollars and fifty-six cents per acre. What an enormous acreage has gone down many a homeless drinker's throat! No wonder such men are buried in the "potter's field"; they have swallowed farms and gardens and homes, and even drank up their own graveyard.

WHAT THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE HAS DONE FOR JOHN AND ME.

MY story, marm? Well, really now, I haven't much to say; But if you'd called a year ago, and then again to-day, No need of words to tell you, marm, for your own eyes could see How much the temperance cause has done for my dear John and me.

A year ago we hadn't flour to make a batch of bread,
And many a night these little ones went supperless to bed.
Now just peep in the larder, marm, there's sugar, flour and tea,
And that is what the temperance cause has done for John and me.

That pail that holds the butter, John used
to fill with beer,
But he hasn't spent a cent for drink for
two months and a year;
He pays his debts, is strong and well, and
kind as man can be—
And that is what the temperance cause
has done for John and me.

He used to sneak along the street, feeling
so mean and low,
As if he didn't dare to meet the folks he
used to know;
But now he looks them in the face, and
steps off bold and free—
And that is what the temperance cause
has done for John and me.

A year ago those little boys went strolling
through the street,
With scanty clothing on their backs, and
nothing on their feet.
But now they've shoes and stockings, and
warm garments, as you see—
And that is what the temperance cause
has done for them and me.

The children were afraid of him, his com-
ing stopped their play,
But now, when supper time is o'er, and
the table cleared away,
The boys all frolic round his chair, the
baby climbs his knee,
And that is what the temperance cause
has done for John and me.

Ah! those sad, sad days are over, of sor-
row and of pain,
The children have their father back, and
I my John again.
Oh, pray excuse my weeping, marm—
they're tears of joy to see
How much the temperance cause has done
for my dear John and me!

Each morning when he goes to work, I
upward look and say:
"Oh, heavenly Father, help dear John to
keep his pledge to-day!"
And every night before I sleep, thank God
on bended knee,
For what the temperance cause has done
for my dear John and me.

THERE WAS ONCE A TOPER.

THERE was once a toper—I'll not
tell his name—
Who had for his comfort a scold-
ing old dame;
And often and often he wished himself
dead,
For if drunk he came home, she would
beat him to bed.
He spent all his evenings away from his
home,
And when he returned, he would sneak-
ingly come
And try to walk straightly, and say not a
word—
Just to keep his dear wife from abusing
her lord;

For, if he dared say his tongue was his
own,
'Twould set her tongue going, in no gen-
tle tone,
And she'd huff him, and cuff him, and
call him hard names,
And he'd sigh to be rid of all scolding old
dames.
It happened, one night, on a frolic he
went,
He staid till his very last penny was spent,
But how to go home, and get safely to
bed,
Was the thing on his heart that most
heavily weighed.

But home he must go: so he caught up
his hat,
And off he went singing, by this and by
that,
"I'll pluck up my courage, I guess she's
in bed,
If she ain't, 'tis no matter, I'm sure:
Who's afraid?"
He came to his door: he lingered until
He peeped: and he listened, and all
seemed quite still;
In he went, and his wife, sure enough,
was in bed!
"Oh!" says he, "it's just as I thought:
Who's afraid?"

He crept about softly, and spoke not a
word,
His wife seemed to sleep, for she never
e'en stirred!
Thought he, "for *this* night, then, my
fortune is made!
For my dear scolding wife is asleep!
Who's afraid?"
But soon, he felt thirsty; and slyly he rose,
And groping around to the table he goes,
The pitcher found empty, and so was the
bowl,
The pail and the tumblers—she'd emptied
the whole!

At length in a corner, a vessel he found!
Says he, "Here's something to drink, I'll
be bound!"
And eagerly seizing, he lifted it up—
And drank it all off, in one long hearty
sup!

It tasted so queerly: and, what could
it be,
He wondered:—it neither was water, nor
tea!
Just then a thought struck him and filled
him with fear.
"Oh! it must be the poison for rats, I
declare!"
And loudly he called on his dear sleeping
wife,
And begged her to rise: "for," said he,
"on my life—
I fear it was *poison*, the bowl did contain,
Oh! dear! yes—it *was* poison, I now feel
the pain!"
"And what made you dry, sir?" the wife
sharply cried;
" 'Twould serve you just right if from
poison you died:
And you've done a *fine* job, and you'd
now better march,
*For just see, you brute, you have drank all
my starch!*"

PLEDGE WITH WINE.

"**P**LEDGE with wine—pledge with
wine!" cried the young and
thoughtless Harry Wood.

"Pledge with wine," ran through the
brilliant crowd.

The beautiful bride grew pale—the
decisive hour had come, she pressed her
white hands together, and the leaves of
her bridal wreath trembled on her pure
brow; her breath came quicker, her heart
beat wilder.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples
for this once," said the Judge, in a low

tone, going towards his daughter, "the
company expect it; do not so seriously
infringe upon the rules of etiquette;—in
your own house act as you please; but in
mine, for this once please me."

Every eye was turned towards the
bridal pair. Marion's principles were
well known. Henry had been a con-
vivialist, but of late his friends noticed the
change in his manners, the difference in
his habits—and to-night they watched him
to see, as they sneeringly said, if he was
tied down to a woman's opinion so soon.

Pouring a brimming beaker, they held it with tempting smiles toward Marion. She was very pale, though more composed, and her hand shook not, as smiling back, she gratefully accepted the crystal tempter and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so, when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of, "Oh, how terrible!" "What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together, for she had slowly carried the glass at arm's length, and was fixedly regarding it as though it were some hideous object.

"Wait," she answered, while an inspired light shone from her dark eyes, "wait, and I will tell you. I see," she added, slowly pointing one jeweled finger at the sparkling ruby liquid, "a sight that beggars all description; and yet listen; I will paint it for you if I can: It is a lonely spot; tall mountains, crowned with verdure, rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. There is a thick, warm mist that the sun seeks vainly to pierce; trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of the birds; but there, a group of Indians gather; they flit to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brow; and in their midst lies a manly form, but his cheek, how deathly! his eye wild with the fitful fire of fever. One friend stands beside him, nay, I should say kneels, for he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast.

"Genius in ruins. Oh! the high, holy looking brow! Why should death mark it, and he so young? Look how he throws the damp curls! See him clasp his hands! hear his thrilling shrieks for life! mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved. Oh! hear him call piteously his father's name; see him twine his fingers together

as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister—the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his distant native land.

"See!" she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine trembling in their faltering grasp, and the Judge fell, overpowered, upon his seat; "see! his arms are lifted to heaven; he prays, how wildly, for mercy! hot fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping; awe-stricken, the dark men move silently, and leave the living and dying together."

There was a hush in that princely parlor, broken only by what seemed a smothered sob, from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright, with quivering lip, and tears stealing to the outward edge of her lashes. Her beautiful arm has lost its tension, and the glass, with its little troubled red waves, came slowly towards the range of her vision. She spoke again; every lip was mute. Her voice was low, faint, yet awfully distinct; she still fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine-cup.

"It is evening now; the great white moon is coming up, and her beams lie gently on his forehead. He moves not; his eyes are set in their sockets; dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister—death is there. Death! and no soft hand, no gentle voice to bless and soothe him. His head sinks back! one convulsive shudder! he is dead!"

A groan ran through the assembly, so vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed, also, that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands and was weeping.

"Dead!" she repeated again, her lips quivering faster and faster, and her voice

more and more broken; "and there they scoop him a grave; and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in the damp, reeking earth. The only son of a proud father, the only idolized brother of a fond sister. And he sleeps to-day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—my father's son—my own twin brother! a victim to this deadly poison. Father," she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks, "father, shall I drink it now?"

The form of the old Judge was convulsed with agony. He raised his head, but in a smothered voice he faltered—"No, no, my child, in God's name, no."

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor it was dashed into a thousand pieces. Many a tearful eye watched her movements, and instantaneously every wine-glass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then, as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she

turned to the company, saying: "Let no friend, hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste that terrible poison. And he to whom I have given my hand; who watched over my brother's dying form in that last solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there by the river in that land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve. Will you not, my husband?"

His glistening eyes, his sad, sweet smile, was her answer.

The Judge left the room, and when, an hour later, he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read that he, too, had determined to dash the enemy at once and forever from his princely rooms.

Those who were present at that wedding can never forget the impression so solemnly made. Many from that hour forswore the social glass.

TEMPERANCE SPEECH.

(Boy ten to fifteen years of age.)

I WISH to say a few words on temperance. I suppose you'll say the subject is too deep for boys, and that this speech is altogether too old for me. Now, I will be honest with you, and say, in the first place, that these are not my words, or, rather, the thoughts are not really mine; but it is what I think of other people's thoughts. And as for the subject being too deep for me, that is all mere nonsense. Small as I am, I have seen people drunk a great many times. And they are not men alone; I have seen women and children drunk, more than once; and every time I see it, I feel sorry.

When I see men going into a lager beer saloon, day after day, or women carrying home liquor in a pitcher or bottle, then I think of the time when I saw them drunk on the sidewalk, or quarreling with a lamp-post, or staggering home to beat their wife or children, and I know that one is the beginning of the other. That is not what somebody else says; for I know that of myself.

I have been to temperance meetings some, and have heard about the best means of promoting the cause of temperance—and they tell about taking away the liberty of the people! I confess, I don't understand this; but I want to; for I

want to be intelligent enough to vote one of these days, which some men are not, they say. But I'm going to tell you what I think about it, from what I do know. I think it is a strange liberty that men want—liberty to get drunk, and reel around the streets, and frighten children, and be made fun of by the boys, and to go home at two o'clock in the morning, and get into bed with their boots on and not know the difference.

Then, they say it is no sin to drink, but

it is a sin to get drunk. Now, my father and mother teach me that it is just as wrong to steal a pin as to steal money, and they would punish me just the same for it. If it is a sin to drink ten glasses of whisky and get drunk, it is a sin to drink one glass; for some people can get more tipsy, disagreeable and dangerous on one glass than if they drank many and grew helplessly drunk. Take a boy's advice and don't touch it yourself and don't sell or give it to others.

COUNTING THE COST.

(A glass of wine may be held in the hand up to the words "slow poison of death," and then dashed to the floor.)

SUPPOSE, he young man who holds the first glass of intoxicating liquor in his hands were to hold it there for five minutes, counting the cost of a burning brain; counting the cost of a palsied hand; counting the cost of a staggering step; counting the cost of broken hearts and of tear-stained pillows; counting the cost of a blighted home;

counting the cost of the self-respect which oozes out at the finger tips as they clasp the sparkling curse; counting the cost of the degradation and disgrace of a ruined body and a lost soul. What young man could soberly count the cost of that one step, and not be strengthened against the temptation to sip the slow poison of death?

"GOOD-NIGHT, PAPA."

THE words of a blue-eyed child as she kissed her chubby hand and looked down the stairs: "Good-night, papa; Jessie see you in the morning."

It came to be a settled thing, and every evening, as the mother slipped the white night-gown over the plump shoulders, the little one stopped on the stairs and sang out, "Good-night, papa," and as the father heard the silvery accents of the child, he came, and taking the cherub in his arms, kissed her tenderly, while the mother's eyes filled, and a swift prayer

went up, for, strange to say, this man who loved his child with all the warmth of his great, noble nature, had one fault to mar his manliness. From his youth he loved the wine-cup. Genial in spirit, and with a fascination of manner that won him friends, he could not resist when surrounded by his boon companions. Thus his home was darkened, the heart of his wife bruised and bleeding, the future of his child shadowed.

Three years had the winsome prattle of the baby crept into the avenues of the father's heart, keeping him closer to his

home, but still the fatal cup was in his hand. Alas for frail humanity, insensible to the calls of love! With unutterable tenderness God saw there was no other way; this father was dear to him, the purchase of His Son; He could not see him perish, and calling a swift messenger, He said, "Speed thee to earth and bring the babe."

"Good-night, papa," sounded from the stairs. What was there in the voice? was it the echo of the mandate, "Bring me the babe"?—a silvery plaintive sound, a lingering music that touched the father's heart, as when a cloud crosses the sun. "Good-night, my darling;" but his lips quivered and his broad brow grew pale. "Is Jessie sick, mother? Her cheeks are flushed, and her eyes have a strange light."

"Not sick," and the mother stooped to kiss the flushed brow; "she may have played too much. Pet is not sick?"

"Jessie tired, mamma; good-night, papa; Jessie see you in the morning."

"That is all, she is only tired," said the mother as she took the small hand. Another kiss and the father turned away; but his heart was not satisfied.

Sweet lullabies were sung; but Jessie was restless and could not sleep. "Tell me a story, mamma;" and the mother told of the blessed babe that Mary cradled, following along the story till the child had grown to walk and play. The blue, wide-open eyes filled with a strange light, as though she saw and comprehended more than the mother knew.

That night the father did not visit the saloon; tossing on his bed, starting from a feverish sleep and bending over the crib, the long, weary hours passed. Morning revealed the truth—Jessie was smitten with a fever.

"Keep her quiet," the doctor said; "a few days of good nursing, and she will be all right."

Words easy said; but the father saw a look on the sweet face such as he had seen before. He knew the message was at the door.

Night came. "Jessie is sick; can't say good-night, papa;" and the little clasping fingers clung to the father's hand.

"O God, spare her! I cannot, cannot bear it!" was wrung from his suffering heart.

Days passed; the mother was tireless in her watching. With her babe cradled in her arms her heart was slow to take in the truth, doing her best to solace the father's heart: "A light case! the doctor says, 'Pet will soon be well.'"

Calmly as one who knows his doom, the father laid his hand upon the hot brow, looked into the eyes even then covered with the film of death, and with all the strength of his manhood cried, "Spare her, O God! spare my child, and I will follow thee."

With a last painful effort the parched lips opened: "Jessie's too sick; can't say good-night, papa—in the morning." There was a convulsive shudder, and the clasping fingers relaxed their hold; the messenger had taken the child.

Months have passed. Jessie's crib stands by the side of her father's couch; her blue embroidered dress and white hat hang in his closet; her boots with the print of the feet just as she last wore them, as sacred in his eyes as they are in the mother's. Not dead, but merely risen to a higher life; while, sounding down from the upper stairs, "Good-night, papa, Jessie see you in the morning," has been the means of winning to a better way one who had shown himself deaf to every former call.

A TEMPERANCE LECTURE BY THE COUNTY JUDGE.

In a small town in Illinois three saloon keepers—one woman and two men—were arrested and indicted for selling liquor to minors. The liquor sellers were lavish of their funds in aid of their co-workers, and eminent counsel was employed in defense of these destroyers of the bodies and souls of the young and rising generation. But the proof of their guilt was so fully demonstrated that the jury was compelled to pronounce them guilty. Hon. J. N. Reading, the presiding judge, in pronouncing the sentence of the court, used the following language:

THE jury having found you guilty of selling intoxicating liquors to a minor, it remains for the court to pronounce the sentence of the law. The penalty of this offense, fixed by the Legislature, indicates that it considered the crime to be of a serious character. By the law you may sell to men and to women if they will buy. You have given your bond and paid for your license to sell to them, and no one has the right to molest you in your legal business.

No matter what the consequences may be, no matter what poverty and destitution are produced by selling according to law, you have paid your money for this privilege, and you are licensed to pursue your calling. No matter what families are distracted and rendered miserable, no matter what wives are treated with violence, what children starve, or mourn over the degradation of a parent, your business is legalized and no one may interfere with you in it. No matter what mother may agonize over the loss of a son, or sister blush for the shame of a brother, you have the right to disregard them *all* and pursue your legal calling; *you are licensed*.

You can fit up your lawful place of business in the most enticing and captivating form; you can furnish it with the most elegant and costly equipments for your lawful trade; you may fill it with the allurements to amusements; you may use all your arts to induce visitors; you may skillfully arrange and expose to view your

choice wines and most captivating beverages; you may then induce thirst by all contrivances to produce a raging appetite for drink; and then you may *supply* that appetite to the full—because it is *lawful*; you have a license.

You may allow boys, almost children, to frequent your saloon; they may witness the apparent satisfaction with which their seniors quaff the sparkling glass; you may be schooling and training them for the period of twenty-one, when they too can participate, for all this is lawful. You may hold the cup to their very lips; but you must not let them drink—that is unlawful. But, while you have all these privileges for the money which you pay, this poor privilege of selling to children is denied you.

Here parents have the right to say: "Leave my son to me until the law gives you the right to destroy him! Do not anticipate that terrible moment when I can assert for him no further rights of protection! That will be soon enough for me, for his mother, for his sisters, for his friends, and for the community, to see him take his road to death. Give him to us in his childhood, at least! Let us have a few years of his young life, in which we may enjoy his innocence, to repay us in some degree for the care and love we have lavished upon him!"

This is something you, who now stand a prisoner at the bar, have *not* paid for, this is not embraced in your license. You have your "bond" to use in its full

extent; but in thus taking your "pound of flesh," you draw the blood, and that which is nearest the heart. The law in its wisdom does not permit this, and you must obey the law. By the verdict of the jury, you have been found guilty of transgressing the law. Its extreme penalty is thirty days' imprisonment in

the county jail, and \$100 fine; its lowest, ten days' imprisonment and \$20 fine.

For this offense, the court sentences you to ten days' imprisonment in the county jail, and that you pay a fine of \$75 and the costs, and that you stand committed until the fine and costs of this prosecution are paid.

PITCHER OR JUG.

(For a small child.)

THEY toiled together side by side
In the field where the corn was
growing;
They paused awhile to quench their thirst,
Grown weary with the hoeing.

"I fear, my friend," I said to one,
"That you will ne'er be richer;
You drink, I see, from the little brown jug,
Whilst your friend drinks from the
pitcher.

"One is filled with alcohol,
The fiery drink from the still;
The other with water clear and cool
From the spring at the foot of the hill.

"In all of life's best gifts, my friend,
I fear you will ne'er be richer,
Unless you leave the little brown jug,
And drink, like your friend, from the
pitcher."

My words have proved a prophecy,
For years have passed away;
How do you think have fared our friends,
That toiled in the fields that day?

One is a reeling, drunken sot,
Grown poorer instead of richer;
The other has won both wealth and fame,
And he always drank from the pitcher.

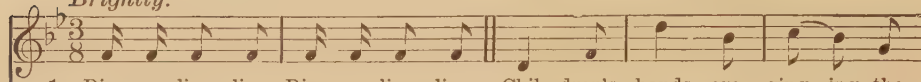
—M. P. Chick.



RING-A-LING-LING.

Bell Chorus with Sleigh Bell accompaniment.

By permission of the author, ANNA A. GORDON.

Brightly.


1. Ring - a - ling - ling, Ring - a - ling - ling, Chil - dren's hands are ring - ing the
 2. Ring - a - ling - ling, Ring - a - ling - ling, Chil - dren's voi - ces swell the
 3. Ring - a - ling - ling, Ring - a - ling - ling, On we march with fear - less
 4. Ring - a - ling - ling, Ring - a - ling - ling, Come and join us, girls and
 5. Ring - a - ling - ling, Ring - a - ling - ling, Homes are dark and hearts are



bells, Ring - a - ling - ling - ling, temp'rance bells, Glad the
 sound, Ring - a - ling - ling - ling, temp'rance bells, Sing and
 feet, Ring - a - ling - ling - ling, temp'rance bells, Keep - ing
 boys, Ring - a - ling - ling - ling, temp'rance bells, Share our
 sad, Ring - a - ling - ling - ling, temp'rance bells, We will



news their mel - o - dy tells, Ring-a-ling-ling, temp'rance bells.....
 ring the world a - round, Ring-a-ling-ling, etc.
 step to mu - sic sweet, Ring-a-ling-ling, etc.
 work so full of joys, Ring-a-ling-ling, etc.
 work to make them glad, Ring-a-ling-ling, etc.

RELIGIOUS READINGS.



ANSWERED PRAYERS.

I PRAYED for riches, and achieved
success,—
All that I touched turned into gold.
Alas!
My cares were greater, and my peace
was less
When that wish came to pass.

I prayed for glory; and I heard my name
Sung by sweet children and by hoary
men.
But ah! the hurts, the hurts that come
with fame!
I was not happy then.

I prayed for love, and had my soul's desire;
Through quivering heart and body and
through brain
There swept the flame of its devouring
fire;
And there the scars remain.

I prayed for a contented mind. At
length
Great light upon my darkened spirit
burst.
Great peace fell on me, also, and great
strength,
Oh! had that prayer been first!
—Ella Wheeler.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

IT was Saturday night, and two chil-
dren small
Sat on the stairs in a lighted hall,
Vexed and troubled and sore perplexed
To learn the Sunday's forgotten text;
Only three words on a gilded card,
But both children declared it hard.

“‘Love,’ that is easy—it means, why,
this”—
(A warm embrace and a loving kiss);
“But ‘one another,’ I don’t see who

Is meant by ‘another’—now, May, do
you?”

Very grandly she raised her head,
Our thoughtful darling, and slowly said,
As she fondly smiled on her little brother:
“Why, I am one, and you are another,
And this is the meaning—don’t you see?—
That I must love you, and you must love
me.”

Wise little preacher, could any sage
Interpret better the sacred page?

THROWING KISSES.

(Sunday school entertainment.)

A LITTLE girl, accustomed to play,
 Stood by the window, one summer day,
 Throwing kisses by two and two,
 As you often see little children do.

The mother saw the darling well,
 But who they were for, she could not tell;
 Still on flew the kisses, away, away,
 As sweet as the sun of the summer day

"What are you doing, my darling Bell?"
 "You can see me, mother, and can't you tell?"

"Throwing kisses; but why, my dear?
 For I see nobody, far or near."

"Why, mother, you know, as well as I,
 Who lives 'way up above the sky;
 'Tis He who sees me every day,
 When I'm sleeping, and when at play.

"To God and Jesus the kisses I throw,
 Because, dear mother, I love them so!
 I can't see them, of course, I know;
 But they can see me, wherever I go.

"And they want the kisses; for, don't you see,
 I must love them, if they love me?
 The teacher at Sunday-school told me this,
 And those I love, I always kiss."

THE KAISER AND THE LITTLE MAID.

(A true incident.)

A HUSH in the schoolroom prevailed,
 Each heart with expectancy burned,
 For the Kaiser was coming that day,
 And all eyes to the portals were turned.

And now he has entered the room,
 Lo, that Kaiser, so stately and proud;
 He has gazed on each sunny head there
 That before him in reverence is bowed.

And now every heart gives a throb,
 As before him is stationed a class,
 And the Kaiser, so great and so tall,
 Thus questions a bright little lass:

"To which kingdom belongeth this rose?"
 Taking one from the vase by his side
 Her blue eyes were lifted to his,
 "To the vegetable," quick she replied.

"Right, right, little maid; and this?"
 And forth from his pocket he drew
 A fair, jeweled watch, with its chain,
 And then held it up to her view.

Not a doubt to her blue eyes arose,
 As she stood 'neath the Kaiser's proud gaze,
 But clear came her answer again:
 "To the mineral, sir, if you please."

With a smile at her answer so quaint,
 Said the Kaiser, so mighty and high:
 "And now, little maid, can you tell
 Of what kingdom a member am I?"

Ah! poor little maid, 'twas indeed
 A specimen strange to her eyes;
 She gazed at the Kaiser, so tall,
 But mute were her lips with surprise.

A specimen rare—that wise little maid
 That question had not heard before,
 Of the kingdoms three, to which he
 belonged,
 That Kaiser—it puzzled her sore.

The elephant great she had seen,
 And the spotted tiger as well,
 And the lions, too, with their bristling
 mane,
 And their kingdom she quickly could
 tell.

But a Kaiser! ah, never before
 Had she seen one so stately and grand;
 Sure, not with the rose or the watch,
 Or the elephant huge, could he stand.

A sweet, puzzled look filled her eyes,
 And she stood in a wondering maze;
 On the stately form and the kingly brow
 Of the Kaiser she fixed her gaze.

But now springs a light to her eyes,
 As, placing his hand on her head,
 "To which kingdom?" he questioned
 again—
 "To the Kingdom of Heaven!" she
 said.

Ah! wise little maid, may thy words
 A prophecy true unfold,
 And when thou shalt enter the Kingdom
 above,
 Thou mayst the Kaiser behold!

LEGEND OF EASTER EGGS.

TRINITY bells, with their hollow
 lungs,
 And their vibrant lips and their
 brazen tongues,
 Over the roofs of the city pour
 Their Easter music with joyous roar,
 Till the soaring notes to the sun are
 rolled,
 As he swings along in his path of gold.

"Dearest papa," says my boy to me,
 As he merrily climbs on his mother's
 knee,

"Why are these eggs that you see me hold
 Colored so finely with blue and gold?
 And what is the wonderful bird that lays
 Such beautiful eggs on Easter days?"

"You have heard, my boy, of the Man
 who died,
 Crowned with keen thorns and crucified;
 And how Joseph the wealthy—whom God
 reward—

Cared for the corpse of the martyred Lord,
 And piously tombed it within the rock,
 And closed the gate with a mighty block.

"Now, close by the tomb a fair tree grew,
 With pendulous leaves and blossoms of
 blue;
 And deep in the green tree's shadowy
 breast
 A beautiful singing-bird sat on her nest,
 Which was bordered with mosses like
 malachite,
 And held four eggs of an ivory white.

"Now, when the bird from her dim recess
 Beheld the Lord in His burial dress,
 And looked on the heavenly face so pale,
 And the dear feet pierced with the cruel
 nail,
 Her heart nigh broke with a sudden pang,
 And out of the depths of her sorrow she
 sang.

"All night long till the moon was up,
 She sat and sang in her moss-wreathed
 cup,—
 A song of sorrow as wild and shrill
 As the homeless wind when it roams the
 hill;

So full of fears, so loud and long,
That the grief of the world seemed turned
to song.

"But soon there came through the weeping night
A glimmering angel clothed in white;
And he rolled the stone from the tomb away,
Where the Lord of the earth and heavens lay;
And Christ arose in the cavern's gloom,
And in living luster came from the tomb.

"Now, the bird that sang in the heart of the tree,
Beheld this celestial mystery;
And its heart was filled with sweet delight,
And it poured a song on the throbbing night.

Notes climbed on notes, till higher, higher,
They shot to heaven like spears of fire.

"When the glittering, white-robed angel heard

The sorrowing song of the grieving bird,
And heard the following chant of mirth
That hailed Christ risen again on earth,
He said, 'Sweet bird, be forever blest,—
Thyself, thy eggs, and thy moss-wreathed nest!'

"And ever, my child, since that blessed night,
When death bowed down the Lord of light,
The eggs of that sweet bird change their hue,
And burn with red, and gold, and blue;
Reminding mankind, in their simple way,
Of the holy marvel of Easter Day."

—Fitzjames O'Brien.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

TWO bills were waiting in the bank for their turn to go out into the world. One was a little bill, only one dollar; the other was a big one, a thousand-dollar bill.

While lying there, side by side, they fell a-talking about their usefulness. The dollar bill murmured:

"Ah, if I were as big as you what good I would do! I could move in such high places, and people would be so careful of me wherever I should go! All would admire me, and want to take me home with them, but, small as I am, what good can I do? Nobody cares much for me. I am too little to be of any use."

"Ah, yes! that is so," said the thousand-dollar bill; and it haughtily gathered up its well-trimmed edges, that were lying next the little bill, in conscious superiority. "That is so," it repeated.

"If you were as great as I am—a thousand times bigger than you are—then you might hope to do some good in the world." And its face smiled a wrinkle of contempt for the little dollar bill.

Just then the cashier came, took the little murmuring bill, and kindly gave it to a poor widow.

"God bless you!" she cried, as with a smiling face she received it. "My dear, hungry children can now have some bread."

A thrill of joy ran through the little bill as it was folded up in the widow's hand, and it whispered: "I may do some good, even if I am small." And when it saw the bright faces of her fatherless children, it was very glad that it could do a little good.

Then the little dollar bill began its journey of usefulness. It went first to

the baker's for bread, then to the miller's, then to the farmer's, then to the laborer's, then to the doctor's, then to the minister's; and wherever it went it gave pleasure, adding something to their comfort and joy. At last, after a long, long pilgrimage of usefulness among every sort of people, it came back to the bank again, crumpled, defaced, ragged, softened, by its daily use. Seeing the thousand-dollar bill lying there with scarcely a wrinkle or a finger-mark upon it, it exclaimed:

"Pray, sir, and what has been your

mission of usefulness?" The big bill sadly replied: "I have been from safe to safe, among the rich, where few could see me, and they were afraid to let me go out far, lest I should be lost. Few, indeed, are they whom I have made happy by my mission."

The little dollar bill said: "It is better to be small and go among the multitudes doing good, than to be so great as to be imprisoned in the safes of the few." And it rested satisfied with its lot.

RING, HAPPY BELLS.

RING, happy bells of Easter-time!
The world is glad to hear your chime,
Across wide fields of melting snow
The winds of summer softly blow,
And birds and streams repeat the chime
Of Easter-time.

Ring, happy bells of Easter-time!
The world takes up your chant sublime;
"The Lord is risen!" The night of fear

Has passed away, and heaven draws near;
We breathe the air of that blest clime
At Easter-time.

Ring, happy bells of Easter-time!
Our happy hearts give back your chime!
The Lord is risen! We die no more!
He opens wide the heavenly door;
He meets us while to Him we climb,
At Easter-time.

—Lucy Larcom.

"GOD IS NOWHERE."

(An actual occurrence.)

A HARD, stern man upon a sick
bed lay,
More and more feeble with each
passing day;
No hallowing dream of heavenly peace
was there,
No ray of love divine—no breath of
prayer.

Kind Christian friends, on holiest mission
bent,
Came bright and hopeful—sad and anxious
went;

Angry at last at each persistent call,
With firm refusal he denied them all;
The Savior's sacred name he would not
hear,
His loving words could find no listening
ear.

"Wife, fetch the blackboard and a bit of
chalk!

One way remains to stop this senseless
talk;

I will write something which is truth
indeed,

And have it placed where every one may read."

The thin, weak hand that scarce the chalk could hold,
Wrote "God is nowhere," very large and bold;
The fearful sentence met his waking sight
In wretched mockery, by day and night.

Time crept along—hour after hour passed o'er,
While the death angel still his touch forbore;
Lower and lower burned the flickering flame,
And slower yet the fitful pulses came.

Then, happier change repaid the anxious view—
And hope so long denied, sprang forth anew;
Through every vein a fuller current flowed,
And Heaven once more the gift of life bestowed.

Soon the fond father sought his banished child,
Who erst with prattle sweet his heart beguiled;
Charmed to come back, she told her little news,
And showed her "nice new gown and pretty shoes."

"And that's not all"—the tones grew eager now—
"For I can read—my aunty taught me how!"

"Nonsense, my dear!" the father quick replied,
"You cannot read, of that I'm satisfied."

"Yes, father dear! Oh, yes! I truly can,
For aunty taught me"—and the child began
To look around, perchance to find some way
Of proving what her words had failed to say.

The father smiled—and pointing to the wall,
Said: "Well, read that, if you can read at all;"
She hesitated—and the father spoke—
"I told you so—I knew it was a joke."

But still she strove—her deep and earnest eyes
Fixed on the board—and soon in glad surprise,
Exclaimed, "I know it now! Oh, yes, I see!
'God—is—now—here,—the last word puzzled me."

The conscience-stricken man, in mute amaze,
Covered his face to hide his startled gaze,
While, from the rocky fount, untouched for years,
Burst forth a flood of pure and holy tears.

"My God! my child—and has my darling
—learned
What I with death so near denied and spurned?
Father, forgive! and fill with love divine
That life thy mercy spared,—now wholly Thine."



From Photograph by Morrison, Chicago

A GREEK MAIDEN

(Tableaux—See Suggestions for Statuary.)



From Photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT.

TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

(Suited for Christian Endeavor entertainment. Arranged for five little boys or girls. Speakers should come on to the platform one after the other as their turn comes.)

FIRST SPEAKER.

THE Lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want.

SECOND SPEAKER.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
He leadeth me beside the still waters;

THIRD SPEAKER.

He restoreth my soul;
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

FOURTH SPEAKER.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,

I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me;
Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

FIFTH SPEAKER.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies;
Thou anointest my head with oil;
My cup runneth over.

ALL TOGETHER.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow
(me) *us* all the days of (my) *our* (life) *lives*;
And (I) *we* will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

NOBODY KNOWS BUT MOTHER.

(For a little girl.)

Nobody knows of the work it makes,
To keep the home together;
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes,
Which kisses only smother;
Nobody's pained by naughty blows,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care
Bestowed on baby brother;
Nobody knows of the tender pray'r,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught
Of loving one another;
Nobody knows of the patience sought,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears,
Lest darlings may not weather
The storm of life in after years,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above
To thank the Heavenly Father,
For that sweetest gift—a mother's love;
Nobody can—but mother.

A BOY'S LECTURE.

"CHILDREN should be seen and not heard," at least so my mother often tells me. But to-day the children are to be heard as well as seen. Just as I stepped up here to speak my piece, my teacher whispered, "Now, Harry, speak very loud." And that is what I am trying to do. Can you hear me? I am going to give a little lecture to the boys, and I want to be heard.

Never mind what it is about. You will find that out before I am half through.

And now for my firstly: Do you want to know how to be happy all days, boys?

Let me tell you. When you get up in the morning, don't forget to slip on your "good-natured coat," before you go downstairs. You all have one, haven't you? And then you won't care if everybody is done breakfast and the buckwheats are cold.

Secondly. When everything goes wrong at home, at school, or in the street, and you think you have enough trouble to

put any boy in bad humor, then [slowly] you may depend upon it, boys, some one is trying to rob you of your "good-natured coat." But don't let it go. Hold on to it with a tight grip, and when you feel it settling firmly back into its place, oh, my! how jolly you will feel!

Thirdly. I have found out, boys, that it pays to wear this coat. And the beauty of it is, you can wear it in all kinds of weather. It is just as useful on a stormy day as on a fair, sunshiny one. Indeed, it often makes a dull, cloudy day seem very bright and golden

And now, lastly:

Be good-natured, always. Put cross people in a good humor by being pleasant and cheerful. Give a smile for a frown, a gentle word for a cross one; and this you can do if you are careful to put on your "good-natured coat" as soon as you arise in the morning, and to wear it all day and in all kinds of weather.

—L. J. Rook.

MERCY.

THE quality of mercy is not strained;

It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven

Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed;

It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes The throned monarch better than his crown;

His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,

Th' attribute to awe and majesty,

Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;

But mercy is above this sceptred sway,—

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,

It is an attribute to God himself;

And earthly power doth then show likest God's

When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,

Though justice be thy plea, consider this—

That in the course of justice, none of us

Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy;

And that same prayer should teach us all to render

The deeds of mercy. —Shakespeare.

"IF I WERE A FLOWER."

IF I were a flower, fair,
I would try to bloom
At Easter-tide, and scatter
Sweetest of perfume.

For on the Easter morning,
Night was turned to Day,
When the angels from the tomb
Rolled the stone away.

And now, we fear no longer
Death and all its tears,
We shall with the Savior live
Through the countless years.

So, if I were a flower,
I would for Easter grow,
And that life must conquer death,
Would my beauty show.

—Clara J. Denton.

WILLIE'S SIGNAL FOR JESUS.

AT twilight, in old Hospital St.
Luke,
The smiling eyes that watched
grew wet with crying,
And kind lips kissed away, with love's re-
buke,
The cruel anguish of the sick and
dying.

In the fourth ward, a boy with broken
bones
Lay dreaming what the morrow should
betide him,
And sobbed and talked by turns, in
faltering tones,
With little Susie in the cot beside him.

For he had borne the knife that day, and
strain
On his weak limbs of surgeon's cord
and splinter,
Till he had fainted with the weight of
pain,
Too great for one just through his
seventh winter.

And oh! to wait the rest!—'twas worse,
he said,
To lie and tremble at the doctor's
warning.

"I think 'twere better, Susie, to be dead
Than bear the hurt that's coming in
the morning.

"They say that every night the loving
Lord
Comes here for some of us, in watch or
slumber,
And I have prayed that when he walks
this ward
To-night, he'll take me too, among the
number.

"I hope he'll know I want him, and I've
planned,
For fear I may be dreaming when he
sees us,
Above the bed-clothes—so—to prop my
hand,
And hold it there, to be a sign for
Jesus."

At midnight, in old Hospital St. Luke,
While lamps burned low o'er lives yet
lower burning,
And angel Sleep, aloof at Pain's rebuke,
Tempted pale eyelids, going and return-
ing—

Who saw the Son of God, with counte-
nance bland,
In pity sweet His glory all concealing,
Come at the beckoning of that lifted hand,
And smile His answer to its mute
appealing?

The arm grew weak that held it. Faith's
good will

Stayed up the tiny sign of supplication
Full long, and then it quivered—and grew
still;

It pointed up, from sorrow to salvation.

'Tis morn at last. The nurses come again
And see that childlike token where it
lingers,

Erect and cold, above the counterpane,
With resignation in its helpless fingers.

From sights of fear and sounds of parting
hope,

And curses wrung from sufferers unforgiven,

The soul of wounded Willie had gone up,
Led by that small up-lifted hand to
heaven.

EASTER FLOWERS.

(For a girl.)

The speaker should carry flowers, either in a bouquet or basket. At the close of the recitation the flowers should be placed in a prominent place.

MESSAGES of God's dear love
Do these flowers bear;
He who with a gracious hand
Gives these colors rare,
Will remember you and me
With as true a care.

So I bring love's offering
On this Easter Day,
Flowers fair that to each heart
Softly seem to say:

"Death no more can over you
Hold eternal sway."

As the tender plants escaped
From the pris'ning mold,
So has Christ death's bondage burst,
Death so grim and cold.
This I think the message true
That these blossoms hold.

—Clara J. Denton.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.

SHE stood at the bar of justice,
A creature wan and wild,
In form too small for a woman,
In features too old for a child,
For a look so worn and pathetic
Was stamped on her pale young face,
It seemed long years of suffering
Must have left that silent trace.

"Your name?" said the judge, as he eyed
her

With kindly look yet keen,

"Is Mary McGuire, if you please, sir."

"And your age?"—"I am turned
fifteen."

"Well, Mary," and then from a paper
He slowly and gravely read,

"You are charged here—I'm sorry to
say it—

With stealing three loaves of bread.

"You look not like an offender,
And I hope that you can show
The charge to be false. Now, tell me,
Are you guilty of this, or no?"

A passionate burst of weeping
Was at first her sole reply,
But she dried her eyes in a moment,
And looked in the judge's eye.

"I will tell you just how it was, sir;
My father and mother are dead,
And my little brother and sisters
Were hungry and asked me for bread.

At first I earned it for them
 By working hard all day,
 But somehow times were bad, sir,
 And the work all fell away.

"I could get no more employment;
 The weather was bitter cold,
 The young ones cried and shivered—
 (Little Johnny's but four years old);
 So, what was I to do, sir?
 I am guilty, but do not condemn,
 I *took*—oh, was it *stealing*?—
 The bread to give to them."

Every man in the courtroom—
 Gray-beard and thoughtless youth—
 Knew, as he looked upon her,
 That the prisoner spoke the truth.
 Out from their pockets came kerchiefs,
 Out from their eyes sprung tears,

And out from old faded wallets
 Treasures hoarded for years

The judge's face was a study—
 The strangest you ever saw,
 As he cleared his throat and murmured
Something about the *law*.
 For one so learned in such matters,
 So wise in dealing with men,
 He seemed, on a simple question,
 Sorely puzzled just then.

But no one blamed him or wondered,
 When at last these words were heard:
 "The sentence of this young prisoner
 Is, for the present, deferred."
 And no one blamed him or wondered
 When he went to her and smiled,
 And tenderly led from the courtroom
 Himself, the "guilty" child.

THE PERFECT WORD.

MY dear little Willy—my boy of
 four—
 Played with his blocks on the
 nursery floor.

In gaudy tints on the blocks was set,
 In printed letters, the alphabet;
 This way and that way, side by side,
 Block after block he turned and tried.
 Watching my Willy, his voice I heard,
 "Come and see, mamma, I've made a
 word!"

Though busy at work, I never forgot
 To look when he asked, what mother
 would not?

"Is that a word, mamma?" he always said;
 I laughed, and said "No," and shook my
 head.

At last worn out, too tired to creep,
 On the nursery floor he fell asleep;
 To lay him down in his crib I went,
 And I saw he had made by accident

A word with the blocks set side by side—
 A word when he hadn't even tried.
 He had made a litter, as oft before,
 With the blocks all over the nursery floor;
 But, like a mother, I could not bear
 To spoil the word, so I left it there.
 A thought came into my heart: Just so
 We grown-up ones to our duties go,
 We ponder them over, we toil and fret
 Over our life like an alphabet;
 Till, after awhile, too tired to weep
 Over many failures, we fall asleep.
 Only a letter through life we've made
 And, dreaming of doing, have only played;
 Yet the wondrous power of love may
 change,
 And unknown to us, may the deeds
 arrange.

Oh, when we wake may the voice be heard
 Telling at last of the perfect word!

—W. J. Roe.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.



FTEN the child had listened,

The while the mother talked,
Of the days when the dear Lord
Jesus,

On earth had lived and walked;
Days when he came to Bethany,
And rested his weary feet;
Sat with the sisters and Lazarus,
In converse true and sweet.

Days when the people thronged him,
And gave him of their bread,
And shared their lowly shelter
With his tired, though kingly head;
When they took off the dust-white sandals,
And washed from the feet away
The heat and the fever of travel
Of the long, hot Eastern day.

And the fair child, eager and wondering,
Her luminous eyes aglow,
Said, "Mamma, if I could have been
there—

There with the Twelve, you know!"
And the mother's voice grew tender,
A light to her sweet face came,
As she said to the little daughter,
"Yes, dear, I have thought the same."

The long, hot day was dying;
Slowly toward the west,
The sun was drawing his splendors,
And the people thought of rest.
Under the grand old elm tree,
Down by the garden gate,
Stood the little golden-haired maiden,
For papa's step to wait:

Slowly through the dusty street
An old man moved along;
Feeble, as well as old, he was;
His step no longer strong.

"Somebody's grandpa," said little Belle,
"His hair is as white as snow,
And he leans on his cane so heavy,
He must be tired, I know."

He stopped in the shade of the elm tree,
And he said, "My little maid,
I must rest me here awhile,
I am sore tired, I'm afraid.
I came to-day from the almshouse,
After the noon-day rest,
I thought to go on a journey,
But God knows if 'tis best."

"The almshouse! Where poor people
live?"

And pity shook her voice,
"Then you are nobody's grandpa;
You have no girls and boys?"

"No, child, I am only waiting
To hear the Master call.
I had some friends in the long ago,
But now I have lost them all."

"Come in and rest on the settee here,
The red one under the tree,
And I will go speak to mamma—
I tell her all, you see."
And they came then together,
Mother and little Belle,
And brought him milk from the dairy
And water from the well—

Bread and butter and honey—
And he drank from Belle's silver cup,
And went on his way with a blessing
That came from his full heart up.
They stood at the gate and watched him,
As slowly he went his way,
And the mother whispered,
"A blessing has come this day."

"Done to the least, my darling,
Is done to the Lord; for see,
'Inasmuch as ye did to the least of these
Ye did it unto Me.'"
"Oh;" and over the little face
Came a look of glad surprise,
"Have I touched the dear Lord Jesus?"
How radiant the lovely eyes!

"I am so glad and so happy:
Now I know what the Bible meant,'
And into the sweetness of the face,
Came a look of full content,
As home to her heart she gathered
The glowing "Inasmuch."
Oh to be like the children!
The Kingdom is made of such.

MY CREED.

I HOLD that Christian grace abounds
Where charity is seen; that when
We climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds
Of love to men.

I hold all else, named piety,
A selfish scheme, a vain pretense;
Where center is not, can there be
Circumference?

This I moreover hold, and dare
Affirm where'er my rhyme may go,—
Whatever things be sweet or fair,
Love makes them so.

Whether it be the lullabies
That charm to rest the nursing bird,

Or that sweet confidence of sighs
And blushes, made without a word.

Whether the dazzling and the flush
Of softly sumptuous garden bowers,
Or by some cabin door, a bush
Of ragged flowers.

'Tis not the wide phylactery,
Nor stubborn fasts, nor stated prayers,
That makes us saints; we judge the tree
By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart
From works, on theologic trust,
I know the blood about his heart
Is dry as dust. —Alice Cary.

SURCEASE.

THE Sabbath is rest for body and
mind
To fit them for higher duty;
To worship and serve in spirit and truth,
Rejoice in the mission of beauty.

The Sabbath was made to sever the
chain
That bends to the sordid burden,
And lift from the brow the dark cloud of
care,
Give hope with its present guerdon.

A covenant wise our Father has made,
The choicest of blessings securing;

A law "made for men" like the nature of
God,
Forever unchanged and enduring.

The Sabbath was made for the higher
life,
For issues and hopes immortal;
To temper our gaze to the things unseen,
Life's radiant and open portal.

Rejoice, O my soul, in the Lord of the day,
His goodness and mercy unfailing;
Surcease from the care and burden of toil
And vistas of glory unveiling.
—C. B. Botsford.

THE HOT AXLE.

(An oration.)

THE express train was flying from Cork to Queenstown; it was going like sixty—that is, about sixty miles an hour. No sight of Irish village to arrest our speed, no sign of a break-down; and yet the train halted. We looked out of the window; saw a brakeman and a crowd of passengers gathering around the locomotive, and a dense smoke arising. What was the matter? A hot axle!

I thought then, as I think now, that is the matter with people everywhere. In this swift “express” American life, we go too fast for our endurance. We think ourselves getting on splendidly, when, in the midst of our success, we come to a dead halt. What is the matter? The nerves or muscles, or our brain give out; we have made too many revolutions in an hour. A hot axle!

Men make the mistake of working according to their opportunity, and not according to their capacity of endurance. Can I be a merchant and a president of a bank, and a director of a life insurance company, and a school commissioner, and help edit a paper, and supervise the politics of our ward, and run for Congress? “I can!” the man says to himself. The store drives him; the bank drives him; the school drives him; politics drive him. He takes all the scoldings and frets and exasperations of each position. Some day, at the height of the business season, he does not come to the store. From the most important meeting of the bank directors he is absent. In the excitement of the most important political canvass he fails to be at the place appointed. What is the matter? His health has broken

down; the train halts long before it gets to the station. A hot axle!

Literary men have great opportunities opening in this day. If they take all that open, they are dead men, or worse—living men that ought to be dead. The pen runs so easy when you have good ink and smooth paper, and an easy desk to write on, and the consciousness of an audience of one, two, or three hundred thousand readers. So great is the invitation to literary work, that the professional men of the day are overdone. They sit, faint and fagged out, on the verge of newspapers and books; each one does the work of three. And these men sit up late nights, and choke down chunks of meat without mastication, and scold their wives through irritability, and maul innocent authors and run the physical machinery with the liver miserably given out. The driving shaft has gone fifty times a second. They stop at no station. The steam chest is hot and swollen. The brain and digestion begin to smoke. Stop, ye flying quills! “Down brakes!” A hot axle!

Some of our young people have read—till they are crazed—of learned blacksmiths who at the forge conquered thirty languages; and shoemakers who, pounding sole leather, got to be philosophers; and of milliners who, while their customers were at the glass trying on their spring hats, wrote a volume of first-rate poems. The fact is, no blacksmith ought to be troubled with more than five languages; and instead of shoemakers becoming philosophers, we would like to turn our surplus supply of philosophers into shoemakers; and the supply of poetry is so much greater than the

demand, that we wish milliners would stick to their business. Extraordinary examples of work and endurance may do us much good. Because Napoleon slept only four hours a night, hundreds of students have tried the experiment; but instead of Austerlitz and Saragossa, there came of it only a sick headache, and a botch of a recitation.

Let us not go beyond our endurance, cutting short our days and making a wreck of our life, but labor earnestly, zealously, intelligently, for success, and in the twilight of old age peace and happiness will be ours—not the shattered and palsied remains of a career disastrously checked.

THE CREEDS OF THE BELLS.

(Arranged by ten little girls for their "Christian Endeavor" entertainment.)

In Concert.

HOW sweet the chime of the Sabbath bells!
 Each one its creed in music tells,
 In tones that float upon the air,
 As soft as song, as pure as prayer;
 And I will put in simple rhyme
 The language of the golden chime;
 My happy heart with rapture swells
 Responsive to the bells, sweet bells.

First Girl.

"In deeds of love excel! excel!"
 Chimed out from ivied towers a bell;
 "This is the church not built on sands,
 Emblem of one not built with hands;
 In forms and sacred rites revere,
 Come worship here! come worship here!
 In rituals and faith excel!"
 Chimed out the Episcopalian bell.

Second Girl.

"Oh, heed the ancient landmarks well!"
 In solemn tones exclaimed a bell;
 "No progress made by mortal man
 Can change the just eternal plan;
 With God there can be nothing new;
 Ignore the false, embrace the true,
 While all is well! is well! is well!"
 Pealed out the good old Dutch church bell.

Third Girl.

"Ye purifying waters swell!"
 In mellow tones rang out a bell;
 Though faith alone in Christ can save,
 Man must be plunged beneath the
 wave,
 To show the world unfaltering faith
 In what the sacred scripture saith:
 Oh swell! ye rising waters, swell!"
 Pealed out the clear-toned Baptist bell.

Fourth Girl.

"Not faith alone, but works as well,
 Must test the soul!" said a soft bell;
 "Come here and cast aside your load,
 And work your way along the road,
 With faith in God, and faith in man,
 And hope in Christ, where hope began;
 Do well! do well! do well! do well!"
 Rang out the Unitarian bell.

Fifth Girl.

"Farewell! farewell! base world, farewell!"
 In touching tones exclaimed a bell;
 "Life is a boon, to mortals given,
 To fit the soul for bliss in heaven;
 Do not invoke the avenging rod,
 Come here and learn the way to God;
 Say to the world farewell! farewell!"
 Pealed forth the Presbyterian bell.

Sixth Girl.

"To all the truth we tell! we tell!"
 Shouted in ecstasies a bell;
 "Come all ye weary wanderers, see!
 Our Lord has made salvation free!
 Repent, believe, have faith, and then
 Be saved and praise the Lord, Amen!
 Salvation's free, we tell! we tell!"
 Shouted the Methodistic bell.

Seventh Girl.

"In after life there is no hell!"
 In rapture rang a cheerful bell;
 "Look up to heaven this holy day,
 Where angels wait to lead the way;
 There are no fires, no fiends to blight
 The future life; be just and right.
 No hell! no hell! no hell! no hell!"
 Rang out the Universalist bell.

Eighth Girl.

"The Pilgrim Fathers heeded well
 My cheerful voice," pealed forth a bell;
 "No fetters here to clog the soul;
 No arbitrary creeds control
 The free heart and progressive mind,
 That leave the dusty past behind.
 Speed well, speed well, speed well, speed
 well!"
 Pealed out the Independent bell.

Ninth Girl.

"No Pope, no Pope, to doom to hell!"
 The Protestant rang out a bell;
 "Great Luther left his fiery zeal
 Within the hearts that truly feel
 That loyalty to God will be
 The fealty that makes man free.
 No images where incense fell!"
 Rang out old Martin Luther's bell.

Tenth Girl.

"All hail, ye saints in heaven that dwell
 Close by the cross!" exclaimed a bell;
 "Lean o'er the battlements of bliss,
 And deign to bless a world like this;
 Let mortals kneel before this shrine—
 Adore the water and the wine!
 All hail ye saints, the chorus swell!"
 Chimed in the Roman Catholic bell.

In Chorus.

"Ye workers who have toiled so well,
 To save the race!" said a sweet bell;
 "With pledge, and badge, and banner,
 come,
 Each brave heart beating like a drum;
 Be royal men of noble deeds.
 For love is holier than creeds;
 Drink from the well, the well, the well!"
 In rapture rang the Temperance bell.
 —George W. Bungay.

THE BRIDGE.

(For Poet's Day in the Public School.)

HOW often, O how often,
 In the days that had gone by,
 I had stood on that bridge at mid-
 night,
 And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, O how often,
 I had wished that the ebbing tide
 Would bear me away on its bosom
 O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
 And my life was full of care,
 And the burden laid upon me
 Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it is fallen from me,
 It is buried in the sea;
 And only the sorrow of others
 Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
 On its bridge with wooden piers,
 Like the odor of brine from the ocean
 Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
 Of care-encumbered men,
 Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
 Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
 Still passing to and fro,

The young heart hot and restless,
 And the old, subdued and slow.

And forever and forever,
 As long as the river flows,
 As long as the heart has passions,
 As long as life has woes;

The moon and her broken reflection
 And its shadows shall appear,
 As the symbol of love in heaven,
 And its wavering image here.
 —Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

GOLDEN head so lowly bending,
 Little feet so white and bare,
 Dewy eyes, half shut, half opened,
 Lipping out her evening prayer.

“Now I lay,”—repeat it, darling—
 “Lay me,” lisped the tiny lips
 Of my daughter, kneeling, bending
 O’er the folded finger tips.

“Down to sleep,”—“To sleep,” she
 murmured,
 And the curly head bent low;
 “I pray the Lord,” I gently added,
 “You can say it all, I know.”

“Pray the Lord,” the sound came faintly,
 Fainter still—“My soul to keep;”
 Then the tired head fairly nodded,
 And the child was fast asleep,

But the dewy eyes half opened
 When I clasped her to my breast,
 And the dear voice softly whispered,
 “Mamma, God knows all the rest.”

Oh, the trusting, sweet confiding
 Of the child-heart! would that I
 Thus might trust my Heavenly Father,
 He who hears my feeblest cry.

Oh, the rapture, sweet, unbroken,
 Of the soul who wrote that prayer!
 Children’s myriad voices floating
 Up to Heaven, record it there.

If, of all that has been written,
 I could choose what might be mine,
 It should be that child’s petition,
 Rising to the throne divine.

THE TWO WORDS.

NONE day a harsh word, rashly said,
 Upon an evil journey sped,
 And like a sharp and cruel dart
 It pierced a fond and loving heart;
 It turned a friend into a foe,
 And everywhere brought pain and woe.

A kind word followed it one day,
 Flew swiftly on its blessed way;
 It healed the wound, it soothed the pain,
 And friends of old were friends again;
 It made the hate and anger cease,
 And everywhere brought joy and peace.

But yet the harsh word left a trace
The kind word could not quite efface;
And, though the heart its love regained,
It bore a scar that long remained;
Friends could forgive, but not forget
Or lose the sense of keen regret.

Oh, if we could but learn to know
How swift and sure one word can go,
How would we weigh with utmost care
Each thought before it sought the air,
And only speak the words that move
Like white-winged messengers of love
—Sunday-School Times.

THERE'LL BE ROOM IN HEAVEN.

SHE was a little old woman, very plainly dressed in black bombazine that had seen much careful wear; her bonnet was very old-fashioned, and people stared at her tottering up the aisle of the church, evidently bent on securing one of the best seats, for a great man preached that day. The house was filled with splendidly dressed people who had heard of the fame of the preacher, of his learning, his intellect and goodness, and they wondered at the presumption of the poor old woman. She must have been in her dotage, for she picked out the pew of the richest and proudest member of the church and took a seat. Three ladies who were seated there beckoned to the sexton, who bent over the intruder and whispered something, but she was hard of hearing, and smiled a little withered smile, as she said, gently, "Oh, I'm quite comfortable here, quite comfortable."

"But you are not wanted here," said the sexton, pompously; "there is not room. Come with me, my good woman; I will see that you have a seat."

"Not room!" said the old woman, looking at her shrunken proportions and then at the fine ladies. "Why, I'm not crowded a bit. I rode ten miles to hear the sermon to-day, because—"

But here the sexton took her by the arm, shook her roughly in a polite underhand way, and then she took the hint. Her faded old eyes filled with

tears, her chin quivered; but she rose meekly and left the pew. Turning quietly to the ladies, who were spreading their rich dresses over the space she left vacant, she said gently: "I hope, my dears, there'll be room in heaven for us all." Then she followed the pompous sexton to the rear of the church, where, in the last pew, she was seated between a threadbare girl and a shabby old man.

"She must be crazy," said one of the ladies in the pew which she had first occupied. "What can an ignorant old woman like her want to hear Dr. — preach for? She would not be able to understand a word he said."

"Those people are so persistent. The idea of her forcing herself into our pew! Isn't that voluntary lovely? There's Dr. — coming out of the vestry. Is he not grand?"

"Splendid! What a stately man! You know he has promised to dine with us while he is here."

He was a commanding looking man, and as the organ voluntary stopped, and he looked over the great crowd of worshippers gathered in the vast church, he seemed to scan every face. His hand was on the Bible, when suddenly he leaned over the reading desk and beckoned to the sexton, who obsequiously mounted the steps to receive a mysterious message. And then the three ladies in the grand pew were electrified to see him take his way the whole length of the church to

return with the old woman, when he placed her in the front pew of all, its other occupants making willing room for her. The great preacher looked at her with a smile of recognition, and then the services proceeded, and he preached a

sermon that struck fire from every heart.

"Who was she?" asked the ladies who could not make room for her, as they passed the sexton at the door.

"The preacher's mother," was the reply.

OUR TRAVELED PARSON.

FOR twenty years and over our good parson had been toiling

To chip the bad meat from our hearts, and keep the good from spoiling,

But finally he wilted down, and went to looking sickly,

And the doctor said that something must be put up for him quickly.

So we kind of clubbed together, each according to his notion,

And bought a circular ticket in the lands across the ocean;

Wrapped some pocket money in it—what we thought would easy do him—

And appointed me committeeman to go and take it to him.

I found him in his study, looking rather worse than ever,

And told him 'twas decided that his flock and he should sever.

Then his eyes grew wide with wonder, and it seemed almost to blind 'em,

And some tears looked out o' window, with some others close behind 'em.

Then I handed him the ticket, with a little bow of deference,

And he studied quite a little ere he got its proper reference;

And then the tears that waited. great unmanageable creatures,

Let themselves quite out o' window, and came climbing down his features.

I wish you could ha' seen him, coming back all fresh and glowing,

His clothes so worn and seedy, and his face so fat and knowing;

I wish you could have heard him when he prayed for us who sent him,

And paid us back twice over all the money we had lent him.

'Twas a feast to all believers, 'twas a blight on contradiction,

To hear one just from Calvary talk about the Crucifixion;

'Twas a damper on those fellows who pretended they could doubt it,

To have a man who'd been there stand and tell them all about it.

Paul, maybe, beat our pastor in the Bible knots unraveling,

And establishing new churches, but he couldn't touch him traveling,

Nor in his journeys pick half the general information;

But then he hadn't the railroads and the steamboat navigation.

And every foot of Scripture whose location used to stump us

Was now regularly laid out, with the different points of compass.

When he undertook a picture, he quite natural would draw it;

He would paint it out so honest that it seemed as if you saw it.

An' the way he chiseled Europe—oh, the
 way he scampered through it!
 Not a mountain dodged his climbing, not
 a city but he knew it;
 There wasn't any subject to explain in all
 creation,
 But he could go to Europe and bring back
 an illustration.

So we crowded out to hear him, much
 instructed and delighted;
 'Twas a picture-show, a lecture, and a
 sermon, all united;
 And my wife would wipe her glasses, and
 serenely pet her Test'ment,
 And whisper, "That 'ere ticket was a
 very good investment."

Now, after six months' travel we were
 most of us all ready
 To settle down a little, so's to live more
 staid and steady;
 To develop home resources, with no for-
 eign cares to fret us,
 Using home-made faith more frequent;
 but the parson wouldn't let us.

To view the selfsame scenery time and
 time again he'd call us,
 Over rivers, plains, and mountains he
 would any minute haul us;
 He slighted our home sorrows, and our
 spirits' aches and ailings,
 To get the cargoes ready for his reg'lar
 Sunday sailings.

He would take us off a-touring in all
 spiritual weather,
 Till we at last got homesick like, and
 seasick altogether;
 And "I wish to all that's peaceful," said
 one free-expressed brother,
 "That the Lord had made one cont'nent,
 and then never made another!"

Sometimes, indeed, he'd take us into
 sweet, familiar places,
 And pull along quite steady in the good
 old gospel traces;
 But soon my wife would shudder, just as
 if a chill had got her,
 Whispering, "Oh, my goodness gracious!
 he's a-talking to the water!"

And it wasn't the same old comfort when
 he called around to see us;
 On a branch of foreign travels he was
 sure at last to tree us;
 All unconscious of his error, he would
 sweetly patronize us,
 And with oft-repeated stories still en-
 deavor to surprise us.

And the sinners got to laughing; and that
 finally galled and stung us
 To ask him, Would he kindly once more
 settle down among us?
 Didn't he think that more home-produce
 would improve our souls' digestions?
 They appointed me committeeman to go
 and ask the questions.

I found him in his garden, trim 'an'
 buoyant as a feather;
 He pressed my hand, exclaiming, "This
 is quite Italian weather;
 How it 'minds me of the evenings when,
 your distant hearts caressing,
 Upon my benefactors I invoked the
 heavenly blessing!"

I went and told the brothers, "No, I can-
 not bear to grieve him;
 He's so happy in his exile, it's the proper
 place to leave him.
 I took that journey to him, and right
 bitterly I rue it;
 But I cannot take it from him; if you
 want to, go and do it."

Now a new restraint entirely seemed next
 Sunday to infold him,
 And he looked so hurt and humbled that I
 knew some one had told him.
 Subdued like was his manner, and some
 tones were hardly vocal;
 But every word he uttered was pre-
 eminently local.

The sermon sounded awkward, and we
 awkward felt who heard it.
 'Twas a grief to see him hedge it, 'twas a
 pain to hear him word it;
 "When I was in—" was, maybe, half a
 dozen times repeated,
 But that sentence seemed to scare him,
 and was always uncompleted.

As weeks went on, his old smile would
 occasionally brighten,
 But the voice was growing feeble, and
 the face began to whiten;

He would look off to the eastward with a
 listful, weary sighing,
 And 'twas whispered that our pastor in a
 foreign land was dying.

The coffin lay 'mid garlands smiling sad
 as if they knew us;
 The patient face within it preached a final
 sermon to us:

Our parson had gone touring on a trip
 he'd long been earning,
 In that wonder-land whence tickets are
 not issued for returning.

O tender, good heart-shepherd! your
 sweet smiling lips, half-parted,
 Told of scenery that burst on you just the
 minute that you started!

Could you preach once more among us,
 you might wander without fearing;
 You could give us tales of glory we would
 never tire of hearing.

HANNAH BROWN'S BABY.

A BIT of crape, hanging side by
 side with a strip of satin ribbon
 which had once been white, but
 was now discolored by constant use,
 swung idly from the tack which held it in
 place at the entrance to one of the tall
 tenements on the west side. It was in
 the district known as Blackchapel, and all
 the houses thereabout are occupied by
 colored folks.

There is always a pathos about a scrap
 of crape at the door, especially if the
 grim announcement is hung for a child.
 But the lean legged and woolly headed
 black children who were playing shinny
 in the street were too young to allow their
 sport to be interrupted by the presence of
 death.

If any one had asked the stout negress
 who lolled at the door, they would have

been answered with: "Oneley Mis'
 Hannah Brown's little boy. An' it's de
 Lawd's bressin' he gone, kase he's bin
 ailin' ebber sence he was bawn. Whar
 does she lib? Up on de top flo', in de
 reah. -Yo' cawn't miss it. Jess knock
 hard on de do', kase Miss Brown may be
 sorrowin' like, on 'count ov it bein' her
 Johnnie."

And then, if one had followed her
 direction, he would have wondered if
 there never would be any end to the bare,
 steep flights of dirty stairs, with the too
 brief landings, and the musty, dark halls,
 and the black, woolly heads thrust out
 of half open doors in a spirit of youthful
 inquiry.

But there is an end to all things, and at
 last the top is reached. It is lighter
 here, and the air seems a little more

wholesome, although the same musty smell of crowded quarters is to be noticed. A ladder leads up to a hole in the roof, and the sun sends a slanting ray down through the aperture. The block of sunlight strikes the entrance to one of the three doors on the landing, and has only the effect of bringing out in greater relief the worn pine boards half hidden by an accumulation of dirt.

It is very quiet on this floor, so quiet that when the visitor listened he could hear a sound of sobbing, and then a low voice crooning words of comfort. A knock at the door brings the answer: "Come in." The room is not more than twelve feet square, and is considered a large room for a tenement. But the question of accommodations is not taken into consideration now.

Three are two persons in the room. An old woman, whose tears made shining tracks upon her black skin, was bending over a young woman who rocked to and fro in an old chair, sobbing and moaning for her baby. The room was uncarpeted and miserable. Bags and wads of paper stuck loosely in the holes in the broken window panes helped to give an indescribable aspect of desolation to the room.

Upon the only table in the room, its attenuated form wrapped in a red shawl, ragged and threadbare, was the dead baby. Its little black face, tinged with a grayish hue, was turned up toward the cracked ceiling, and the lids hardly concealed the dull white of the eyes.

The babe had been dead since the day before, and the mother was too poor to bury it. Her husband was away somewhere. He had deserted her months before, so she need not expect him in her hour of trouble.

As she rocked, the door creaked on its hinges and an old negro entered. He was

lame, and made his way carefully along with a cane. A high hat that had seen years of hard service rested on a fringe of grayish wool that covered the back of his head, and a bandanna handkerchief made a picturesque substitute for both collar and cravat.

"Hullo, Jack, yo' back agen?" said the old woman. "Hannah bin taken on powerf'l sence yo's bin gone, an' she mos' cried her eyes out. Did yo' git enny money?"

"No, an' I'se done clean pestered out, a-trampin' and a-trampin'. What wid de rheumatics and de sorrer 'bout Jacky, I ain't mahself."

"Uncle Jack," said the young woman, jumping up, "I'll jes' ask yer ter go to one moah place fur de money. Jes' one moah. I'se done washin' fur dis lady, and mebbe she help me."

"Come, come, gal," said the old man; "I'se doin' all I can fer yer, but the good Lawd will pervide. Jes put yo' trus' on him."

"I know, Uncle Jack, I know dat; but we mus' do somethin'," she said.

With unsteady hand she wrote a note in a cramped hand on the back of a grocery bill, the only piece of paper there was in the house. The paper was blistered with her tears.

Mrs. Reed—Would you please to help me a little, I am sorry to ask you, but my Baby died yesterday at noon, with the Brown-keeters and the guatar in the throat. We have done what we could. I have been sick myself and the little earning i had saved i had to pay out for medcin. I am not feeling well.

From Hannah Brown.

Uncle Jack hobbled out of the door and down the stairs. He had to go a long distance, and when he came back a gentleman came with him. He had come in

answer to the letter and to see the dead baby was buried decently. Not long ago his own baby had died, and when he stood by the table and saw by the light of the one lamp in the room the face of the little dead baby he broke down and wept. His tears mingled with those of the poor black folks about. A common grief had

torn away the barrier of race, color and station, and he was as sincere a mourner as old Uncle Jack, who stood with bowed head near him. And as the old bandanna neckerchief seemed to grow tighter and tighter around his throat he said:

"I knew de Lawd would pervide, Han-nah. I knew it 'cuse, kase he allers does."

GRADATIM.

(For Poet's Day.)

HEAVEN is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true;
That a noble deed is a step toward God—
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by things that are under our feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light;
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men.
We may borrow the wings to find the way;
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray;
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.
—J. G. Holland.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

THIS book is all that's left me
now,—

Tears will unbidden start,—
With faltering lip and throbbing brow
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hands this Bible clasped,
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear;
Who round the hearthstone used to close,
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still!

My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters, dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who loved God's word to hear!
Her angel face,—I see it yet!
What thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the walls of home!

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
When all were false, I found thee true,
My counselor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live
It taught we how to die!

—George P. Morris.

OUR OWN.

IF I had known, in the morning,
How wearily all the day
The words unkind would trouble my
mind

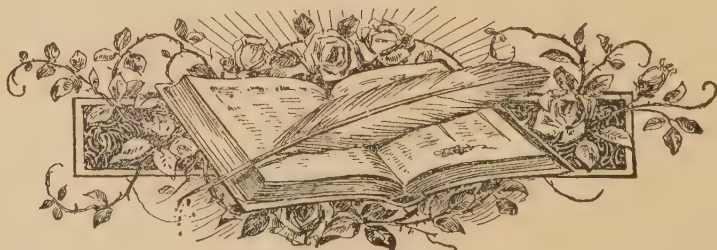
That I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But—we vex our own with look and
tone

We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it well might be that never for me
The pain of the heart should cease!

How many go forth at morning
Who never come home at night,
And hearts have broken for harsh words
spoken
That sorrow can ne'er set right!

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest,
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah, lip with the curve impatient,
Ah, brow with the shade of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate were the night too
late
To undo the work of morn.



HISTORICAL POEMS

... AND ...

ORATIONS.



DEATH-BED OF BENEDICT ARNOLD.

(This oration has now become the "banner oration," having taken more medals at oratorical contests than any other written,—is suitable for any patriotic occasion.)

FIFTY years ago, in a rude garret, near the loneliest suburbs of the city of London, lay a dying man. He was but half dressed; though his legs were concealed in long military boots. An aged minister stood beside the rough couch. The form was that of a strong man grown old through care more than age. There was a face that you might look upon but once, and yet wear it in your memory forever.

Let us bend over the bed, and look upon that face. A bold forehead seamed by one deep wrinkle visible between the brows—long locks of dark hair, sprinkled with gray; lips firmly set, yet quivering, as though they had a life separate from the life of the man; and then, two large eyes—vivid, burning, unnatural in their steady glare. Ay, there was something terrible in that face—something so full of unnatural loneliness—unspeakable despair, that the aged minister started back in horror. But look! those strong arms

are clutching at the vacant air; the death-sweat stands in drops upon that bold brow—the man is dying. Throb—throb—throb—beats the death-watch in the shattered wall. "Would you die in the faith of the Christian?" faltered the preacher, as he knelt there on the damp floor.

The white lips of the death-stricken man trembled, but made no sound. Then, with the strong agony of death upon him, he rose into a sitting posture. For the first time he spoke. "Christian!" he echoed in that deep tone which thrilled the preacher to the heart. "Will that faith give me back my honor? Come with me, old man, come with me, far over the waters. Ha! we are there! This is my native town. Yonder is the church in which I knelt in childhood; yonder the green on which I sported when a boy. But another flag waves yonder, in place of the flag that waved when I was a child. "And listen, old man, were I to pass

along the streets, as I passed when but a child, the very babes in their cradles would raise their tiny hands, and curse me! The graves in yonder churchyard would shrink from my footsteps; and yonder flag would rain a baptism of blood upon my head!"

That was an awful death-bed. The minister had watched "the last night" with a hundred convicts in their cells, but had never beheld a scene so terrible as this. Suddenly the dying man arose; he tottered along the floor. With those white fingers, whose nails were blue with the death-chill, he threw open a valise. He drew from thence a faded coat of blue, faced with silver, and the wreck of a battle-flag.

"Look ye, priest! this faded coat is spotted with my blood!" he cried, as old memories seemed stirring at his heart. "This coat I wore, when I first heard the news of Lexington; this coat I wore, when I planted the banner of the stars on Ticonderoga! that bullet-hole was pierced in the fight of Quebec; and now, I am a—let me whisper in your ear!" He hissed that single burning word into the minister's ear. "Now help me, priest! help me to put on this coat of blue; for you see"—and a ghastly smile came over his face—"there is no one here to wipe the cold drops from my brow; no wife, no child. I must meet Death alone; but I will meet him, as I have met him in battle, without a fear!"

And while he stood arraying his limbs in that worm-eaten coat of blue and silver, the good minister spoke to him of faith in Jesus. Yes, of that great faith, which pierces the clouds of human guilt, and rolls them back from the face of God. "Faith!" echoed that strange man, who stood there, erect, with the death-chill on his brow, "Faith! Can it give me

back my honor? Look ye, priest! there, over the waves, sits George Washington, telling to his comrades the pleasant story of the eight years' war; there, in his royal halls; sits George of England, bewailing, in his idiotic voice, the loss of his colonies! And here am I!—I, who was the first to raise the flag of freedom, the first to strike a blow against that king—here am I, dying! oh, dying like a dog."

The awe-stricken preacher started back from the look of the dying man, while throb—throb—throb—beats the death-watch, in the shattered wall. "Hush! silence along the lines there!" he muttered, in that wild, absent tone, as though speaking to the dead; "silence along the lines! not a word—not a word, on peril of your lives! Hark you, Montgomery! we will meet in the center of the town;—we will meet there in victory, or die!—Hist! silence, my men—not a whisper, as we move up those steep rocks! Now on, my boys—now on! Men of the wilderness, we will gain the town! Now up with the banner of the stars—up with the flag of freedom, though the night is dark, and the snow falls! Now! now, one more blow, and Quebec is ours!"

And look! his eye grows glassy. With that word on his lips, he stands there—ah! what a hideous picture of despair! erect, livid, ghastly; there for a moment, and then he falls!—he is dead! Ah, look at that proud form, thrown cold and stiff upon the damp floor. In that glassy eye there lingers, even yet, a horrible energy—a sublimity of despair. Who is this strange man lying there alone, in this rude garret; this man, who, in all his crimes, still treasured up in that blue uniform, that faded flag? Who is this being of horrible remorse—this man, whose memories seem to link something with heaven, and more with hell?

Let us look at that parchment and flag.
The aged minister unrolls that faded
flag; it is a blue banner gleaming with
thirteen stars. He unrolls that parch-
ment; it is a colonel's commission in the
Continental army addressed to Benedict
Arnold! And there, in that rude hut,
while the death-watch throbbed like a
heart in the shattered wall—there,
unknown, unwept, in all the bitterness of
desolation, lay the corse of the patriot and
the traitor.

Oh that our own true Washington had

been there, to sever that good right arm
from the corse; and, while the dishonored
body rotted into dust, to bring home that
noble arm, and embalm it among the
holiest memories of the past! For that
right arm struck many a gallant blow for
freedom; yonder at Ticonderoga, at
Quebec, Champlain, and Saratoga—that
arm, yonder, beneath the snow-white
mountains, in the deep silence of the
river of the dead, first raised into light
the Banner of the Stars.

—George Leppard.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

Fought June 18, 1815, upon a plain near the village of Water'loo, in Belgium, twelve miles south of Brussels. Finally, and forever destroying the power of the First Napoleon, it has long been celebrated as one of the decisive battles of history. The following extract from Byron's "Childe Harold" still remains the most remarkable poem inspired by the great event.

That there should be three ladies living who were present at the historic ball given on the eve of the battle of Waterloo by the duchess of Richmond seems almost impossible. Yet this is indeed the case, and the eldest of this remarkable trio, the dowager Lady Carew, is now in her 101st year. She is in excellent health, and is quite vigorous and lively. Lady Louisa Tighe and her sister, respectively aged 95 and 91, are the other two ladies who were at the Brussels ball in 1815. Both retain vivid recollections of the festivity and subsequent events.

THERE was a sound of revelry by
night,
And Belgium's capital had gath-
ered then

Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and
brave men.

A thousand hearts beat happily; and
when

Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake
again,

And all went merry as a marriage bell.
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like
a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? No, 'twas but the
wind,

Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined,

No sleep till morn when youth and pleas-
ure meet

To chase the glowing hours with flying
feet—

But hark! that heavy sound breaks in
once more,

As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's
opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high
hall

Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did
hear

That sound the first amid the festival,
And caught its tone with death's prophetic
ear;

And when they smiled because he deemed
it near

His heart more truly knew that peal too
 well
 Which stretched his father on a bloody
 bier,
 And roused the vengeance blood alone
 could tell.
 He rushed into the field, and, fighting
 foremost, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and
 fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of
 distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour
 ago
 Blushed at the praise of their own loveli-
 ness;
 And there were sudden partings, such as
 press
 The life from out young hearts, and
 choking sighs
 Which need might be repeated; who
 could guess
 If ever more should meet those mutual
 eyes,
 If upon night so sweet such awful morn
 could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste;
 the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clatter-
 ing car
 Went pouring forward with impetuous
 speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
 And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar,
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning
 star;
 While thronged the citizens, with terror
 dumb,
 Or whispering, with white lips, "The foe!
 They come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Camerons' Gather-
 ing" rose—
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's
 hills
 Have heard, and heard too, have her
 Saxon foes:—
 How in the noon of night that pibroch
 thrills,
 Savage and shrill! But with the breath
 that fills
 Their mountain-pipe, so fill the moun-
 taineers
 With the fierce native daring which instils
 The stirring memory of a thousand years,
 And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each
 clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her
 green leaves,
 Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they
 pass,
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
 Which now beneath them, but above shall
 grow
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
 Of living valor, rolling to the foe,
 And burning with high hopes, shall
 moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
 The midnight brought the sound of strife,
 The morn the marshaling to arms, the day
 Battle's magnificently stern array!
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which,
 when rent,
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heaped
 and pent,
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red
 burial blent! —Lord Byron.

THE HIGH TIDE.

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers rang by two, by three;

"Pull, if ye never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Ply all your changes, all your swells,
Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

Men say it was a stolen tyde—
The Lord that sent it, He knows all;
But in myne ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall:
And there is naught of strange, beside
The flight of mews and peewits pied
By millions crouched on the old sea-wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes,
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies,
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My sonne's fare wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along:
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth.
From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking song—

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
"For the dews will soone be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;

Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Light-foot,
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Light-foot,
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

If it be long, ay, long ago,
When I beginne to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrowe, sharp and strong;
And all the aire, it seemeth mee,
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where full fyve good miles away
The steeple towered from out the greene;
And lo! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds where there sedges are
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came downe that kindly message free,
The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows,
They sayde, "And why should this thing be?
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby!

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping downe;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the
towne:

But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby?'"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding down with might and
main:

He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again,
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The old sea wall (he cried) is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market-place."
He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you, mother!" strait he saith,
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away,
With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells beganne to play
Afar I heard her milking song."
He looked across the grassy lea,
To right, to left, "Ho Enderby!"
They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast;
For, lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine,
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.

Then bankes came downe with ruin and
rout—

Then beaten foam flew round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet,
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sat that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by;
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower, red and
high—

A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awesome bells they were to me,
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide
From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed;
And I—my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed;
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
"O come in life, or come in death!
O lost! my love, Elizabeth."

And did'st thou visit him no more?
Thou did'st, thou did'st, my daughter
deare;

The waters laid thee at his doore,
Ere yet the early dawn was clear,
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!

To manye more than myne and me:
But each will mourn his own (she saith),
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
 By the reedy Lindis shore,
 "Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling
 Ere the early dews be falling;
 I shall never hear her song,
 "Cusha! Cusha!" all along
 Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
 Goeth, floweth;
 From the meads where melick groweth,
 When the water, winding down,
 Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more
 Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
 Shiver, quiver;
 Stand beside the sobbing river,

Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling
 To the sandy lonesome shore;
 I shall never hear her calling,
 "Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
 Mellow, mellow;
 Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
 Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Light-
 foot;
 Quit your pipes of pàrsley hollow,
 Hollow, hollow;
 Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow;
 Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
 From your clovers lift the head;
 Come uppe Jetty, follow, follow,
 Jetty to the milking-shed."
 —Jean Ingelow.

MOTHER AND POET.

(The "mother" in this superb ode was Laura Savio, a poet and ardent patriot of Turin, who lost two sons in the revolutionary struggles—one at Ancona on the Adriatic Sea, the other at Gaeta, on the Mediterranean.)

DEAD! one of them shot by the sea
 in the east,
 And one of them shot in the west
 by the sea.

Dead! both my boys! When you sit at
 the feast,
 And are wanting a great song for Italy
 free,
 Let none look at me!

Yet I was a poetess only last year,
 And good at my art for a woman, men
 said.

But this woman, this, who is agonized
 here,
 The east sea and west sea rhyme on in
 her head
 Forever instead.

What art's for a woman? To hold on her
 knees
 Both darlings! to feel all their arms
 round her throat

Cling, strangle a little! to sew by degrees
 And 'broider the long-clothes and neat
 little coat!
 To dream and to dote.

To teach them. . It stings there. I made
 them indeed
 Speak plain the word "country." I
 taught them no doubt
 That a country's a thing men should die
 for at need.

I prated of liberty, rights and about
 The tyrant turned out.

And when their eyes flashed. . . O my
 beautiful eyes! . .
 I exulted! nay, let them go forth at the
 wheels

Of the guns, and denied not.—But then
 the surprise,
 When one sits quite alone!—Then one
 weeps, then one kneels!
 —God! how the house feels!

At first happy news came, in gay letters
moiled
With my kisses, of camp-life and glory,
and how
They both loved me, and soon, coming
home to be spoiled,
In return would fan off every fly from
my brow
With their green laurel-bough.

Then was triumph at Turin. "Ancona
was free!"
And some one came out of the cheers in
the street
With a face pale as stone, to say some-
thing to me.
—My Guido was dead!—I fell down at
his feet,
While they cheered in the street.

I bore it:—friends soothed me: my grief
looked sublime
As the ransom of Italy. One boy
remained
To be leant on and walked with, recalling
the time
When the first grew immortal, while
both of us strained
To the height he had gained.

And letters still came,—shorter, sadder,
more strong,
Writ now but in one hand. "I was not
to faint.
One loved me for two. .would be with me
ere long:
And 'Viva Italia,' he died for, our saint,
Who forbids our complaint."

My Nanni would add "he was safe, and
aware
Of a presence that turned off the balls
. . . . was impest

It was Guido himself, who knew what I
could bear,
And how 'twas impossible, quite dis-
possessed,
To live on for the rest."

On which without pause up the telegraph
line
Swept smoothly the next news from
Gaeta:—Shot.
Tell his mother. Ah, ah,—"his," "their"
mother: not "mine."
No voice says "my mother" again to
me. What?
You think Guido forgot?

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy
with Heaven,
They drop earth's affections, conceive
not of woe?
I think not. Themselves were too lately
forgiven
Through that Love and Sorrow which
reconciled so
The Above and Below.

O Christ of the seven wounds, who
look'dst through the dark
To the face of Thy mother! consider, I
pray,
How we common mothers stand desolate,
mark,
Whose sons, not being Christ's, die
with eyes turned away,
And no last word to say!

Both boys dead! but that's out of nature.
We all
Have been patriots, yet each house
must always keep one.
'Twere imbecile, hewing out roads to a
wall.
And, when Italy's made, for what end
is it done
If we have not a son?

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaeta's taken, what then?

When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her sport

Of the fire-balls of death crashing souls out of men?

When your guns of Cavalli with final retort

Have cut the game short,—

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,

When your flag takes all heaven for its white, green and red,

When you have your country from mountain to sea,

When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head,

(And I have my Dead,)

What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring your bells low,

And burn your lights faintly!—My country is there,

Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow.

My Italy's there,—with my brave civic Pair,

To disfranchise despair.

Forgive me. Some women bear children in strength,

And bite back the cry of their pain and self-scorn,

But the birth-pangs of nations will wring us at length

Into wail such as this!—and we sit on forlorn

When the man-child is born.

Dead!—one of them shot by the sea in the west,

And one of them shot in the east by the sea!

Both! both my boys!—If in keeping the feast

You want a great song for your Italy free,

Let none look at me!

—Mrs. Browning.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

IF I stood here to tell you the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts,—you, who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the Father of his Country. But I am to tell you the story of a negro who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of Britons, Frenchmen, Spaniards,—men who despised him as a negro and a slave, and hated him because he had beaten them in battle. All the materials for his biography are from the lips of his enemies. Let us

pause a moment, and find something to measure him by. You remember Macaulay says, comparing Cromwell with Napoleon, that Cromwell showed the greater military genius, if we consider that he never saw an army until he was forty; while Napoleon was educated from a boy in the best military schools in Europe. Cromwell manufactured his own army; Napoleon at the age of twenty-seven was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. They were both successful; but, says Macaulay, with such disadvantages, the Englishman showed the greater genius. Whether you allow the inference or not, you will at least grant that it is a fair mode of measurement. Apply it to the negro.

Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty; this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army—out of what? Englishmen,—the best blood in Europe. Out of the middle class of Englishmen,—the best blood of the island. And with it he conquered what? Englishmen,—their equals. This man manufactured his army out of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased, demoralized by two hundred years of slavery, one hundred thousand of them, imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each other. Yet out of this mixed, and, as you say, despicable mass, he forged a thunderbolt and hurled it at what? At the proudest blood in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica. Now, if Cromwell was a general, this man at least was a soldier. I know it was a small territory; it was not as large as the continent; but it was as large as that Attica, which, with Athens for a capital, has filled the earth with its fame for two thousand years. We measure genius by quality, not by quantity.

Further,—Cromwell was only a soldier; his fame stopped there. Not one line in the statute book of Britain can be traced to Cromwell; not one step in the social life of England finds its motive power in his brain. The state he founded went down with him to his grave. But this man no sooner put his hand on the helm of state, than the ship steadied with an upright keel, and he began to evince a statesmanship as marvelous as his military genius.

He was a negro. You say that is superstitious blood. He was uneducated. You say that makes a man narrow-minded. And yet—negro, and a slave—he took his place by the side of Roger

Williams, and said to his committee: "Make it the first line of my constitution that I know no difference between religious beliefs." Now, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your race, go back with me to the commencement of the century, and select what statesman you please. Let him be either American or European; let him have a brain the result of six generations of culture; let him have the ripest training of university routine; let him add to it the better education of practical life; crown his temples with the silver locks of seventy years; and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine admirer will wreath a laurel rich as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this negro,—rare military skill, profound knowledge of human nature, content to blot out all party distinctions, and trust a State to the blood of its sons,—anticipating Sir Robert Peel fifty years, and taking his station by the side of Roger Williams before any Englishman or American had won the right;—and yet this is the record which the history of rival states makes up for this inspired black of St. Domingo.

Above the lust of gold, pure in private life, generous in the use of his power, it was against such a man that Napoleon sent his army, giving to General Leclerc, (the husband of his beautiful sister Pauline), thirty thousand of his best troops, with orders to reintroduce slavery.

Holland lent sixty ships. England promised by special message to be neutral; and you know neutrality means sneering at freedom, and sending arms to tyrants. England promised neutrality and the black looked out on the whole civilized world marshaled against him. America, full of slaves, of course was hostile, only the Yankee sold him poor muskets at a very high price. Mounting his horse,

and riding to the eastern end of the island, Samana, he looked out on a sight such as no native had ever seen before. Sixty ships of the line, crowded by the best soldiers of Europe, rounded the point. They were soldiers who had never yet met an equal, whose tread, like Cæsar's, had shaken Europe,—soldiers who had scaled the Pyramids, and planted the French banners on the walls of Rome. He looked a moment, counted the flotilla, let the reins fall on the neck of his horse, and, turning to Christophe, exclaimed: "All France is come to Hayti; they can only come to make us slaves; and we are lost!" He then recognized the only mistake of his life,—his confidence in Bonaparte, which had led him to disband his army.

Returning to the hills, he issued the only proclamation which bears his name and breathes vengeance: "My children, France comes to make us slaves. God gave us liberty; France has no right to take it away. Burn the cities, destroy the harvests, tear up the roads with cannon, poison the wells, show the white man the hell he comes to make;"—and he was obeyed. When the great William of Orange saw Louis XIV. cover Holland with troops, he said, "Break down the dikes, give Holland back to the ocean;" and Europe said, "Sublime!" When the Alexander saw the armies of France descend upon Russia, he said, "Burn Moscow, starve back the invaders;" and Europe said, "Sublime!" This black saw all Europe marshaled to crush him, and gave to his people the same heroic example of defiance.

Some doubt the courage of the negro. Go to Hayti, and stand on those fifty thousand graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them what they think of the negro's sword. And if that does not satisfy you, go to France, to the

splendid mausoleum of the Counts of Rochambeau, and to the eight thousand graves of Frenchmen who skulked home under the English flag, and ask them.

There never was a slave rebellion successful but once, and that was in St. Domingo. Every race has been, some time or other, in chains. But there never was a race that, weakened and degraded by such chattel slavery, unaided, tore off its own fetters, forged them into swords and won its liberty on the battle-field, but one, and that was the black race of St. Domingo.

I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. "No Retaliation" was his great motto, and the rule of his life; and the last words uttered to his son in France, were these: "My boy, you will one day go back to St. Domingo; forget that France murdered your father." I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the state he founded went down with him into his grave. I would call attention to Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave-trade in the humblest village of his dominions.

You think me a fanatic to-night, for you read history, not with your eyes, but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of History will put Phocion for the Greek, and Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright, consummate flower of our earlier civilization, then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write on the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, Toussaint L'Ouverture.

—Wendell Phillips.

THE PROGRESS OF HUMANITY.

LET us, then, be of good cheer. From the great law of progress we may derive at once our duties and our encouragements. Humanity has ever advanced, urged by the instincts and necessities implanted by God,—thwarted sometimes by obstacles which have caused it for a time—a moment only, in the immensity of ages—to deviate from its true line, or to seem to retreat,—but still ever onward.

Amidst the disappointments which may attend individual exertions, amidst the universal agitations which now surround us, let us recognize this law, confident that whatever is just, whatever is humane, whatever is good, whatever is true, according to an immutable ordinance of Providence, in the golden light of the future, must prevail. With this faith, let us place our hands, as those of little children, in the great hand of God. He will ever guide and sustain us—through pains and perils, it may be—in the path of progress.

In the recognition of this law, there are motives to beneficent activity, which shall endure to the last syllable of life. Let the young embrace it; they shall find in it an everlasting spring. Let the old cherish it still; they shall derive from it fresh encouragement. It shall give to all, both old and young, a new appreciation of their existence, a new sentiment of their force, a new revelation of their destiny.

Be it, then, our duty and our encouragement to live and to labor, ever mindful of the future. But let us not forget the past. All ages have lived and labored for us. From one has come art, from another jurisprudence, from another the compass, from another the printing-

press; from all have proceeded priceless lessons of truth and virtue. The earliest and most distant times are not without a present influence on our daily lives. The mighty stream of progress, though fed by many tributary waters and hidden springs, derives something of its force from the earlier currents which leap and sparkle in the distant mountain recesses, over precipices, among rapids, and beneath the shade of the primeval forest.

Nor should we be too impatient to witness the fulfillment of our aspirations. The daily increasing rapidity of discovery and improvement, and the daily multiplying efforts of beneficence, in later years outstripping the imaginations of the most sanguine, furnish well-grounded assurance that the advance of man will be with a constantly accelerating speed. The extending intercourse among the nations of the earth, and among all the children of the human family, gives new promises of the complete diffusion of truth, penetrating the most distant places, chasing away the darkness of night, and exposing the hideous forms of slavery, of war, of wrong, which must be hated as soon as they are clearly seen.

Cultivate, then, a just moderation. Learn to reconcile order with change, stability with progress. This is a wise conservatism; this is a wise reform. Rightly understanding these terms, who would not be a conservative? who would not be a reformer?—a conservative of all that is good, a reformer of all that is evil; a conservative of knowledge, a reformer of ignorance; a conservative of truths and principles whose seat is the bosom of God, a reformer of laws and institutions which are but the wicked or imperfect work of man; a conservative of that

divine order which is found only in movement, a reformer of those earthly wrongs and abuses which sprang from a violation of the great law of human progress.

Blending these two characters in one, let us seek to be, at the same time, reforming conservatives and conservative reformers. —Charles Sumner.

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

WORD was brought to the Danish king, (Hurry!)
That the love of his heart lay suffering,
And pined for the comfort his voice would bring;
(O! ride as though you were flying!)
Better he loves each golden curl
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl
Than his rich crown-jewels of ruby and pearl;
And his Rose of the Isles is dying.

Thirty nobles saddled with speed;
(Hurry!)
Each one mounted a gallant steed
Which he kept for battle and days of need;
(O! ride as though you were flying!)
Spurs were struck in the foaming flank;
Worn-out chargers struggled and sank;
Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst;
But ride as they would, the king rode first;
For his Rose of the Isles lay dying.

His nobles are beaten, one by one;
(Hurry!)
They have fainted, and faltered, and homeward gone;
His little fair page now follows alone,
For strength and for courage crying.
The king looked back at that faithful child;
Wan was the face that answering smiled.

They passed the drawbridge with clattering din;
Then he dropped; and the king alone rode in
Where his Rose of the Isles lay dying.

The king blew a blast on his bugle horn;
(Silence!)
No answer came, but faint and forlorn
An echo returned on the cold gray morn,
Like the breath of a spirit sighing.
The castle portal stood grimly wide;
None welcomed the king from that weary ride;
For, dead in the light of the dawning day,
The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,
Who had yearned for his voice while dying.

The panting steed with a drooping crest stood weary,
The king returned from her chamber of rest,
The thick sobs choking in his breast;
And, that dumb companion eyeing,
The tears gushed forth, which he strove to check;
He bowed his head on his charger's neck;
"O, steed, that every nerve didst strain,
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain,
To the halls where my love lay dying!"

—Caroline E. Norton.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

(Extract from a lecture delivered by T. DeWitt Talmage.)

One of the most eminent orators of the American pulpit is T. DeWitt Talmage. Mr. Talmage's power as a word painter is, perhaps, unequaled in modern times. His sermons have been printed in the leading weekly newspapers throughout the world. His happy way of putting wholesome truth so it both amuses and instructs, without offending, is illustrated in the following selection:

IF you or I had been consulted as to which of all the stars we would choose to walk upon, we could not have done a wiser thing than to select this. I have always been glad that I got aboard this planet. The best color that I can think of for the sky is blue, for the foliage is green, for the water is crystal-line flash. The mountains are just high enough, the flowers sufficiently aromatic, the earth right for solidity and growth. The human face is admirably adapted for its work—sunshine in its smile, tempest in its frown; two eyes, one more than absolutely necessary, so that if one is put out we still can look upon the sunrise and the faces of our friends. One nose, which is quite sufficient for those who walk among so many city nuisances, being an organ of two stops, and adding dignity to the human face, whether it have the graceful arch of the Roman, or turn up toward the heavens with celestial aspirations in the shape of a pug, or wavering up or down, now as if it would aspire, now as if it would descend, until suddenly it shies off into an unexpected direction, illustrating the proverb that it is a long lane which has no turn. People are disposed, I see, to laugh about the nose, but I think it is nothing to sneezed at.

Standing before the grandest architectural achievements, critics have differences of opinion; but where is the blasphemer of his God who would criticise the arch of the sky, or the crest of a wave, or the flock of snow-white, fleecy clouds driven by the shepherd of

the wind across the hilly pastures of the heavens, or the curve of a snow bank, or the burning cities of the sunset, or the fern-leaf pencilings of frost on a window-pane?

Where there is one discord there are ten thousand harmonies. A skyful of robins to one owl croaking; whole acres of rolling meadow land to one place cleft by the grave-digger's spade; to one mile of rapids, where the river writhes among the rocks, it has hundreds of miles of gentle flow; water-lilies anchored; hills coming down to bathe their feet; stars laying their reflections to sleep on its bosom; boatmen's oars dropping on it necklaces of diamonds; chariots of gold, coming forth from the gleaming forge of the sun to bear it in triumphant march to the sea.

Why, it is a splendid world to live in. Not only is it a pleasant world, but we are living in such an enlightened age. I would rather live ten years now than five hundred in the time of Methuselah. But is it not strange that in such an agreeable world there should be so many disagreeable people? But I know that everybody in this audience is all right. Every wife meets her husband at night with a smile on her face, his slippers and supper ready; and the husband, when the wife asks him for money, just puts his hand in his pocket, throws her the purse, and says: "Here you are, my darling, take all you want;" but of all the ills that flesh is heir to, a cross, crabbed, ill-contented man is the most unendurable, because the



CONSTANCE



From Photograph by Morrison, Chicago

COSTUMES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

most inexcusable. No occasion, no matter how trifling, is permitted to pass without eliciting his dissent, his sneer, or his growl. His good and patient wife never yet prepared a dinner that he liked. One day she prepares a dish that she thinks will particularly please him. He comes in the front door, and says: "Whew! whew! what have you got in the house? Now, my dear, you know that I never did like codfish." Some evening, resolving to be especially gracious, he starts with his family to a place of amusement. He scolds the most of the way. He cannot afford the time or the money, and he does not believe the entertainment will be much, after all. The music begins. The audience are thrilled. The orchestra, with polished instruments, warble and weep, and thunder and pray—all the sweet sounds of the world flowering upon the strings of the bass viol, and wreathing the flageolets, and breathing from the lips of the cornet, and shaking their flower-bells upon the tinkling tambourine.

He sits motionless and disgusted. He goes home saying: "Did you see that fat musician that got so red blowing that French horn? He looked like a stuffed toad. Did you ever hear such a voice as that lady has? Why, it was a perfect squawk! The evening was wasted." And his companion says: "Why, my dear!" "There, you needn't tell me—you are pleased with everything. But never ask me to go again!" He goes to church. Perhaps the sermon is didactic and argumentative. He yawns. He gapes. He twists himself in his pew, and pretends he is asleep, and says: "I could not keep awake. Did you ever hear anything so dead? Can these dry bones live?" Next Sabbath he enters a church where the minister is much given to illustration. He is still more dis-

pleased. He says: "How dare that man bring such every-day things into his pulpit? He ought to have brought his illustrations from the cedar of Lebanon and the fir-tree, instead of the hickory and sassafras. He ought to have spoken of the Euphrates and the Jordan, and not of the Kennebec and Schuylkill. He ought to have mentioned Mount Gerizim instead of the Catskills. Why, he ought to be disciplined. Why, it is ridiculous." Perhaps afterward he joins the church. Then the church will have its hand full. He growls and groans and whines all the way up toward the gate of heaven. He wishes that the choir would sing differently, that the minister would preach differently, that the elders would pray differently. In the morning, he said, "The church was as cold as Greenland;" in the evening, "It was hot as blazes." They painted the church; he didn't like the color. They carpeted the aisles; he didn't like the figure. They put in a new furnace; he didn't like the patent. He wriggles and squirms, and frets and stews, and worries himself. He is like a horse, that prancing, and uneasy to the bit, worries himself into a lather of foam, while the horse hitched beside him just pulls straight ahead, makes no fuss, and comes to his oats in peace. Like a hedgehog, he is all quills. Like a crab that, you know, always goes the other way, and moves backward in order to go forward, and turns in four directions all at once, and the first you know of his whereabouts you have missed him, and when he is completely lost he has gone by the heel—so that the first thing you know you don't know anything—and while you expected to catch the crab, the crab catches you.

So some men are crabbed—all hard-shelled obstinacy and opposition. I do not see how he is to get into heaven un-

less he goes in backward, and then there will be danger that at the gate he will try to pick a quarrel with St. Peter. Once in, I fear he will not like the music, and the services will be too long, and that he will spend the first two or three years in trying to find out whether the wall of heaven is exactly plumb. Let us stand off from such tendencies. Listen for sweet notes rather than discords, picking up marigolds and harebells in preference to thistles and colicoquintida, culturing

thyme and anemones rather than nightshade. And in a world where God has put exquisite tinge upon the shell washed in the surf, and planted a paradise of bloom in a child's cheek, and adorned the pillars of the rock by hanging tapestry of morning mist, the lark saying, "I will sing soprano," and the cascade replying, "I will carry the bass," let us leave it to the owl to hoot, and the frog to croak, and the bear to growl, and the grumbler to find fault.

A LEGEND OF BREGENZ.

GIRT round with rugged mountains
the fair Lake Constance lies;

In her blue heart reflected, shine
back the starry skies;
And watching each white cloudlet float
silently and slow,

You think a piece of heaven lies on our
earth below!

Midnight is there; and silence enthroned
in heaven, looks down

Upon her own calm mirror, upon a sleep-
ing town;

For Bregenz, that quaint city upon the
Tyrol shore,

Has stood above Lake Constance, a
thousand years and more.

Her battlements and towers, upon their
rocky steep,

Have cast their trembling shadows of
ages on the deep;

Mountain, and lake, and valley, a sacred
legend know,

Of how the town was saved one night,
three hundred years ago.

Far from her home and kindred, a Tyrol
maid had fled,

To serve in the Swiss valleys, and toil for
daily bread;

And every year that fled so silently and
fast,

Seemed to bear farther from her the
memory of the past.

She served kind, gentle masters, nor asked
for rest or change;

Her friends seemed no more new ones,
their speech seemed no more
strange;

And when she led her cattle to pasture
every day,

She ceased to look and wonder on which
side Bregenz lay.

She spoke no more of Bregenz, with long-
ing and with tears;

Her Tyrol home seemed faded in a deep
mist of years;

She heeded not the rumors of Austrian
war or strife;

Each day she rose contented, to the calm
toils of life.

Yet, when her master's children would
clustering round her stand,

She sang them the old ballads of her own
native land;

And when at morn and evening she knelt
before God's throne,

The accents of her childhood rose to her
lips alone.

And so she dwelt; the valley more peaceful year by year;

When suddenly strange portents of some great deed seemed near.

The golden corn was bending upon its fragile stalk,

While farmers, heedless of their fields, paced up and down in talk.

The men seemed stern and altered, with looks cast on the ground;

With anxious faces, one by one, the women gathered round;

All talk of flax, or spinning, or work, was put away;

The very children seemed afraid to go alone to play.

One day, out in the meadow with strangers from the town,

Some secret plan discussing, the men walked up and down,

Yet now and then seemed watching a strange uncertain gleam,

That looked like lances 'mid the trees that stood below the stream.

At eve they all assembled, all care and doubt were fled;

With jovial laugh they feasted, the board was nobly spread.

The elder of the village rose up, his glass in hand,

And cried, "We drink the downfall of an accursed land!

"The night is growing darker, ere one more day is flown,

Bregenz, our foemen's stronghold, Bregenz shall be our own!"

The women shrank in terror (yet pride, too, had her part),

But one poor Tyrol maiden felt death within her heart.

Before her, stood fair Bregenz, once more her towers arose;

What were the friends beside her? Only her country's foes!

The faces of her kinsfolk, the day of childhood flown,

The echoes of her mountains reclaimed her as their own!

Nothing she heard around her (though shouts rang out again);

Gone were the green Swiss valleys, the pasture and the plain;

Before her eyes one vision, and in her heart one cry,

That said, "Go forth, save Bregenz, and then if need be, die!"

With trembling haste, and breathless, with noiseless step she sped;

Horses and weary cattle were standing in the shed;

She loosed the strong white charger, that fed from out her hand,

She mounted and she turned his head toward her native land.

Out—out into the darkness—faster, and still more fast;

The smooth grass flies behind her, the chestnut wood is passed;

She looks up; clouds are heavy: Why is her steed so slow?—

Scarcely the wind beside them, can pass them as they go.

"Faster!" she cries. "Oh, faster!" Eleven the church-bells chime;

"O God," she cries, "help Bregenz, and bring me there in time!"

But louder than bells' ringing, or lowing of the kine,

Grows nearer in the midnight the rushing of the Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters their head-
long gallop check?
The steed draws back in terror, she leans
above his neck
To watch the flowing darkness, the bank
is high and steep,
One pause—he staggers forward, and
plunges in the deep.

She strives to pierce the darkness, and
looser throws the rein;
Her steed must breast the waters that
dash above his mane.
How gallantly, how nobly, he struggles
through the foam,
And see—in the far distance, shine out
the lights of home!

Up the steep bank he bears her, and now
they rush again
Towards the heights of Bregenz, that
tower above the plain.
They reach the gate of Bregenz, just as
the midnight rings,
And out come serf and soldier to meet
the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved! Ere daylight her
battlements are manned;
Defiance greets the army that marches on
the land.
And if to deeds heroic should endless fame
be paid,
Bregenz does well to honor the noble
Tyrol maid.

Three hundred years are vanished, and
yet upon the hill
An old stone gateway rises, to do her
honor still.
And there, when Bregenz women sit
spinning in the shade,
They see the quaint old carving, the
charger and the maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz, by gate-
way, street, and tower,
The warder paces all night long, and calls
each passing hour;
“Nine,” “ten,” “eleven,” he cries aloud
and then (O crown of fame!)
When midnight pauses in the skies he
calls the maiden's name.

—Adelaide Annie Proctor.

ANCIENT AND MODERN ORATORY.

SPEECH is a Divine gift bestowed upon man. It is the natural method of communicating thought between rational beings. All nations have recognized its power and sought its aid. Monarchs have been elevated and dethroned, constitutions have been modeled and remodeled, wars have been instigated, and the yokes of tyrants have been forever broken by its power.

That style of discourse by which the speaker by argument and eloquence moves the minds of his audience or incites them to action is defined oratory.

As oratory depends for its success on its ability to persuade, the orator must speak

with reference to his audience, and he that would study the character of oratory must study that which appeals to the souls of his hearers.

The style of oratory varies with the civilization and temperament of the people. The ancients were more emotional than we. Their education was superficial; books were almost unknown, and the knowledge which they acquired was obtained chiefly from experience and observation; consequently they were keenly alive to their surroundings. The human passions—love, hate, ambition, jealousy and greed—were strong in their hearts. As a natural consequence, long

trains of reasonings, necessitating close attention and mental application, were the exceptions. The aim was not to convince their intellects, but to move their passions. The orator spoke of their debt of gratitude, their sense of honor; he noted the evil arising from inaction; he made general observations of their interests, reminding them of their homes, their wives, their children—anything which men held dear.

Notice how Scipio Africanus shook off the charge of peculation. He gave a long account of his achievements for the state, and finally closed by saying that it was no time for angry squabbling, but for religious observance; it was an anniversary of his victory at Zama, therefore it behooved them to go up to the Capitol to thank the immortal gods and pray that Rome might never want citizens like himself.

The audience was electrified, and, rising, they went up to the Capitol and Scipio was freed. He had touched the soul of his audience by appealing to their sense of gratitude.

While ancient oratory neglected logical reasoning and cultivated appeal to the sympathies, modern oratory recognizes reason as the judge upon whose bar must be placed its final appeal. Growth in civilization and knowledge demands a firmer basis. Our oratory is not satisfied with lashing into foam the fickle surface, but seeks below the quiet depths of reason.

The press is a potent factor in the change. While a Demosthenes or a Cicero swayed the multitude within the hearing of his voice, our modern orator strives not only to move the assembled thousands but the millions scattered through the land. As he addresses such an audience the expression, the posture,

the voice and the gesture are wanting; all that remain are the cold unimpassioned facts to plead his cause. Is it a wonder that the style of oratory has changed? It is a testimony to our advanced stage of civilization that judgment rules emotions and not emotions judgment.

It has been claimed that oratory has declined—that this age of railroads, telegraphs, telephones and phonographs has killed the orator. It is a well-known fact that great crises develop heroes—that the greatest achievements are the deeds performed by the greatest natures on important occasions. Thus in oratory those bursts which have formed masterpieces for the world were delivered when the fate of nations was in the balance. When Greece, torn by dissensions, had drunk the cup of degradation to the very dregs, when her strength had been exhausted by civil wars, when Philip from the north was threatening to overwhelm her shattered forces, then did Demosthenes deliver those renowned Philippics.

It was not when Rome was at the zenith of her glory that her oratory culminated. When she was divided by faction, when her magistrates were threatened with assassination, when rich were arrayed against poor and poor against rich—then it was that Cicero thundered against Cataline.

When the Union was threatened with dismemberment, when the mutterings of the approaching tempest were heard throughout its borders, when Hayne, the champion of the South, had apparently settled the question of States' rights, Webster delivered that thrilling, masterful reply which has rendered his name immortal.

The age of peace and prosperity is not best adapted to draw out the latent

power of the orator. The times do not demand it. The theme which fired a Demosthenes, a Cicero and a Webster are lacking; but, notwithstanding this, oratory has not declined. Oratory is an attribute of the soul. It has its founda-

tion in love, sympathy and reason. When humanity sinks so low that it will not respond to these three, and not till then, will oratory fail to sway the hearts of men and wield its kingly scepter over human thought and action.

—Benson N. Wyman.

REGULUS TO THE ROMAN SENATE.

ILL does it become me, O Senators of Rome,—ill does it become Regulus, after having so often stood in this venerable assembly clothed with the supreme dignity of the Republic, to stand before you a captive,—the captive of Carthage. Though outwardly I am free, though no fetters encumber the limbs, or gall the flesh,—yet the heaviest of chains,—the pledge of a Roman Consul,—makes me the bondsman of the Carthaginians. They have my promise to return to them, in the event of the failure of this, their embassy. My life is at their mercy. My honor is my own;—a possession which no reverse of fortune can jeopard; a flame which imprisonment cannot stifle, time cannot dim, death cannot extinguish.

Of the train of disasters which followed close on the unexampled successes of our arms,—of the bitter fate which swept off the flower of our soldiery, and consigned me, your General, wounded and senseless, to Carthaginian keeping,—I will not speak. For five years, a rigorous captivity has been my portion. For five years, the society of family and friends, the dear amenities of home, the sense of freedom, and the sight of country, have been to me a recollection and a dream,—no more. But during that period Rome has retrieved her defeats. She has recovered under Metellus what under Regulus she lost. She has routed armies.

She has taken unnumbered prisoners. She has struck terror into the heart of the Carthaginians, who have now sent me hither with their ambassadors to sue for peace, and to propose that, in exchange for me, your former Consul, a thousand common prisoners of war shall be given up. You have heard the ambassadors. Their intimations of some unimaginable horror, I know not what, impending over myself, should I fail to induce you to accept their terms, have strongly moved your sympathies in my behalf. Another appeal, which I would you might have been spared, has lent force to their suit. A wife and child, threatened with widowhood and orphanage, weeping and despairing, have knelt at your feet on the very threshold of the Senate-chamber:—Conscript Fathers! Shall not Regulus be saved? Must he return to Carthage to meet the cruelties which the ambassadors brandish before our eyes? With one voice you answer, No!

Countrymen! Friends! For all that I have suffered,—for all that I may have to suffer,—I am repaid in the compensation of this moment! Unfortunate you may hold me; but oh, not undeserving! Your confidence in my honor survives all the ruin that adverse fortune could inflict. You have not forgotten the past. Republics are not ungrateful. May the thanks which I cannot utter bring down blessings from the gods on you and Rome!

Conscript Fathers! There is but one course to be pursued. Abandon all thought of peace. Reject the overtures of Carthage. Reject them wholly and unconditionally. What! give back to her a thousand able-bodied men, and receive in return one attenuated, war-worn, fever-wasted frame,—this weed, whitened in a dungeon's darkness, pale and sapless, which no kindness of the sun, no softness of the summer breeze, can ever restore to health and vigor? It must not,—it shall not be! Oh! were Regulus what he was once, before captivity had unstrung his sinews and enervated his limbs, he might pause,—he might proudly think he were well worth a thousand of his foe; he might say, "Make the exchange! Rome shall not lose by it!" But now, alas! now 'tis gone,—that impetuosity of strength, which could once make him a leader indeed, to penetrate a phalanx or guide a pursuit. His very armor would be a burden now. His battle-cry would be drowned in the din of the onset. His sword would fall harmless on his opponent's shield. But if he cannot live,

he can at least die for his country. Do not deny him this supreme consolation. Consider: every indignity, every torture, which Carthage shall heap on his dying hours, will be better than a trumpet's call to your armies. They will remember only Regulus, their fellow-soldier and their leader. They will regard only his services to the Republic. Tunis, Sardinia, Sicily—every well-fought field, won by his blood and theirs—will flash on their remembrance, and kindle their avenging wrath. And so shall Regulus, though dead, fight as he never fought before against the foe.

Conscript Fathers! There is another theme. My family,—forgive the thought! To you and to Rome I confide them. I leave them no legacy but my name,—no testament but my example.

Ambassadors of Carthage! I have spoken, though not as you expected. I am your captive. Lead me back to whatever fate may await me. Doubt not that you shall find, to Roman hearts, country is dearer than life, and integrity more precious than freedom!

DEFENSE FROM THE CHARGE OF TYRANNY.

THEY call me a tyrant! If I were so, they would fall at my feet; I should have gorged them with gold, assured them of impunity to their crimes, and they would have worshiped me. Had I been so, the kings whom we have conquered would have been my most cordial supporters. It is by the aid of scoundrels you arrive at tyranny. Whither tend those who combat them? To the tomb and immortality! Who is the tyrant that protects me? What is the faction to which I belong? It is yourselves! What is the party which, since the commencement of the Revolution,

has crushed all other factions—has annihilated so many specious traitors? It is yourselves; it is the people; it is the force of principles! This is the party to which I am devoted, and against which crime is everywhere leagued.

I am ready to lay down my life without regret. I have seen the past; I foresee the future. What lover of his country would wish to live, when he can no longer succor oppressed innocence? Why should he desire to remain in an order of things where intrigue eternally triumphs over truth—where justice is deemed an imposture—where the vilest passions, the most

ridiculous fears, fill every heart, instead of the sacred interests of humanity? Who can bear the punishment of seeing the horrible succession of traitors, more or less skillful in concealing their hideous vices under the mask of virtue, and who will leave to posterity the difficult task of determining which was the most atrocious? In contemplating the multitude of vices which the Revolution has let loose pell-mell with the civic virtues, I own I sometimes fear that I myself shall be sullied in the eyes of posterity by their calumnies.

But I am consoled by the reflection that, if I have seen in history all the

defenders of liberty overwhelmed by calumny, I have seen their oppressors die also. The good and the bad disappear alike from the earth; but in very different conditions. No, Chaumette! "Death is not an eternal sleep!"—Citizens, efface from the tombs that maxim, engraven by sacrilegious hands, which throws a funeral pall over nature; which discourages oppressed innocence. Write rather, "Death is the commencement of immortality!" I leave to the oppressors of the people a terrible legacy, which well becomes the situation in which I am placed; it is the awful truth, "Thou shalt die."
—Robespierre.

CATO ON IMMORTALITY.

IT must be so.—Plato, thou reasonest well!

Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,

This longing after immortality?

Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,

Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul

Back on herself, and startles at destruction?

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;

'Tis heaven itself, that points our hereafter,

And intimates eternity to man.

Eternity! — thou pleasing, dreadful thought!

Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes
must we pass!

The wide, the unbounded prospect lies
before me;

But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest
upon it.

Here will I hold. If there's a Power
above us,—

And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works, He must delight
in virtue;

And that which he delights in must be
happy,

But when? or where? This world was
made for Cæsar.

I'm weary of conjectures,—this must end
them.

(Laying his hand on his sword.)

Thus am I doubly armed. My death and
life,

My bane and antidote, are both before
me.

This in a moment brings me to my end;
But this informs me I shall never die.

The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun him-
self

Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in
years;

But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,

The wreck of matter, and the crush of
worlds.
—Joseph Addison.

ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O THOU that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun, thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty,—the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone,—who can be a companion of thy course?

The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks, and grows again; the moon herself is lost in heaven; but thou art forever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course.

When the world is dark with tempests, when thunder rolls, and lightning flies,

thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But, to Ossian, thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more, whether thy yellow hairs flow on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west.

But thou art perhaps like me—for a season: thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in the clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult, then, O sun, in the strength of thy youth! Age is dark, and unlovely: it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines through broken clouds; when the mist is on the hills, the blast of the north is on the plain, the traveler shrinks in the midst of his journey. —Ossian.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB'S ARMY.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,

And his cohorts were gleaming
in purple and gold;

And the sheen of their spears was like
stars on the sea

When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep
Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer
is green,

That host with their banners at sunset
were seen;

Like the leaves of the forest when autumn
hath blown

That host on the morrow lay withered and
strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings
on the blast

And breathed in the face of the foe as he
passed;

And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly
and chill,

And their hearts but once heaved, and
forever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostrils
all wide,

But through it there rolled not the breath
of his pride;

And the foam of his gasping lay white on
the turf,

And cold as the spray of the rock-beaten
surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust
on his mail;

And the tents were all silent, the banners
alone;

The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their
wail,

And the idols are broke in the temple of
Baal;

And the might of the Gentile, unsmote
by the sword,

Hath melted like snow in the glance of
the Lord!

—Lord Byron.

THE ROMAN BOY'S TROPHIES.—A. D. 61.

I HAVE witnessed the great Ovation,
I have watched as they slew the
sheep;

As they marched from the Campus Martius
To the Capitol's sacred steep:

I was proud, as I saw my father
From the fiery East come home;

I was proud, as I looked on the captives
And the spoils he had brought to Rome!

Ah, Rome is a grand old city!
And it flushes my soul with joy
That my father has won a Triumph—
That I am a Roman boy!

I am glad of the lordly conquests
He gained on that far-off shore,
That has given the State a splendor
It seldom hath known before.

It was noble to see the captives
(—Poor fellows! I think they wept!)
Go chained, as the victor's chariot
Behind them in triumph swept:

Have *they* any boys, I wonder,
Like Marcus and me, at home?
—Who cares? They are bold plebeians,
They have dared to fight with Rome!

But now that the march is over,
Ho! *comites*, come and see
What spoils from that Eastern country
My father hath brought for me!
Here—lean from the wide *fenestra*,
And look at this branching bough:
Did ever you see together
Such birds as I show you now?

How wise they are looking at me!
Ha, Claudius?—didst thou say
That some of Minerva's nestlings
From Athens are caught away?
They are angry that they are fettered;
See! each of them frowns and scowls.
I think thou hast hit it, Claudius—
I think they're Minerva's owls!
—Margaret J. Preston.



MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.



BIRDS OF NO FEATHER.

(Appropriate for Christian Endeavor entertainment.)

FOUR little birds in a nest too small,
Only one mamma to care for all;
'Twas twitter and chirp the live-
long day,
No wonder the mammas soon grew gray.

Papa-bird was a dashing fellow,
Coat of black with a flash of yellow;
Never a bird in the early spring
Could rival him when he chose to sing.

He helped the mamma-bird hang the nest
Where the winds would rock it the very
best,
And while she sat on her eggs all day,
He'd cheer her up with a roundelay.

But when from each egg in the swinging
bed,
A little birdie popped its head,
He said to his wife, "I've done my share
Of household duties; they're now your
care."

Then off he'd go to a concert fine
In the apple trees and bright sunshine,
Without a thought of the stupid way
His poor little wife must pass her day.

At last the mamma-bird fell ill,
And the papa was forced, against his will,
To take her place with the birdies small,
Ready to answer their chirp and call.

Sorry day for the wretched fellow,
Dressed so gay with a scarf of yellow!
Shut in the house from morning till
night,
Was ever a bird in such a plight?

Tie on a hood, or fasten a shoe,
Or mend a dolly as good as new,
Or tell a story over again,
Or kiss the finger that had a pain,

Or settle dispute of which and who,
Or sew on a button to baby's shoe—
These were a part of the calls he had
In that single day to drive him mad.

At even he said, "Another day
Would turn my goldenest plume to gray;
Or else, in a fit of grim despair,
I'd fling these children into the air!"

Have I mixed up birds with human folks?
And homes with nests in the lofty oaks?
The story is true, and I overheard
Those very words of the papa-bird;

But who he was, and where he did dwell,
I'll never, no never, no never tell!
The truth for once is truth for aye,
And this is the reason mammas grow gray.

—Mrs. Maggie B. Peeke.

A YOUNG SEAMSTRESS.

(Monologue for a girl about seven years old.)

"I AM learning how to sew, though
 I'm such a little maid;
 I push the needle in and out, and
 make the stitches strong;
 I'm sewing blocks of patchwork for my
 dolly's pretty bed,
 And mamma says the way I work it will
 not take me long.
 It's over and over—do you know
 How over-and-over stitches go?

"I have begun a handkerchief. Mamma
 turned in the edge,
 And basted it with a pink thread to
 show me where to sew;
 It has Greenaway children on it stepping
 staidly by a hedge;
 I look at them when I get tired, or the
 needle pricks, you know;
 And that is the way I learn to hem
 With hemming stitches—do you know
 them?

"Next I shall learn to run, and darn, and
 back-stitch, too, I guess.
 It wouldn't take me long, I know, if
 'twasn't for the thread;
 But the knots keep coming, and besides—
 I shall have to confess—
 Sometimes I slip my thimble off, and
 use my thumb instead!
 When your thread knots, what do you
 do?
 And does it turn all brownish, too?

"My papa, he's a great big man, as much
 as six feet high;
 He's more than forty, and his hair has
 gray mixed with the black;
 Well, he can't sew—he can't begin to sew
 as well as I.
 If he loses off a button, mamma has to
 set it back!
 You mustn't think me proud, you know,
 But I'm seven, and I can sew!"

POOR LITTLE TEDDY AND RICH LITTLE TOM.

POOR little Teddy! on Christmas day,
 They gave him a cap and a muffler
 gay,
 A box of tools, with skates and a sled,
 And high-topped boots, whose tops were
 red.
 But what was that? 'twas nothing at all
 When he wanted a big, big rubber ball,
 Poor little Teddy.

He wanted pie for dinner, one day,
 They were going to have it, he heard 'em
 say;
 But pudding and plums was what he had.
 O poor little Ted! now wasn't it sad?
 His red lips grew to a terrible pout;
 He didn't want that, so he went without.
 Poor little Teddy!

He wanted to try his bran new sled,
 One day after school, O poor little Ted!
 But his mother sent him off to the
 store—
 This poor little boy! and his grief was
 sore.
 O how he hated to mind his mother,
 To help her, and play with his little
 brother!

O poor little Ted!

Rich little Tommy! on Christmas day
 Only one present came in his way;
 A pair of mittens his mother had knit,
 A fiery scarlet, and just the fit!
 Weren't they nice? he asked his brother,
 And hadn't he got the dearest mother?
 Rich little Tommy!

Sometimes he didn't have dinner enough,
And you may think that he called it
rough;

But he didn't, not he! this rich little boy,
Sometimes he had plenty, and that was
joy.

And he loved to help his tired mother,
He loved to play with his little brother.

O rich little Tom!

In summer or winter, fall or spring,
He was just as happy as any king.
In winter, 'tis true, he had no sled,
But he slid down-hill on a board instead.

When the snow was hard and glazed with
ice,
He could steer it "lovely—'twas just as
nice."

Rich little Tommy!

Tommy and Teddy will both be men;
Will there be a difference between them
then?

Ah, yes! there must be, my little lad;
One will be happy and one will be sad.
Look over these lines, eyes black and blue,
And see which one is the most like you
Of these two little T's.

EARLY RISING.

"GOD bless the man who first in-
vented sleep!"

So Sancho Panza said, and so
say I;

And bless him, also, that he didn't keep
His great discovery to himself, nor try
To make it—as the lucky fellow might—
A close monopoly by patent right!

Yes,—bless the man who first invented
sleep,

(I really can't avoid the iteration;)

But blast the man with curses loud and
deep,

Whate'er the rascal's name or age or
station,

Who first invented, and went round
advising,

That artificial cut-off,—Early Rising!

"Rise with the lark, and with the lark to
bed,"

Observes some solemn, sentimental owl;
Maxims like these are very cheaply said;
But, ere you make yourself a fool or
fowl,

Pray just inquire about his rise and fall,
And whether larks have any beds at all!

The time for honest folks to be abed
Is in the morning, if I reason right;
And he who cannot keep his precious
head

Upon his pillow till it's fairly light,
And so enjoy his forty morning winks,
Is up to knavery, or else—he drinks!

Thomson, who sung about the "Seasons,"
said

It was a glorious thing to rise in season;
But then he said it—lying—in his bed,
At ten o'clock, a. m.,—the very reason
He wrote so charmingly. The simple
fact is,

His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his
practice.

'Tis doubtless well to be sometimes
awake,—

Awake to duty, and awake to truth,—
But when, alas! a nice review we take
Of our best deeds and days, we find, in
sooth,

The hours that leave the slightest cause
to weep

Are those we passed in childhood, or
asleep!

'Tis beautiful to leave the world awhile
 For the soft visions of the gentle night;
 And free, at last, from mortal care or
 guile,
 To live as only in the angels' sight,
 In sleep's sweet calm so cosily shut in,
 Where, at the worst, we only dream of
 sin!

So let me sleep, and give the Maker
 praise.

I like the lad who, when his father
 thought
 To clip his morning nap by hackneyed
 phrase
 Of vagrant worm by early songster
 caught,
 Cried, "Served him right!—it's not at all
 surprising;
 The worm was punished, sir, for early
 rising!"

—John G. Saxe.

LITTLE STEENIE.

STURDY Steenie, rose-cheeked,
 bright-eyed,
 Standing at the open door
 Bidding me good-bye with kisses
 And with promises a score—
 "I'll be just as good as—apples!
 'Bey my aunties, and not cry,
 Not tease Mabe and wake the baby
 Till you comes, mamma,—good-bye!"

So I started, musing softly
 On the blessings God had given
 In my children—"Surely," said I,
 "They are cherubs strayed from heaven;
 Hearts so full of tender loving,
 Eyes with earnest impulse bright—
 Round them still there seems to linger
 Halos of celestial light!"

Two hours' labor, home returning,
 Languidly, with weary feet,
 Standing in the selfsame doorway
 Little Mabe I chanced to greet;
 Bright blue eyes all flushed with weeping,
 Lips a-quiver, cheeks a-flame;
 Eagerly, to pour her sorrows
 Into mamma's ears, she came.

"Mamma, Steenie's been so naughty!
 First he told Aunt Sallie 'won't,'
 Then he scratched my little table,
 Though I asked him 'please to don't!'

Then he screeched and waked the baby,
 Frighted him most to a fit,
 And when Aunt Belle called him naughty,
 Said he didn't care a bit!

"Then he made a face at Dolly,
 Said she was an 'ugly sing,'
 Said some day he's going to hang her
 To the door-knob with a string.
 Then I told him if he did it
 You would send him right to bed,
 So he thumped me on the shoulder,—
 See the place—it's awful red!

"When he saw you coming, mamma,
 He hid himself behind the door,
 And he's wearing out his slippers,
 Poundin' with 'em on the floor.
 Mamma, if he is so wicked,
 Does so many drefful things,
 Will he ever be an angel
 Up in heaven with shiny wings?"

With a sudden jerk, my visions
 Of celestial cherubs fled,
 Frowningly my eyes contracted;
 In an accent stern I said,
 "Come to me, you naughty fellow!
 What are all these things I hear?
 Rude to aunties! striking sister!
 I must punish you, I fear!"

From his stronghold came the culprit,
 Seeming not at all afraid;
 Round his mouth the dimples lurking,
 Brown eyes beaming undismayed.
 By my knee he took his station,
 Small defiance in his air,
 Answering only to my chidings
 Saucily, "I doesn't care!"

In my eyes the teardrops started,
 Anger giving place to pain;
 "O my baby, how you grieve me!
 Are my teachings all in vain?"
 Suddenly, two arms were round me—
 Little fingers softly drew
 Down my quiv'ring lips to meet his,
 "Kiss me, mamma—I loves—you!"

This was all of his confession;
 All his plea for pardoning grace,
 Yet I knew that I had conquered
 By the love-light in his face,—
 So I gave him absolution,—
 Though I pondered sadly still
 On this mingled human nature,
 Half of good, and half of ill.

Inwardly I prayed for wisdom,
 Safe my little band to guide
 Through the perils that beset them,
 Hedge them in on every side.
 And an answer seemed to reach me,
 Softly falling from above,
 "Safest guard and guide, O mother,
 Is the holy power of love!"

GRIND YOUR AXE IN THE MORNING.

"GRIND your axe in the morning,
 my boy!"
 'Twas a gray old wood cutter spoke,
 Beneath whose arm, on his backwoods
 farm,
 Had fallen the elm and oak.
 The hickory rough and the hornbeam
 tough
 Had yielded to wheat and corn,
 Till his child renplayed 'neath the apple-
 tree's shade,
 By the cabin where they were born.

"Grind your axe in the morning, my boy,"
 He said to his lusty son;
 "Or the hearts of oak will weary your
 stroke
 Long ere the day is done.
 The shag-bark's shell and the hemlock
 knot
 Defy the dull, blunt tool;
 And maul as you may, you may waste
 your day
 If your strength is the strength of a fool.

"Grind your axe in the morning, my
 boy;
 Bring the hard, bright steel to an
 edge;
 The bit, like a barber's razor, keen;
 The head like a blacksmith's sledge;
 And then, through maple, and ironwood,
 and ash,
 Your stroke resistless shall drive,
 Till the forest monarchs around you
 crash,
 And their rugged fibers rive.

"Grind your axe ere the sunrise shines,
 With long and patient care,
 And whet with the oil-stone, sharp and
 fine,
 Till the edge will clip a hair.
 And what though you reel o'er the
 stubborn steel,
 Till the toil your right arm racks,
 Pray, how could you cut the white-oak
 butt,
 If you had but a pewter axe?

"Grind your axe and be ready, my lad;
 Then afar in the forest glen,
 With a steady swing your stroke shall
 ring,
 Keeping time with the stalwart men;
 And if you miss your grinding at dawn,
 You'll never know manhood's joys;
 No triumphs for you the long days
 through;
 You must hack the bush with the boys."

"Grind your axe in the morning," I
 heard
 Life's watchword, rude but clear;
 And my soul* was stirred at the homely
 word
 Of the backwoods sage and seer;

O, youth, whose long day lies before,
 Heed, heed, the woodman's warning!
 Would you fell life's oaks with manly
 strokes,
 You must grind your axe in the morning.

And he who dawdles and plays the fool,
 Nor longs for virtue and knowledge;
 Who shirks at work, plays truant from
 school,
 Or "cuts" and "ponies" at college;
 Whose soul no noble ambition fires—
 No hero-purpose employs—
 He must hoe life's fence-row among the
 briers,
 Or hack the brush with the boys.
 —George Lansing Taylor.

CLOSING ADDRESS.

(Suited to a Sunday-school entertainment.)

DEAR FRIENDS: We have now finished what we have to say, and come to thank you for your kind attention during the evening. We have not said anything great, we know, but we have tried to say all the good things we could. We are yet small, and our powers of mind, as well as of body, are feeble. We cannot talk as you can; we cannot think so fast, or reason so well; but as we grow older we hope to grow in wisdom and in strength. This is one of the ways by which we gain strength, and the Sunday-school instruction is good to make us wise.

Who knows but some day one of us here may be the President of the United States? or, better still, may go to foreign lands, to proclaim the gospel to those who sit in darkness? We may be called to fill high places of honor and trust, and it is important that we prepare ourselves now for the stations which we soon may fill.

Life is passing by, and youth will soon be gone, or the night of death may overtake us. Many little ones we remember who once stood where we now stand; many faces that beamed with love and expectation, as they stood before you on an occasion like this; but to-night they look on us, seeing but unseen. They have crossed the narrow river, have entered the gate to that beautiful city, and we are left to follow. We would not forget that life with us may close as suddenly, and we hope to live so that when we die we may join the blest above. We want your prayers for us, that we may be pure and good, that Jesus may love us, and make us his own.

(Turning to the superintendent.) Now, Mr. Superintendent, I suggest that we close by asking the audience to rise and join with us in singing that beautiful Sunday-school song, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."



"THE MINUET"

Recitation, with Musical Accompaniment.



From Photograph by Morrison, Chicago

"THE ASKING IT PUZZLES ME SO"

(From Encore, "How to Propose.")

A LITTLE SCHOOL.

(The little girl should have three dolls, arranged in a row on chairs. Careful drilling in the gestures and correct recitation of the piece will add to its interest.)

MELINDA JANE, and Kate, and
Nell,

It's time you learned to read
and spell.

Come now, and say your A, B, C.
Hold up your heads, and look at me,
For if you never learn to read,
What stupid dolls you'll be, indeed!

All ready now: A, B and C—
What is the matter? Oh dear me!
I cannot hear one word you say!
Why, Katy dear, don't turn away;
Sit up again and listen—there!
She's fast asleep, I do declare!

Well, never mind, where's grandpa's
cane?

Now look at me, Melinda Jane,
You needn't think that this is play;
For I shall keep you here all day,
And make you read before you go:
I know what's good for dollies,—so!

Now say A, B—Look this way, Nell:
You speak so low, I can't just tell.
Melinda Jane, why don't you try?
Oh dear, I'm tired enough to cry!
I think I'll stop, and go to play,
And try again some other day.

—Anonymous.

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE.

(Suitable for Labor Day recitation.)

KEEP it before the people:
That the earth was made for man;
That the flowers were strown,

And the fruits were grown
By the great Creator's hand;
That the sun and rains,
And mines and plains
Are yours and mine, my brother—
Free gifts from heaven,
And as freely given
To one as well as another.

Keep it before the people:
That man is the image of God;
Whose limbs or soul
Ye may not control
With shackle or shame or rod—
We may not be sold
For silver or gold,
Neither you nor I, my brother,
For the land was given
Like life from heaven,
To one as well as another.

Keep it before the people:
That famine, and crime, and woe
Forever abide
Still side by side
With Luxury's dazzling show;
That Lazarus crawls
From Dives' halls,
And starves at his gate, my brother—
Yet the land was given
To man from heaven,
To one as well as another.

Keep it before the people:
That the laborer claims his meed;
The right of all soil
And the right to toil,
From spurs and bridle freed;
The right to bear,
And the right to share
With you and me, my brother,
Whatever is given
By God in heaven
To one as well as another.—Anonymous.

HE'S SCOTCH AS HE CAN BE.

(For a little boy of five to seven years.)

MY gran'pa is a funny man,
 He's Scotch as he can be.
 I tries to teach him all I can
 But he can't talk like me.
 I've told him forty thousand times,
 But 'tain't a bit of use;
 He always says a man's a "mon"
 And calls a house a "hoose."
 He plays with me most every day
 And rides me on his knee.
 He took me to a picnic once
 And dressed up just like me.
 He says I am a "bonny bairn"
 And kisses me, and when

I ask him why he can't talk right
 He says, "I dinna ken."

But me and him has lots of fun—
 He's such a funny man.
 I dance for him and brush his hair
 And loves him all I can.
 I calls him Anjrew—that's his name—
 And he says I can't talk,
 And then he puts my plaidie on
 And takes me for a walk.
 I tells him forty thousand times,
 But 'tain't a bit of use;
 He always says a man's a "mon,"
 And calls a house a "hoose."

SEVEN TIMES TWO.

YOU bells in the steeple, ring, ring
 out your changes
 How many soever they be,
 And let the brown meadow-lark's note as
 he ranges
 Come over, come over to me.
 Yet birds' clearest carol by fall or by
 swelling
 No magical sense conveys,
 And bells have forgotten their old art of
 telling
 The fortune of future days.

"Turn again, turn again," once they rang
 cheerily
 While a boy listened alone;
 Made his heart yearn again, musing so
 wearily
 All by himself on a stone.
 Poor bells! I forgive you; your good
 days are over,
 And mine, they are yet to be;
 No listening, no longing, shall aught.
 aught discover;
 You leave the story to me.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WOULDN'T EAT CRUST'S.

THE awfulest time that ever could
 be
 They had with a bad little girl
 of Dundee,
 Who never would finish her crust.
 In vain they besought her,
 And patiently taught her
 And told her she must.
 Her grandma would coax,
 And so would the folks,
 And tell her the sinning
 Of such a beginning.
 But no, she wouldn't,

She couldn't, she shouldn't,
 She'd have them to know—
 So they might as well go—

And what do you think came to pass?
 This little girl of Dundee, alas!
 Who wouldn't take crusts in the regular
 way,
 Sat down to a feast one summer's day;
 And what did the people that little girl
 give?
 Why, a dish of bread pudding, as sure as I
 live!

FOR THE CHILDREN.

COME stand by my knee, little children,
Too weary for laughter or song;

The sports of the daylight are over,
The evening is creeping along.
The snow-fields are white in the moon-
light,

The winds of the winter are chill,
But under the sheltering roof-tree
The fire shineth ruddy and still.

You sit by the fire, little children,
Your cheeks are ruddy and warm;
But out in the cold of the winter,
Is many a shivering form.

There are mothers that wander for shelter,
And babes that are pining for bread;
Oh! thank the dear Lord, little children,
From whose tender hand you are fed!

Come look in my eyes, little children,
And tell me, through all the long day
Have you thought of the Father above
us,

Who guardeth from evil our way?
He heareth the cry of the sparrow,
And careth for great and for small;
In life and in death, little children,
His love is the truest of all.

Now come to your rest, little children,
And over your innocent sleep,
Unseen by your vision, the angels
Their watch through the darkness shall
keep;

Then pray that the Shepherd who guideth
The lambs that he loveth so well,
May lead you, in life's rosy morning,
Beside the still waters to dwell.

MY SUFFERING BROTHER.

WHAT might be done if men were
wise,
What glorious deeds, my suf-
fering brother;
Would they unite in love and right,
And cease their scorn of one another!

All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrong;
All vice and crime would die together;

And fruit and corn, to all men born,
Be free as warmth in summer weather.

What might be done? This might be done—
And more than this, my suffering
brother!

More than the tongue e'er said or sung,
Were men but wise and loved each
other. —Thomas Stoddart.

SPELLING IN THE NURSERY.

G-U-N," said Grace to Willie;
"What does that spell?" "I don't
know."

He is three and she is seven.

"G-u-n! Goose?" "Oh, dear, no!"

"Rooster? Boy? Stick?" Eachtime
Gracie shook her curly head,

"'Tain't conundrums I am giving,
But a lesson-word instead."

"When a little boy shoots
At a rabbit, what goes off?"

Gracie said, her face a study,
As she quelled a little cough,
Thinking he would surely guess it.

"You're so stupid! I'm quite hoarse
Talking to you. What goes off?"

"Why, the rabbit does, of course."

WILL AND WON'T.

WILL and Won't were two little
 boys
 Who lived in the land of Stir.
 And if you listen, I'll tell you all
 Just what kind of boys they were.

Will was very industrious—
 A boy who was fond of work;
 But Won't was lazy as he could be—
 A boy who would always shirk.
 When Will was told he must do a thing,
 He did it without delay;
 While Won't put off till to-morrow
 The work to be done to-day.

Will was a boy who had a smile
 For every one he knew,
 And he minded what his parents said—
 Was good to his sister, too.
 But Won't was a boy who snarled and
 frowned,
 To others he gave no joy;
 And the people used to say of him,
 "Why, there goes the Snarley-Boy."
 At last, when they were aged men,
 Will had a fortune, and more;
 He had the respect of all, but Won't—
 Was begging from door to door.
 —James Courtney Challiss.

ONE RAINY DAY.

ONE day, it just rained and rained
 at our house, and we had to stay
 in. And every time we went to
 play anything Aunt Nelia said, "Oh, stop
 that noise, children!" And if you took
 anything, she said, "Let that be! let
 that be!" and it was awful in the house.
 I got a big shawl and spread it over
 three chairs, and I got my dollies and
 my dishes and played under the shawl;
 and I asked Danny wouldn't he help
 "keep house" just to-day, because it was
 raining and he couldn't play out-doors
 anyway. But Danny wouldn't play keep
 house. He said he'd never be a tom-girl
 and play with dolls, no matter if it rained
 forever and ever and ever. And then he
 put his hands in his pockets and looked
 the way he always does when he won't do
 it.

After a while it didn't rain so hard, and
 Aunt Nelia said we might go and play in
 the barn; but we must stay in the barn
 and not go into the yard, even if it didn't
 rain one single drop.

We like to play in the barn. There
 isn't anything in it but a big pile of hay,

and in one corner there's lots of ears of
 corn.

We play Danny is a dentist. And the
 ears of corn are ladies come to have their
 teeth pulled. I walk them along over
 the floor to Danny, and he screws the
 monkey-wrench down tight on one of the
 kernels—that's a tooth—and then he
 gives a pull and out it comes! And then
 I have to holler like everything for the
 lady, because it hurts her so. Danny
 talks to the lady. He says: "Madam,
 I won't hurt you in the least." He
 heard a dentist say that once to a lady.
 Danny had a tooth pulled that same
 time that the lady did, and he never
 hollered a bit when his tooth was pulled,
 and it hurt him awful.

But the lady hollered.

Danny thinks she was a coward! I
 don't; I think it did hurt her. We
 pulled ever so many teeth that day in the
 barn. But after a while we got tired of
 playing that, and we wished we had the
 new little white pigs in the barn with us
 to play with.

Danny said he'd run across to the shed

and get us one apiece to play with; so he went and got Uncle Eben's big rubber boots off from the back porch and put on, for it was awful muddy in the cowyard, and then he went to get the little pigs.

But afterwards Danny and me wished he hadn't gone for them at all. He couldn't walk very well with the big boots on, and when he got 'most to the shed he couldn't walk at all. He just couldn't take another step and his boots sank 'way down. And it began to rain and there was Danny sticking in the mud!

Pretty soon he stepped out of the rubber boots, and he began to pull at one of the boots to get it out, and the boot flew up, and Danny fell right over backwards into the mud. He got up, and oh, he was just as muddy!

And then we had to go into the house, for I couldn't scrape the mud off—and Danny was so wet. And Aunt Nelia

scolded like everything, and she put Danny to bed—all alone up-stairs, and she made me stay down-stairs.

But she didn't know a thing about Uncle Eben's boots yet, and I was afraid to tell.

I could see one of them standing in the mud there yet, out of the kitchen window. I kept looking to see if it was there, and it always was.

After a while Uncle Eben wanted his boots, and he said, "Where are my rubber boots?"

Then I had to show him where one of his boots was, and I told him how it got there, and he wasn't mad a bit. He laughed. But Aunt Nelia said, "Well, I declare! If I hadn't sent that boy to bed already, I certainly should now!"

And when Uncle Eben went out and got his boot, it was full of water, clear to the top.

—Horati Carlin.

A BOY'S OPINION.

THE girls may have their dollies,
Made of china and wax;
I prefer a little hammer,
And a paper full of tacks.

There's such comfort in a chisel!
And such music in a file!
I wish that little pocket saws
Would get to be the style!

My kite may fly up in the tree;
My sled be stuck in mud;
And all my hopes of digging wells
Be nipped off in the bud.

But with a little box of nails,
A gimlet and a screw,
I'm happier than any king;
I've work enough to do.

DO YOUR BEST.

DO your best, your very best,
And do it ever day.
Little boys and little girls,
That is the wisest way.

Whatever work comes to your hand,
At home or at your school,
Do your best with right good will;
It is a golden rule.

For he who always does his best,
His best will better grow;
But he who shirks or slights his task,
Lets all the better go.

What if your lessons should be hard?
You need not yield to sorrow,
For he who bravely works to-day
His tasks grow bright to-morrow,

LITTLE KITTY.

ONCE there was a little kitty
Whiter than snow;
In the barn she used to frolic,
Long time ago.

In the barn a little mousie
Ran to and fro;
For she heard the kitty coming,
Long time ago.

Two black eyes had little kitty,
Black as a sloe;
And they spied the little mousie,
Long time ago.

Nine pearl teeth had little kittie,
All in a row;
And they bit the little mousie,
Long time ago.

When the teeth bit little mousie,
Little mousie cried "Oh!"
But she got away from kitty,
Long time ago.

Kitty White so shyly comes,
To catch the mousie gray;
But mousie hears her softly step,
And quickly runs away.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BETWEEN the dark and the day-
light,
When the night is beginning to
lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the children's hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper and then a silence;
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall,
By three doors left unguarded,
They enter my castle wall.

They climb up into my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin
And moulder in dust away.

—Henry W. Longfellow,

THE CHICKEN'S MISTAKE.

A LITTLE downy chick one day
 Asked leave to go on the water,
 Where she saw a duck with her
 brood at play,
 Swimming and splashing about her.

Indeed, she began to peep and cry,
 When her mother wouldn't let her,
 "If the ducks can swim there, why
 can't I?
 Are they any bigger or better?"

Then the old hen answered, "Listen to
 me,
 And hush your foolish talking;
 Just look at your feet, and you will see
 They were only made for walking."

But chicky wistfully eyed the brook,
 And didn't half believe her,
 For she seemed to say, by a knowing look,
 Such stories couldn't deceive her.

And as her mother was scratching the
 ground
 She muttered lower and lower,

"I know I can go there and not be
 drowned,
 And so I think I'll show her."

Then she made a plunge where the
 stream was deep,
 And saw too late her blunder;
 For she had hardly time to peep,
 When her foolish head went under.

And now I hope her fate will show
 The child my story reading,
 That those who are older sometimes know
 What you will do well in heeding;

That each content in his place should
 dwell,
 And envy not his brother;
 For any part that is acted well
 Is just as good as another;

For we all have our proper spheres below,
 And this is a truth worth knowing:
 You will come to grief if you try to go
 Where you never were made for going.
 —Phœbe Cary.

A LITTLE GIRL'S LECTURE.

I'VE something to say to the mothers
 to-night,
 And I hope they will pardon my size;
 For, though all I say will be proper and
 right,
 I do not pretend to be wise.

In this troublesome world I have lived
 just five years,
 Have seen boys and girls very small;
 But all of us have the same trials and
 fears,
 And into the same errors fall.

Wee Johnny stepped into the custard,
 one day,
 That was set on the table to cool;
 And Bessie spilt milk on her new cloak,
 they say,
 And Josie played truant from school.

Kate tried her mamma's velvet bonnet to
 wear,
 And pulled till she made it to fit;
 Minnie ran off alone, and went to a
 fair,
 And Lottie attempted to knit.

And I can't remember whatever I did—
 I guess it was nothing at all;
 But somebody scolded at me, and I hid,
 When sugar was found in the hall.

But what harm was there? I may venture
 to ask;
 Can't we have a new custard to-morrow?

Won't benzine take the stains out of
 Bessie's new basque?
 And sugar is easy to borrow.

And this is the something I'm going to say:
 When you were as little as we,
 Did any one scold you and whip you all day,
 And send you to bed before tea?

WRITING TO GRANDMAMMA.

(A little child seated at a table with pen and ink, writing a letter.)

DEAR GRANDMAMMA:
 I am writing you a letter,
 With mamma's pen and ink,
 She left them on the table here,
 I guess she didn't think
 That I was big enough to climb
 In her big chair and write;

But I thought I'd just s'prise you
 With a letter sweet to-night;
 I know, when you've read it,
 The very words you'll say—
 "Why, bless the little darling,
 I'll send her a doll this day."

LIFE'S BUT A DREAM.

I PONDER, and on me it dawns, that
 life is but a dream;
 The more I dwell upon this thought,
 the plainer does it seem.
 We sleep, and o'er our senses throng a
 host of fancies vague and queer;
 They seem as real, as true as life—with
 waking thought they disappear.
 Existence is a mystery—what more who
 can say?
 Men are but fleeting shadows who soon
 must pass away.

At night we lay us down to rest with
 drooping lids, then come sweet
 dreams.

We wander o'er the flowery hills, by
 mossy banks and crystal streams;
 We stray where wild woods lend their
 shade, where birds are singing gay
 and free;

We write our names upon the sand and
 gaze out o'er the restless sea;
 We laugh with friends upon the shore,
 we hear their call, they speak our
 name!
 We gaze into their tender eyes—all this
 while slumber holds its claim.

Sleep has its world of joy and woe—in
 dreams we seem to know and feel.
 Such visions vanish with the morn—are
 not our lives as much unreal?
 Yes, so it is, through all our days, that all
 we say or think or seem
 Is but a phantom, but a myth—life is a
 dream within a dream.

The soul is resting through the night, day
 dawns for us with parting breath;
 And we shall all awake at last, from this,
 our sleep, from birth till death.

—J. T. Hallett.

THE WIND IN THE CHIMNEY.

OVER the chimney the night wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the woman stopped as her babe she tossed,
And thought of the one she had long since lost,
And said, as her teardrops back she forced:
"I hate the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the children said, as they closer drew:
"'Tis some witch that is cleaving the
black night through—
And we fear the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the man, as he sat on his hearth below,
Said to himself: "It will surely snow,
And fuel is dear and wages low,
And I'll stop the leak in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
But the poet listened and smiled, for he
Was man and woman and child, all three,
And he said: "It is God's own harmony,
This wind that sings in the chimney."
—Bret Harte.

THE ROCK-A-BY LADY.

THE Rock-a-by Lady from Hushaby street
Comes stealing; comes creeping;
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet—
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,
When she findeth you sleeping!

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum—
"Rub-a-dub!" it goeth;
There is one little dream of a big sugar plum,
And, lo! thick and fast the other dreams come
Of popguns that bang, and tin tops that hum,
And a trumpet that bloweth!

And dollies peep out of these wee little dreams
With laughter and singing;
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,
And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams,
And up, up, and up, where the Mother Moon beams,
The fairies go winging!

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and fleet?
They'll come to you sleeping;
So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,
For the Rock-a-by Lady from Hushaby street,
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,
Comes stealing; comes creeping.
—Eugene Field.

REMEMBER BOYS MAKE MEN.

WHEN you see a ragged urchin
 Standing wistful in the
 street,
 With torn hat and kneeless trousers,
 . Dirty face and bare red feet;
 Pass not by the child unheeding,
 Smile upon him. Mark me, when
 He's grown he'll not forget it,
 For, remember, boys make men.

When the buoyant youthful spirits
 Overflow in boyish freak,
 Chide your child in gentle accents,
 Do not in your anger speak;
 You must sow in youthful bosoms
 Seeds of tender mercies; then
 Plants will grow and bear good fruitage,
 When the erring boys are men.

Have you never seen a grandsire,
 With his eyes aglow with joy,
 Bring to mind some act of kindness
 Something said to him a boy?
 Or relaté some slight or coldness,
 With a brow all clouded, when
 He said they were too thoughtless
 To remember boys make men?

Let us try to add some pleasures
 To the life of every boy,
 For each child needs tender interest
 In its sorrows and its joy;
 Call your boys home by your brightness,
 They'll avoid a gloomy den,
 And seek for comfort elsewhere—
 And remember, boys make men.

CHRISTMAS.

(Appropriate for Labor Day exercises.)

CHRISTMAS is coming, will Santa
 Claus, dear,
 Visit us children with presents this
 year?
 Mamma says Santa's busted. If that is
 true,
 What in the world are us children to
 do?
 But maybe she told me this just for a
 joke,
 It seems very funny if Santa is broke.
 John wants a sled and I want a doll;
 It will be awful mean if he don't come at
 all.

I asked ma about it, and she has told me,
 That nowadays old Santa is poor as can
 be.
 She says if he don't come, he won't be to
 blame,
 But pa can play Santa Claus, that's just
 the same.

Ma can make us rag dollies and doughnuts
 to eat;
 Although they're not candy, they are
 almost as sweet.
 We will have as much fun and make as
 much noise
 As if he had brought us a house full of
 toys.

Now, there are two Santas, so papa said.
 One wants free silver and duty on lead;
 And one is a goldbug, who makes lots of
 fuss,
 And don't care a snap for poor children
 like us.
 Yes, papa has told me, and tried to
 explain,
 When a silver bill passes he will come
 round again.
 The silver man Santa is just lots the best,
 He is kind and free-hearted—his home is
 out west.
 —J. T. Hallett.

WHICH LOVED BEST?

"I LOVE you, mother," said little Ben,
Then forgetting his work, his cap
went on

And he was off to the garden swing,
And left the water and wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell—
"I love you better than tongue can tell;"
Then she teased and pouted full half the
day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went
to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan,
"To-day I'll help you all I can;

How glad I am school doesn't keep!"
So she rocked the babe till it fell asleep.

Then, stepping softly, she fetched the
broom,
And swept the floor and tidied the
room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and happy as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said
Three little children going to bed;
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

PAPA WAS STUMPED.

"PAPA," said a little West End girl
the other evening, "I'm in frac-
tions now, but I don't under-
stand it. Tell me about some of these
examples."

"Certainly, certainly," said the father.
"What's the trouble?"

"Why, it says here that if a man travels
25,795 miles in $25\frac{1}{2}$ days, how many
miles will he travel in one day?"

"Say, Maria," said the old man, as he
looked beamingly at his wife, "doesn't
that remind us of old times? La me! It
just takes me back to the little old log
school-house in the woods. Why, Maria,
I remember one day—"

"But, papa," interrupted the child,
"I'm in a hurry. What's the answer?"

"Oh! yes. Yes, of course. Give me
the example again. Now I have it. If
a man travels 25,795 miles in $25\frac{1}{2}$ days,
how many miles will he travel in one
day? That's an easy one. Maria, do you
remember that little red-headed fellow
who sat in front of you and annoyed you
with his bean-shooter, and that hideous
little Mary Bennett?"

"But, papa, what's the answer?"

"Oh! the answer; let me see."

The man figured and calculated and
said "oh!" and "ah!" and scratched out
and began again. Then he put his pencil
in his mouth, paused a long while, and at
last said:

"Maria, I've sorter forgotten about this
fraction of a day business. How does it
go?"

"Why, John," said the good woman,
"you-er, you-er find the greatest common
divisor, and—"

"Say, Maria, that reminds me of the
joke about the janitor who saw these
very words on the blackboard: 'Find the
greatest common divisor,' and he said:
'Well, is that durned thing lost again?'
Curious how these—"

"But, papa, what's the answer?"

"Oh! yes; where was I? Well, you
divide the 25,795 by $25\frac{1}{2}$, and the result
will be the answer."

"I know, papa, but what's the result?"

"Didn't I just tell you that the result
would be the answer? All you have to do
is to put down the multiplicand—multi-

plicand! Where have I heard that word? Why, Maria, it just makes me want to get out and play marbles and hookey and things."

"But, Henry, you haven't solved that problem for the child."

"That's so. Well, here goes. Twenty-five goes in 25 once; 25 into 7 no times, and into 79 three times and 4. And 45 once and 20, or twenty twenty-fifths of 25 and one-halfths, or 1,031 and one-fifths, or—"

"Henry, what are you talking about?"

"Maria, I started out to find that greatest common divisor of yours, but 'tain't no use. I say that any man who would undertake to walk 25,795 miles in 25½ days is just a plain, ordinary, everyday fool. He can't do it."

"But, papa, what's the—"

"It hasn't got any answer. Just say to your teacher that it is preposterous—the idea of a man taking such a pedestrian tour as that. Truth is, Maria," he added confidentially to his wife, "I never did know anything about fractions."

TEN LITTLE SERVANTS.

TEN little servants Johnny has,
That know but to obey,
And to his slightest beck and call
They never answer nay,
And never argue or reply,
Nor vexing questions ask,
But with a good and hearty will
Do their appointed task!

Of different size and different strength,
Yet willing all and true,
And glad to give each other aid
In everything they do.
Five on his right, five on his left,
And each one has his pair,
Which matches him in size and form
Exactly to a hair!

In every duty of the day
Each nobly bears his part,
At school or home, no matter where,
In labor or in art.
And Johnny never speaks his wish,
He only needs to think,
And straight these servants do his will
As quick as you could wink!

And should these busy brothers work
A single deed of shame,
Not theirs the fault—you may be sure
That Johnny is to blame;
And so are you in the same case,—
All children and all men,—
For who has fingers strong and well
Can count his servants ten!

—Brace Baxter.



ENCORES.



To receive an encore is a compliment, and the best way to show one's appreciation is to respond in a pleasing manner with something short, spicy and suitable for the occasion.

The following selections are especially good for encores, but can be used on any occasion where short speaking recitations are needed.

PALMISTRY.

<p>SHE read with dainty fingers upon his open palm: A fortune of riches and honor, without a trace of harm.</p>	<p>"A serious matter already, and you not twenty-four: What, not a vestige of heart remains, such lines I never saw before."</p>
--	--

<p>The line of his life was long; there was intellect, too, she said, But—when she came to the line of heart she gravely shook her head.</p>	<p>He bent his head, and whispered, "I'll explain that, if I may, I've not a vestige of heart because, you've stolen my heart away."</p>
--	--

CROQUET.

<p>THE evening was bright with the moon of May, And the lawn was light as though lit by day, When I looked from my window to see croquet.</p> <p>Of mallets and balls, the usual display, The hoops all stood in arch array, And I said to myself, "Soon I'll see croquet."</p> <p>But the mallets and balls unheeded lay, And the maid and the youth side by side sat they. And I thought to myself, Is that croquet?</p>	<p>I saw the scamp (it was light as day) Put his arm around her waist in a loving way, And he squeezed her hand. Now was that croquet?</p> <p>While the red river rolled forgotten away, He whispered all that a lover should say, And he kissed her lips. What a queer croquet!</p> <p>Silent they sat 'neath the moon of May, And I knew by her blushes, she had said not nay, And I thought in my heart, Now, that's croquet.</p>
---	--

THE REASON WHY.

“WHEN I was at a party,”
 Said Betty (aged just four),
 “A little girl fell off her chair,
 Right down upon the floor;
 And all the other little girls
 Began to laugh, but me.
 I didn’t laugh a single bit,”
 Said Betty seriously.

“Why not?” her mother asked,
 Full of delight to find
 That Betty—bless her little heart,
 Had been so sweetly kind.
 “Why didn’t you laugh, darling,
 Or don’t you like to tell?”
 “I didn’t laugh,” said Betty,
 “ ’Cause it was me that fell!”

WHAT ‘ELSE COULD HE DO?

HER lips were so near
 That—what else could I do?
 You’ll be angry, I fear,
 But her lips were so near—

Well—I can’t make it clear—
 Or explain it to you,
 But—her lips were so near
 That—what else could I do?

THE LOVE KNOT.

TYING her bonnet under her chin,
 She tied her raven ringlets in.
 But not alone in the silken snare
 Did she catch her lovely floating hair,
 For, tying her bonnet under her chin,
 She tied a young man’s heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill
 Where the wind came blowing merry and
 chill,
 And it blew the curls a frolicsome race,
 All over the happy peach-colored face.
 Till scolding and laughing, she tied them
 in,
 Under her beautiful dimpled chin.

O western wind, do you think it was fair
 To play such tricks with her floating hair?
 To gladly, gleefully do your best
 To blow her against the young man’s
 breast,
 Where he has gladly folded her in,
 And kissed her mouth and dimpled chin.

O Ellery Vane, you little thought
 An hour ago when you besought
 This country lass to walk with you,
 After the sun had dried the dew,
 What terrible danger you’d be in,
 As she tied her bonnet under her chin.
 —Nora Perry.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent;
 But now your brow is beld, John,
 Your locks are like the snaw;
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither;
 And mony a canty day, John,
 We’ve had wi’ ane anither.
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand-in-hand we’ll go:
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

SPECIALLY JIM.

I WAS mighty good lookin' when I was
young,
Peart and black eyed and slim,
With fellers a-courtin' me Sunday nights,
Späcially Jim.

The likeliest one of them all was he,
Chipper and handsome and trim,
But I tossed up my head and made fun of
the crowd,
Späcially Jim.

I said I hadn't no opinion o' men
And I wouldn't take stock in him,

But they kept on a-coming in spite of my
talk,
Späcially Jim.

I got so tired o' havin' them 'round,
Späcially Jim,
I made up my mind I'd settle down
And took up with him.

So we was married one Sunday in
church,
'Twas crowded full to the brim,
'Twas the only way to get rid of 'em all,
Späcially Jim.

A ROMANCE OF PRONOUNS.

IT was evening, it was moonlight, it
was late and it was fair.

I was courting, I was happy, I was
brave, for she was there.

She was pretty, she was blushing, she was
willing to be wed—

He arrived and he objected, he was papa,
so I fled.

I returned, he was repentant. She was
coaxing her mamma.

He relented, and I thanked him and for-
gave him—dear papa!

Then he blessed us. I was happy, while
she blushed a rosy red.

He was willing. She was willing. I was
willing. We were wed.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

ABOU BEN ADHEM,—may his
tribe increase,—

Awoke one night from a sweet
dream of peace,

And saw, within the moonlight in his
room,

Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold.

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem
bold,

And to the Presence in the room he
said,

“What writest thou?” The vision raised
its head,

And with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, “The names of those who love
the Lord.”

“And is mine one?” said Abou. “Nay,
not so,”

Replied the angel. Abou spoke more
low,

But cheerily still; and said, “I pray thee,
then,

Write me as one that loves his fellow-
men.”

The angel wrote and vanished. The next
night

It came again, with a great wakening
light,

And showed the names whom love of God
had bless'd;

And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the
rest.

—Leigh Hunt

THE BROKEN PITCHER.

AS beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping,
With a pitcher of milk, from the fair of Coleraine,

When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled
And all the sweet buttermilk watered the plain.

"Oh, what shall I do now?—'twas looking at you now!

Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again!

'Twas the pride of my dairy: O Barney M'Cleary!

You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine."

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,

That such a misfortune should give her such pain.

A kiss then I gave her; and ere I did leave her,

She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again.

'Twas hay-making season,—I can't tell the reason,—

Misfortunes will never come single, 'tis plain;

For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster

The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine. —Anonymous.

CUPID SWALLOWED.

T'OTHER day, as I was twinin'
Roses for a crown to dine in,
What, of all things, 'midst the heap,

Should I light on, fast asleep,
But the little desperate elf,
The tiny traitor—love himself!
By the wings I pinched him up

Like a bee, and in a cup
Of my wine I plunged and sank him;
And what d'ye think I did?—I drank him!
Faith, I thought him dead. Not he!
There he lives with tenfold glee;
And now this moment, with his wings
I feel him tickling my heart strings.

—Leigh Hunt.

A PUZZLE.

OLD Nathan was out in the garden
One beautiful flower-sweet day,
When Dorothy, golden-haired maiden,

Came pensively wandering that way.

"And isn't this very fine weather?

I never saw finer," said he,

But she made reply, "Why, I think it
As cheerless a morn as could be."

"As cheerless?" repeated old Nathan,

Half in doubt if he'd heard her right,

Then he muttered, "She's daft," for he knew not

She had quarreled with Robert last night.

The day was departing; its sunshine
Had vanished; the wind whistled shrill;
The birds hurried home to their nestlings,
And the air grew quite heavy and chill.

The gardener hastened to shelter

His tender young plants, when again

Dolly passed him—this time with light footsteps—

And she called in the merriest strain,

"Oh! isn't the weather just lovely?"

While her face fairly shone through the mist.

"She's daft," said old Nathan—he knew not

The lovers had met and had kissed.

—Margaret Eytinge.

LIFE.

A CRUST of bread and a corner to
 sleep in,
 A minute to smile and an hour
 to weep in,
 A pint of joy to a peck of trouble,
 And never a laugh but the moans come
 double;
 And that is life!

A crust and a corner that love makes
 precious,
 With a smile to warm and the tears to
 refresh us;
 And the joys seem sweeter when care
 comes after,
 And the moan is the finest of foils for
 laughter!
 And that is life! —P. L. Dunbar.

THE SEEDS.

“ONE I love,” a pretty face
 Bending o’er the grate;
 “Two I love,” a soft, sweet
 voice
 Measures out her fate.
 “Three I love. I say,” and still
 Other seeds galore;
 “Four I love with all my heart,”
 What need is there of more?
 “Five I cast away”—Ah, no!
 Fortune thus were wrong,
 Should the count thus ended be;
 Love’s ties are too strong.

“Six he loves,” a dimpled smile;
 “Seven she loves,” a blush;
 “Eight both love,” a sweet look steals
 O’er the fair face flush.
 “Nine he comes; he tarries ten,
 Eleven he courts”—but wait!
 Anxious search has failed to find
 The seed where rests her fate.
 Carefully she looks them o’er,
 Then as brow grows light,
 “Twelve he marries. Mercy! I
 Nearly died from fright!”
 —From “Puck.”

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

IT was after the ball on Christmas eve.
 Echoing fragments of the waltz rang
 in his ears.

As the coupe ran skimmingly west-
 ward over Jackson Boulevard, the flicker-
 ing street-lights revealed and concealed
 her face. The light and shadows en-
 hanced her beauty, for he had never seen
 her so entrancing before. Up the broad
 steps into her home. The gas burned
 low. Her slender fingers hung to his a
 moment. She stood directly under the
 gas jet, upon which some one, in anticipa-
 tion of the morrow, had hung a sprig of
 mistletoe. He could not help it—he
 kissed her. She looked so pretty, so

innocent, under that sprig of mistletoe.

Yes, it was an ungentlemanly and
 unmanly thing to do. Her frightened,
 startled look pained him. He stammered
 out a miserable excuse. Her great eyes
 filled with tears, and she gave a little
 choking sob when he apologized.

“Dear little innocent,” he thought, “I
 would not have hurt her for the world.”
 And she? After he was gone, she
 dropped into a great chair and sobbed.
 “Like him? I love him. And to think
 that he should kiss me at last, and then
 say he didn’t mean anything by it. What
 does he think I put the mistletoe there
 for?”

ENCORES.

HER NAME.

"I 'M losted! Could you find me,
please?"

Poor little frightened baby!
The wind had tossed her golden fleece,
The stone had scratched her dimpled
knees,

I stooped and lifted here with ease,
And softly whispered, "May be!"

"Tell me your name, my little maid,
I can't find you without it."

"My name is Shiney-Eyes," she said.

"Yes, but your last?" She shook her
head.

"Up to my house 'ey never said
A single fing about it."

"But, dear," I said, "what is your
name?"

"Why, didn't you hear me told you?
Dust Shiney-Eyes." A bright thought
came,

"Yes, when you're good; but when they
blame

You, little one—is't just the same
When mamma has to scold you?"

"My mamma neber scolds," she moaned,
A little blush ensuing,

"'Cept when I've been a-frowning stones,
And then she says" (the culprit owns),

"Mehitable Sapphira Jones,
What have you been a-doing?"

HOW TO PROPOSE.

YOUNG Charlie O'Neil came to me
one day,

And bashfully speaking he said:
"You are older and wiser than many I
know,

And by your advice I'll be led.
Now tell me how can I the question pro-
pose

To some pretty maiden I know?
I'm anxious to marry, but cannot, be-
cause

The asking it puzzles me so."

I told him my thoughts, and urged him
to try

The pleading a favor so sweet,
"For life without love's like a field that is
bare;

With love—like a field full of wheat."
When next I saw Charlie, so happy he
seemed.

I asked him if love prospered so.
He laughingly answered, "The pleading's
so nice,

I've asked every girl that I know."

—Mary Mathews Barnes.

BABY SLEEPS.

LET every sound be dead—
Baby sleeps;

The Emperor softly tread—
Baby sleeps.

Let Mozart's music stop,

Let Phidias' chisel drop—
Baby sleeps;

Demosthenes be dumb,
Our tyrant's hour has come—

Baby sleeps.

JOSIAR.

I NEVER kin forgit the day,
 That we went out a-walkin';
 And sot down on the river bank,
 An' kept on hours a-talkin';
 He twisted up my apron string,
 An' folded it together,
 An' said he thought for harvest time
 'Twas curus kind of weather.

The sun went down as we sot there,
 Josiar seemed uneasy,
 An' mother she began to call,
 "Loweezy! Come, Loweezy."
 An' then Josiar spoke right up
 As I was just a-startin'—

An' said, "Loweezy, what's the use
 Of we two e'en a-partin'?"

It kind o' took me by surprise,
 An' yet I knew 'twas comin',
 I'd heard it all the summer long
 In every wild bee's hummin';
 I meant to hide my love from him,
 But seems as if he knew it;
 I'd studied out the way I'd act,
 But la! I couldn't do it.

It darker grew as we sot there,
 But Josiar seemed quite easy,
 But mother had to call again,
 "Loweezy! Come, Loweezy."

A FALSE ORACLE.

S HE picked a little daisy flower
 With fringe of snow and heart of
 gold,
 All pure without, all warm within,
 And stood to have her fortune told.

"He loves me," low she smiling said
 And picked the border leaf by leaf,
 "A little, too much, not at all,"
 With fondest heart beyond belief.

"A little, too much, not at all,"
 So rang the changes o'er and o'er,

As the snowy leaflets fluttered down
 And strewed the meadow's grassy
 floor.—

"A little, too much, not at all,"
 With fondest heart beyond belief,
 Ah! foolish task! Ah, magic brief, to
 measure out love's value
 On a daisy leaf.—

For as she pulled the latest leaf
 With "not at all!" I heard her say—
 "Much you know, you foolish flower;
 He'll love me to my dying day."

PLAYING SCHOOL.

TWO little tots on the carpet at play,
 Tired of their usual games one
 day,
 Said one to the other: "Let's play stool;
 I'll be teacher, and don't you fool,
 But sit up nice, like a sure 'nough stolar;
 You'll miss your lesson, I'll bet you a lace
 tollar."
 Casting about for a word to spell,
 Blue eyes on puss and her kitten fell;
 As an object-lesson they pose with grace,
 The mamma washing her baby's face.

"Spell tat," the teacher grandly gives
 out;

"Quick, now, mind what you're about."
 The "scholar" failing, with ignominy,
 Is sorely shaken and dubbed a ninny;
 The word repeated, again she fails,
 When the scene on the rug again avails,
 And the teacher relents, conscience-
 smitten—

"If you tan't spell tat, why just spell
 titten!"

SHE LIKED HIM RALE WEEL.

THE spring had brought out the
green leaf on the trees,
An' the flowers were unfolding
their sweets tae the bees,
When Jock says tae Jenny, "Come,
Jenny, agree,
An' say the bit word that ye'll marry me."
She held doon her heid like a lily sae meek,
An' the blush o' the rose fled awa' frae
her cheek.

But she said, "Gang awa', mon! your
head's in a creel."
She didna let on that she liked him rale
weel—
Oh! she liked him rale weel—
But she didna let on that she liked him
rale weel.

Then Jock says, "Oh, Jenny, for a twal-
month an' mair,
Ye ha'e kept me just hangin' twixt hope
an' despair.
But, oh! Jenny, last night something
whispered tae me
That I'd better lie doon at the dyke-side
an' dee."
Tae keep Jock in life, she gave in tae be
tied;
An' soon they were booked, an' three
times they were cried.

Love danced in Jock's heart, an' hope
joined the reel—
He was sure that his Jenny did like him
rale weel.
Oh! she liked him rale weel!
Aye! she liked him rale weel!
But she never let on that she liked him
rale weel.

When the wedding day cam', tae the
manse they did stap,
An' there they got welcome frae Mr.
Dunlap,
Who chained them to love's matrimonial
stake,
Syne they took a dram an' a mouthful o'
cake,
Then the minister said, "Jock, be kind to
your Jenny,
Nae langer she's tied to the string o' her
minnie;
Noo, Jenny, will ye aye be couthie an'
leal?"
"Yes sir; oh, yes, for I like him rale
weel!"
Aye, she liked him rale weel!
Oh! she liked him rale weel!
At last she owned up that she liked him
rale weel!

—Andrew Waulless.

ONLY AN UNDERSTANDING.

I'M not engaged to Polly, she is not
engaged to me:
She would tell you, if you asked her,
we are both of us quite free;
I've never said I love her, she has never
said that she,
Were I engaged to Polly, would be
engaged to me!

Yet when I think of Polly, and when she
thinks of me,
Sweet hopes come crowding to our hearts
and we forget that we
Are happy over nothing; for you can
plainly see
I'm not engaged to Polly, she's not
engaged to me!

IRISH COQUETRY.

SAYS Patrick to Biddy, "Good mornin', me dear!
It's a bit av a sacrit I've got fer yer ear:
It's yoursel' that is lukin' so charming the day,
That the heart in me breast is fast slippin' away."
"'Tis you that kin flatther," Miss Biddy replies,
And throws him a glance from her merry blue eyes.

"Arrah, thin," cries Patrick, "'tis thinkin' av you
That's makin' me heart-sick, me darlint, that's thrue.
Shure I've waited a long while to tell ye this same,
And Biddy Malloy will be such a fine name!"
Cries Biddy, "Have done wid yer talkin', I pray;
Shure me heart's not me own for this many a day!

"I gave it away to a good-lookin' boy,
Who thinks there is no one like Biddy Malloy;
So don't bother me, Pat; jist be aisy," says she.
"Indade, if ye'll let me, I will that!" says he.
"It's a bit of a flirt that ye are, on the sly:
I'll not trouble ye more, but I'll bid ye good-by."

"Arrah, Patrick!" cries Biddy, "an' where are ye goin'?
Shure it isn't the best of good manners ye're showin'
To lave me so suddint!"—"Och, Biddy," says Pat,
"You have knocked the cock-feathers jist out ov me hat."
"Come back, Pat!" says she. "What fur, thin?" says he.
"Bekase I meant you all the time, sir!" says she.

NOT BUILT THAT WAY.

A BOY will eat and a boy will drink,
And a boy will play all day,
But a boy won't work and a boy won't think,
Because he ain't built that way.

A girl will sing and a girl will dance,
And a girl will work crochet,
But she can't throw a stone and hit a church,
Because she ain't built that way.

THE DISCONTENTED BUTTERCUP.

DOWN in a field one day in June,
The flowers all bloomed together,
Save one, who tried to hide herself,
And drooped that pleasant weather.

A robin, who had soared too high,
And felt a little lazy,
Was resting near a buttercup,
Who wished she was a daisy.

"Dear robin," said this sad young flower,
"Perhaps you'd not mind trying
To find a nice white frill for me
Some day when you are flying."
"You silly thing!" the robin said,
"I think you must be crazy;
I'd rather be my honest self
Than any made-up daisy."

THE ADAPTABLE POEM.

<p>THEY stood before the open grate (For summer substitute a gate); She was a blonde (if you prefer, Why, make a brunette out of her). He spoke of love (they all do that), And she? Her heart went pit-a-pat; The speed, why, you yourself can fix, From seventy up to ninety-six;</p>	<p>She hung her head, she blushed, she sighed She laughed, or possibly she cried, Just take your choice and have her do Precisely as you wish her to. She did et cetera until Her George, or Jack, or Jim, or Will, Or any name you like the best— But why go on? You know the rest!</p>
---	---

A PROBLEM.

<p>I wonder," said Teddy, one sunny day, As he gazed at the meadow, with thoughtful frown, "Why the grass is so pretty and green and bright, When it comes from the earth, so dirty and brown?"</p>	<p>With a look of surprise in her great blue eyes, 'Why, don't you know?' cried small Katrine, "The sun is yellow, the sky is blue, And that is the reason the grass is green."</p>
--	---

BOYS MAKE MEN.

(Speak with Decision.)

<p>WHEN you see a ragged urchin Standing wistful in the street, With torn hat and kneeless trousers, Dirty face and bare, red feet;</p>	<p>Pass not by the child unheeding; Smile upon him. Mark me, when He's grown up he'll not forget it; For remember, boys make men.</p>
--	--



DIALOGUES AND DRAMAS.



THE STORY OF A PEACH PIE.

Characters { The Baker.
A Little Girl.

(As the curtain rises the Baker is seen arranging his goods.)

(Enter Little Girl:)

GIRL—Do you sell pies?

Baker—Yes, my little girl.

Girl—My mamma said you sold pies. How much are they?

Baker—Ten cents apiece.

Girl—Give me a peach pie.

Baker—(looking over wares). I am all out of peach pies. However, I have some nice mince pies.

Girl—But I want a peach pie.

Baker—Well, I am all out.

Girl—My mamma said you kept peach pies.

Baker—Well, so I do, but just now I am out of them.

Girl—I am willing to pay you for one.

Baker—Yes, I know, but I haven't any.

Girl—My mamma said if I gave you ten cents you would give me a peach pie.

Baker—So I would if I had any.

Girl—Any what?

Baker—Peach pies.

Girl—That's what I want.

Baker—Yes, but I haven't any. I have nothing but mince pies left.

Girl—But I don't want a mince pie. I want a peach pie.

Baker—Well, I haven't any.

Girl—You sold mamma a peach pie yesterday for ten cents.

Baker—Yes, I had peach pies yesterday.

Girl—How much do you want for peach pies.

Baker—If I had any to sell, I would let you have one for ten cents.

Girl—I have got ten cents in my hand.

Baker—I don't doubt it, my little girl.

Girl—And I want a peach pie.

Baker—I haven't any peach pies; I'm all sold out. Don't you understand?

Girl—You sold my mamma a peach pie yesterday for ten cents.

Baker—Of course I did. I had some to sell yesterday, and if I had any to sell to-day, I would let you have it.

Girl—This is a baker shop, isn't it?

Baker—Of course it is.

Girl—And you sell pies and cakes?

Baker—Of course I do.

Girl—Then I want a peach pie.

Baker—Little girl, go home. I shall never have any more peach pies to sell. Do you hear? Never any more peach pies!

(Curtain.)

A GROVE OF HISTORIC TREES.

(Arbor Day.)

TREE planting on Arbor Day, for economic purposes in the great West, has given to the prairie States many thousand acres of new forests, and inspired the people with a sense of their great value, not only for practical purposes, but for climatic and meteorological results as well. The celebration of Arbor Day by the public schools in several of the older States by the planting of memorial trees, as originated at Cincinnati, in the spring of 1882, and generally known as the "Cincinnati plan," has done much also to awaken a widespread interest in the study of trees; and this annual celebration promises to become as general in the public schools and among the people as the observance of May Day in England. "Whatever you would have appear in the nation's life you must introduce in the public schools." Train the youth into a love for trees, instruct them in the elements of forestry, and the wisdom of this old German proverb will be realized.

First Pupil.

Scattered here and there over this beautiful land of ours, are many prominent trees that have been consecrated by the presence of eminent personages, or by some conspicuous event in the history of our country.

Second Pupil.

Perhaps the best-known tree in American history is the "Charter Oak" in Hartford, Conn., which was prostrated by a September gale in 1848, when it measured twenty-five feet in circumference. It was estimated to be six hundred years old, when the first emigrants looked upon it with wonder.

Sir Edmund Andross was appointed the first governor-general of the colony of Connecticut, and arrived at Boston in December, 1686. He immediately demanded the surrender of the charter of Connecticut, and it was refused.

In October, 1687, he went to Hartford with a company of soldiers while the assembly was in session, and demanded an immediate surrender of their charter. Sir Edmund was received with apparent respect by the members, and in his presence the subject of his demand was calmly debated until evening. The charter was then brought forth and placed upon the table around which the members were sitting. Andross was about to seize it, when the lights were suddenly extinguished. A large concourse of people had assembled without, and the moment the lights disappeared they raised a loud huzza, and several entered the chamber. Captain Wadsworth, of Hartford, seized the charter, and, unobserved, carried it off and deposited it in the hollow trunk of a large oak tree fronting the house of Hon. Samuel Wyllys, then one of the magistrates of that colony. The candles were relighted, quiet was restored, and Andross eagerly sought the coveted parchment. It was gone, and none could, or would, reveal its hiding-place. Ever after that tree was called the "Charter Oak."

Third Pupil.

The "Washington Elm" still stands at Cambridge, Mass. It is on Garden Street, a short distance from the colleges, and is a large, well-preserved tree. It was this elm that shaded Washington on that July 3d, 1775, when he took command of the

American army at Cambridge, and began that long public life in which he exhibited such brilliant talents, and won for himself the deserved title of "Father of his Country."

We have been an independent nation for more than a century, but this tree still stands, and its massive trunk and wide-spreading branches form a fitting emblem of the prosperous nation that started out, as it were, from beneath its shade; and in it are centered fond remembrances of our Revolutionary fathers.

Fourth Pupil.

In the middle of Eighteenth Street, Chicago, between Prairie Avenue and the lake, there stood until recently a large cotton-wood tree; it was the last of a group which marked the spot where the Indian massacre of 1812 took place. Fort Dearborn stood at the mouth of the Chicago River, about one and one-half miles from the clump of trees. In August an army of Indians attacked the fort, and the garrison being weak, the commandant offered to surrender on condition that the force might withdraw without molestation. At nine o'clock on August 15th, the party, composed of about seventy-five persons, advanced from the fort along the Indian trail, which follows the lake shore. When the little band had reached the cotton-wood tree, a volley was showered by the Indians. All were killed except twenty-two, who surrendered and were spared. To-day an imposing monument marks the spot, that takes the place of the tree that was blown down.

Fifth Pupil.

Who has not heard of the elm at Shakamaxon, under the spreading branches of which William Penn made his famous treaty with the Indians, which was never sworn to, and which stands alone as the

only treaty made by the whites with the Indians which was never broken? For more than a century and a quarter this tree stood, a grand monument of this most sincere treaty ever made, but in 1810 it was blown down, and a monument of marble now but poorly marks the spot where it stood.

Sixth Pupil.

"The Cary Tree," planted by the roadside in 1832 by Alice and Phœbe Cary, is a large and beautiful sycamore standing on the turnpike from College Hill to Mount Pleasant, Hamilton County, Ohio. As these two sisters were returning from school one day they found a small tree in the road, and carrying it to the opposite side they dug out the earth with sticks, and planted it.

Seventh Pupil.

It was the custom of our ancestors to plant trees in the early settlement of our country, and dedicate them to Liberty. Many of these "Liberty Trees," consecrated by our forefathers, are still standing. "Old Liberty Elm" in Boston was planted by a schoolmaster long before the Revolutionary War, and dedicated by him to the independence of the colonies. Around that tree, before the Revolution, the citizens of Boston and vicinity used to gather and listen to the advocates of our country's freedom. Around it, during the war, they met to offer up thanks and supplications to Almighty God for the success of the patriot armies, and after the terrible struggle had ended, the people were accustomed to assemble there year after year, in the shadow of that old tree, to celebrate the liberty and independence of our country. It stood till within a few years, a living monument of the patriotism of the people of Boston, and when at last it fell, the bells in all the

churches of the city were tolled, and a feeling of sadness spread over the entire State.

Eighth Pupil.

At the southern line of Fort Mercer, on the Delaware River, close by the bank, are the remains of the hickory tree which was used as a flagstaff during the battle which occurred there in autumn of 1777. There stood, until 1840, near Charleston, S. C., a magnificent magnolia tree, under which General Lincoln signed the capitulation of that city in 1789. Incredible as it may appear, the owner of the land and of the house shaded by the tree, wherein he and his mother were born, subsequently felled it for firewood. At Rhinebeck may still be seen an interesting memento of the lamented General Montgomery. A day or two before he left home to join the army under Schuyler he was walking on the lawn in the rear of his brother-in-law's mansion with the owner, and as he came near the house Montgomery stuck a willow twig in the ground, and said, "Let that grow to remember me by." It did grow, and is now a willow with a trunk at least ten feet in circumference. On the banks of the Genesee River stood an oak believed to have been a thousand years old, called "The Big Tree." Under it the Seneca nation of Indians held councils; and it gave the title "Big Tree" to one of the eminent chiefs of that nation, at the period of our Revolution. It was twenty-six feet in circumference. It was swept away by a flood in the autumn of 1857. A pear tree that stood on the corner of Thirteenth Street and Third Avenue, in New York City, bore fruit until 1860, when it perished. It was planted in his garden by Peter Stuyvesant, the last Dutch governor of New Netherlands (now New York), in 1667.

Ninth Pupil.

Other trees of historic interest are the ash trees planted by General Washington at Mount Vernon. These trees form a beautiful row, which is the admiration of all who visit the home of the "Father of his Country."

The weeping willow over the grave of Cotton Mather, in Copp's burying-ground, was taken from a tree that shaded the grave of Napoleon at St. Helena. Copp's burying-ground is so near Bunker Hill battlefield that a number of gravestones can be seen to-day which were pierced through by bullets fired by British soldiers in that battle.

Tenth Pupil.

But besides historical trees there are many others that attract our attention from their great size. Among these are the wonderful trees of California. They are about five hundred in number, ninety-five being of enormous size. There is one fallen monster, which must have stood four hundred and fifty feet in the air, and had a diameter of forty feet. Another engaged the efforts of five men for twenty-five days in cutting, and on the level surface of the stump thirty-two dancers find ample room. "Old Goliath" shows the marks of a fire, that, according to surrounding trees untouched, must have raged a thousand years ago. The diameter of the largest is thirty-three feet; the circumference of the largest, five feet above the ground, sixty-one feet. This is the only one more than sixty feet in circumference.

So much larger are those immense trees than those we ordinarily see, that a comparison is about the only way in which we can correctly measure them. Shortly after they were discovered, the hollow trunk of one of them was forwarded to

New York, where it was converted into a grocery store.

In one of these groups of trees a stage-road has been cut under the trunk through the roots, and immense coaches, drawn by six horses, pass directly under the old giant.

Eleventh Pupil.

I will tell you how George P. Morris came to write the poem, "Woodman, Spare That Tree." Mr. Morris, in a letter to a friend, dated New York, Feb. 1, 1837, gave in substance the following account:

"Riding out of town a few days after, in company with a friend, an old gentleman, he invited me to turn down a little romantic woodland pass, not far from Bloomingdale.

"Your object?" inquired I. "Merely to look once more at an old tree planted by my grandfather long before I was born, under which I used to play when a boy, and where my sisters played with me. There I often listened to the good advice of my parents. Father, mother, sisters—all are gone; nothing but the old tree remains." And a paleness overspread his fine countenance and tears came to his eyes. After a moment's pause, he added: "Don't think me foolish. I don't know

how it is; I never ride out but I turn down this lane to look at that old tree. I have a thousand recollections about it, and I always greet it as a familiar and well-remembered friend.' These words were scarcely uttered when the old gentleman cried out, 'There it is!' Near the tree stood a man with his coat off, sharpening an axe. 'You're not going to cut that tree down, surely?' 'Yes, but I am though,' said the woodman. 'What for?' inquired the old gentleman, with choked emotion. 'What for? I like that! Well, I will tell you. I want the tree for firewood.' 'What is the tree worth to you for firewood?' 'Why, when down, about ten dollars.' 'Suppose I should give you that sum,' said the old gentleman, 'would you let it stand?' 'Yes.' 'You are sure of that?' 'Positive!' 'Then give me a bond to that effect.' We went into the little cottage in which my companion was born, but which is now occupied by the woodman. I drew up the bond. It was signed and the money paid over. As we left, the young girl, the daughter of the woodman, assured us that while she lived the tree should not be cut. These circumstances made a strong impression on my mind, and furnished me with the materials for the song."

BEWARE OF A FLATTERER.

(John Bright, a large boy with an axe on his shoulder, comes on the stage, where he finds little Ray White, with a book and slate, going to school. Grindstone sitting on the stage.)

JOHNS—Stop a moment, boy. I've a word to say.

Ray—Well, what is it? I can't stop long; I'm on my way to school; the bell is ringing.

J.—What time does school begin, my little hero?

R.—In ten minutes, and I must run half a mile to get there.

J.—So far? You are a bright little fellow; there isn't your match in all Boston. By the way, has your father such a thing as a grindstone?

R.—Oh, yes! There it stands.

J.—Upon my word, you are a remarkably fine lad. Can you read, write and cipher?

R.—That I can. I go to Mr. Brownell's

school; I could read before I was four years old.

J.—What a wonderful boy! What's your name?

R.—Ray White.

J.—Well, Ray, can I grind my axe on your grindstone?

R.—Yes; father can have no objection. Now I must go, or I shall be late at school.

J.—Stop! I declare you're a fine little fellow.

R.—I'm to have a new London writing-book to-morrow.

J.—Possible? I say, Ray, it's such a cold day all the water about the grindstone seems to be frozen. Couldn't you get me some hot water?

R.—Yes, I'll get some in half a minute. (Exit.)

J.—There's nothing like flattery if you want to get an axe ground. Here's this little fool tickled out of his wits by my praises. The school-bell has been clanging away, but he forgets all about it. Well, well, Alexander the Great wasn't much wiser. It takes a philosopher like me to despise fame.

R.—(entering with kettle.) Here's the hot water.

J.—Thank you, Tom.

R.—No, sir; Ray—Ray White.

J.—Well, Ray, you're the finest lad I've ever seen. Will you turn the grindstone for me a minute?

R.—Excuse me, sir, but the school-bell has—

J.—Oh, I see, you're not strong enough.

R.—Not strong enough! You shall see.

J.—What a powerful boy! Grind away, Ray.

R.—It turns rather hard. You are pressing on, sir.

J.—Yes, the axe has never been ground

before. I declare! You turn it as well as a grown man could do.

R.—I'm afraid the school-bell has done ringing.

J.—Turn away, Ray. What a man you'll make if you live to grow up! What do you mean to be, Ray.

R.—A printer; my brother is a printer. I never knew this grindstone to go so hard. It tries the hands.

J.—Turn away, Ray. The axe is almost ground. I never knew such a boy—I'll say that. One more turn, Ray! There! That will do. The axe is ground.

R.—It's sharp, is it?

J.—What's that to you? You want a penny for the job, I suppose. Now, look here, you little rascal!

R.—Rascal? Is that all the thanks I get?

J.—You've been playing truant. Oh, won't you catch it from old Brownell!

R.—After blistering my hands over your old axe you call me a rascal, do you?

J.—Pick up your satchel and scud!

R.—I shall be late at school. I shall be thrashed. But I shall remember you, Mr. Axegrinder, for the rest of my life. (Runs off.)

J.—Ha, ha, ha! Poor little Ray. 'Tis rather tough on him, I confess, but it's a good lesson; it will set him to thinking—will teach him how much axe-grinding there is going on in the world. When he sees a tradesman over-polite to his customers, begging them to take a drink and throwing his goods on the counter, Ray will say to himself, "That man has an axe to grind." When he sees a fellow who in private life is a tyrant professing great love for liberty, Ray will say, "Look out; good people; that fellow would set you turning grindstones." When he sees a man hoisted into office by party spirit, without one qualification to render him

either respectable or useful, Ray will say, "Deluded people, you are doomed for a season to turn the grindstone for a booby." And so, in the long run, Ray will not grudge the time he has wasted turning the grindstone for John Bright. His wits will be as much sharpened as my axe has been by his labor. On the whole, I flatter myself I've done a very benevolent action. (Exit.)

GOSSIP.

Scene: A college town in New England. Time: early spring.

CAST OF THE PLAY.

Miss Adeline Von Lindau A German girl
Miss Marion Lee A transplanted Southern girl
Miss Dorothy Green A New Englander
Miss Hester Beacon A Bostonian
Miss Beatrix Van Kortlandt A New Yorker
Miss Jeannette Durand A French girl

(At rise of curtain, Adeline Von Lindau is alone and busy arranging flowers on the tea-table.)

ADELINE—There! Now the girls can come as soon as they like, for I'm quite ready. What a jolly afternoon we shall have, and all to our(selves) selves! Papa's off on a business trip, and Mamma's spending the day over at Grandmother's, so I asked a few of the girls to drop in for a cup of chocolate. (Regretfully.) There's nothing for us girls to do in a (little) small college town like Hartford, but drink (choc't) chocolate and chat. (Glancing at the clock on the mantel-piece.) Why, it's nearly four o'clock and not a girl here yet! (Smiles and draws a letter from her pocket.) Well, perhaps I shall have time to re-read this beloved letter once more. It all seems so romantic. (Holds letter open while talking.) Last Saturday we girls went to a tea given by Mrs. Draper, and Professor Draper presented a Mr. Lovering to us. He is certainly better looking than most of the college boys, but I only spoke to him for a few moments. He was rather impressive and seemed most anxious that I should see him act in the college theatricals. And ever since Saturday he has

walked home down this street. But I never realized what a strong impression I had made on him till I received this to-day. (Reads aloud.)

"My Dear Miss Von Lindau:—I know that I am taking a great liberty in writing to you thus, but how can a poor grubworm of a student hope to bring himself to your notice except through the cold, steely method of his pen? Since we met a few days ago, your face (me) has been ever with me, and I would that you could know how supremely happy I am when I catch a glimpse of you as I pass beneath your window. Pardon me for stopping to gaze at you, but I can no longer conceal my love, my deep, enduring love. Ah! how happy you would make me if on Wednesday night at the college play you would wear a rose, a single rose, in your bosom, that I might know that my boldness was forgiven! If you do not grant my request you may regret the consequences, for I cannot live. But enough of dark thoughts.

"Yours with undying love,

"EDMUND LOVERING."

Oh, how lovely and yet how terrible! (Sighs sentimentally.) If I don't grant his request what will he do? Of course he has taken a great liberty in writing to (you thus) a girl (he) whom he has just met, but I am sure he must be a poet, and poets are so unconventional. Poor boy! Every day now a little after four he comes down our street, and when he gets near I can feel my heart beat. Yesterday Mamma was sitting by me, at the window, and when he looked up I must have grown very red, for Mamma suddenly said, "My dear child, why are you blushing so?" Fortunately a brilliant idea struck me, and I answered quickly, "Oh dear! that abominable tooth of mine hurts me so." (Glances at the clock.) Good gracious! it's nearly time for him to pass. If only he would go by now before the girls come! I think I should bow to him to-day. Usually I pretend not to see him. Ah, Adeline, confess it! You love him. (Peeps out of the window.) Here he comes (now)! Quick! a book in my hand! (Seizes a book from the table and places herself on the window-seat, apparently absorbed in reading, then casually raises her head, glances out, smiles and bows to some one. Dorothy Green in the meantime has entered.)

Dorothy—How do you do, Adeline! (But Adeline still looks out and does not hear.) (Speaking louder): Hello, Adeline! Don't you hear me?

Adeline—(starting and turning slowly.) Oh—'er—what is it? Oh, it's you, is it? Oh dear! How you frightened me!

Dorothy—Yes, it's I; but who were you occupied in bowing to, that you didn't hear me come in?

Adeline—(confused.) Who was I bowing to? Why, I was bowing across to our neighbor, Mrs. Montgomery.

Dorothy—(laughing.) But she is out of town.

Adeline—(still more confused.) I didn't mean Mrs. Montgomery, but Mr. Montgomery; it was a slip of the tongue.

Dorothy—(still laughing.) But he is dead! You don't see ghosts, do you?

Adeline—(startled.) Oh, do stop laughing. I don't see anything so funny in my bowing.

Dorothy—(stops laughing.) Of course you don't. So you bowed to Mrs. and Mr. Montgomery, yet you know perfectly well that Mr. Montgomery is dead, and that Mrs. Montgomery is out of town.

Adeline—(blushing and embarrassed.) Oh dear! that's so, I'd forgotten. I was awfully startled. In fact, I—

Dorothy—(seizes Adeline's two hands and makes her face her.) Ah, Adeline, Adeline! I can guess.

Adeline—(blushing.) What?

Dorothy—(still holding Adeline.) What! When a girl is so startled when her best friend asks her whom she was bowing to, the bow was not to dead or absent neighbors, but to a—here, face me— young man. Ah, Adeline! how could you keep it from me? Haven't we always sworn to tell each other everything, and called oursel(f)s the Twin Syndicate?

Adeline—(smiling.) Yes, dear, and you shall know all. (In a semi-tragical voice.) Dorothy, I—I am in love!

Dorothy—(calmly.) So am I.

Adeline—(excitedly.) What! You too?

Dorothy—Yes, I too. Why! you didn't suppose you had the entire snap on Cupid & Co., did you?

Adeline—(hesitatingly.) N-no, I suppose not. (Becoming animated again.) But oh! I'm so happy! You see, I didn't know that Ed—ahem—that he really

loved me till to-day (sentimentally), nor can I now tell you his name.

Dorothy—No? Well, never mind. (Speaking rapidly.) Mine passes by my window every evening at dusk, and, as Marion would say, he looks like a perfect gallant.

Adeline—(pensively.) Mine looks like a—a cavalier.

Dorothy—Mine has curly hair.

Adeline—So has mine, and dreamy blue eyes.

Dorothy—(reflecting.) I don't know about the dreaminess, but he has the dearest little mustache.

Adeline—Isn't that odd? So has mine; and raven-black hair, and long eyelashes, and a Grecian nose, and a fine figure, and (drawing a letter out of her pocket and holding it up) this is his letter.

Dorothy—(same business.) And here is mine. Ah! (Marion Lee and Hester Beacon enter.) Glad to see you, girls.

Hester—(rather stiff, and wearing glasses, which she takes off on entering.) Thank you, Dorothy. I hope I find you well, Adeline.

Hester—(without giving Dorothy time to answer.) But where are the rest of the girls? I thought I should be the last.

Marion—(speaking slowly and dropping into a chair.) Yes, I met Hester just as I turned the corner, and she made me hurry.

Hester—(interrupting.) Have you heard the news?

Adeline, Dorothy, Marion—What news?

Hester—(importantly.) They say that Beatrix Van Kortlandt is engaged.

Dorothy—What! Again! And who is it this time?

Hester—Well, she is very sensitive about being questioned, so I cannot ascertain if it be true; and at any rate, you will hardly believe it.

Dorothy—(impatiently.) Then we'll disbelieve it, but do go ahead and tell.

Hester—His name—ha, ha, ha—it is really extremely funny.

Adeline—Well, go on, who is he?

Hester—Augustus Wellington, ha, ha, ha.

Adeline—Augustus Wellington. Impossible!

Hester—So they say. And he's squint-eyed!

Dorothy—And his hair is so red it puts the sun in the shade.

Marion—Perhaps she is color-blind, Dorothy. Well, she must be mighty hard up for a husband if she takes him.

Hester—To-morrow the engagement will doubtless be announced in the papers.

Marion—(thoughtfully.) He must be worth at least a million.

Dorothy—Ugh! I wouldn't have him for twice that amount, even if he were to solemnly swear that he would die within a year.

Hester—Well, perhaps Beatrix can rejoice, for she is not very handsome herself.

Dorothy—Handsome! She's as homely as a pewter mug.

Adeline—She certainly dresses well, but she is too well aware of it.

Dorothy—(with disgust.) She is the most affected piece I've seen for moons.

Hester—It is whispered that her father is fast approaching bankruptcy.

Marion—Yes, and it's said that it's her mother's love for finery that has ruined him.

Hester—I never could endure that woman.

Adeline—She always carries her head so high.

Dorothy—It's light enough; there's nothing in it.

Marion—But she has a good deal of taste.

Dorothy—(quickly.) Yes, and all of it is so bad.

Adeline—(laughing.) Oh! have you seen her last bonnet? It's made of emerald green velvet, and trimmed with pink rosettes and blue tips. Ha, ha, ha!

Hester—She prides herself on being "the first lady of the town."

Marion—She is quite old enough. Poor Beatrix! I don't envy her her fate.

All—Nor do I.

(Beatrix Van Kortlandt enters. All the girls try to look as if the last thing on earth they had been talking about was she. Beatrix bows to all the girls, but shakes hands with Adeline.)

Beatrix—Pray pardon my being so late, Adeline, but really I had so many engagements, and the last one was at my milliner's. The stupid thing kept me waiting so long for my hat! However, here I am, hat and all. How do you like it, girls?

Adeline—It's lovely.

Dorothy—How large it is! Is that the new style?

Marion—I think the ribbon is a little too dark.

Dorothy—I should have liked feathers better.

Beatrix — (slightly piqued, and with irony.) Oh! of course! In matters of taste you are doubtless a high authority.

Dorothy—(indignantly.) I suppose that you mean I haven't any? Well, my Mamma said only the other day that for a girl of my years I had more than any she knew.

Beatrix—(still ironically.) A remark like that coming from such a source cannot be disputed.

Dorothy—(angrily, and a little nettled.) Well, at least she has more taste than to wear red, blue and brown at the same time, the way your mother does.

Beatrix—(very coldly, and drawing herself up.) You're a mere child, and children, you have doubtless been told, should be seen and not heard.

Adeline—(before Dorothy can speak, rapping with her spoon.) Come girls, to order. I shall really have to call time on you.

Dorothy—Yes, but, Adeline, she called me a child, and (turning to Beatrix) I'm no more child than you and you needn't imagine just because you're a paltry nine months older you can lord it over me.

Hester—Do settle your little difficulties amiably.

Marion—(languidly.) Yes, do. Put an end to this feud.

Dorothy—I'm willing if Beatrix will admit that I am not a child.

Beatrix—I will, if you will allow that Mamma has good taste.

Dorothy—Well, she has on some occasions, so let's shake hands on it.

(Knock at the door. Adeline rises and goes to it; coming back with tray which some one has handed to her, containing chocolate and cakes. She places it on the tea-table.)

Adeline—Now, girls, take off your gloves and let's have our chocolate. Jeannette will have to pay the penalty of being late by taking hers cold. (Girls settle themselves around the room and drink chocolate.)

Hester—(rising with much solemnity.) Let's drink to the newly declared peace. (All drink.)

Beatrix—(eating cake.) How good this cake is, Adeline! It's simply delicious!

Marion—Yes, it tastes like some my old mammy used to make for me.

Dorothy—And we are much obliged for the delicate little attention you paid us in having angel-cake. (Girls laugh.)

Adeline—Really, if I wasn't so comfort-



From Photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

"MY FEELINGS ARE HURT BEYOND MEASURE."

ably seated, I should use the occasion to drop you a courtesy for all those pretty speeches.

Beatrix—What play are the college boys going to give to-morrow evening?

Dorothy—A hit on Faust.

Marion—How amusing! I reckon Mr. Edmund Lovering will take the part of Faust.

Adeline—(enthusiastically.) And I'm sure he will be splendid!

Hester—Are you all going?

All—Yes, indeed.

Marion—Papa doesn't like my going to see the college boys act. He says it's a waste of time, but when Mamma heard that the title of the play was Faust, after (turning to Adeline) hearing your father's lecture on Goethe the other day, she said that I should go, as it was part of my education to see such plays. So, as Mamma's word is law--

All—Ha, ha, ha!

Dorothy—(enthusiastically.) Well, I for one, am glad to hear that we really must show those so-called lords of creation that we are the true masters. But (calming down) there is no need of mentioning that fact, girls.

All—(laughing). We wouldn't think of doing such a thing. (Jeannette Durand enters hurriedly.)

Jeannette—Ah! pardon, mademoiselles. Je suis very late. Ma Chere Adeline, you will forgive me—is it not so?

Adeline—Of course, but we had almost despaired of seeing you, and (mocking) living so far as you do (next door) it naturally took you a long time to get here; but (seriously) what kept you?

Jeannette—(embarrassed.) Zat was just it. I live zo niere zat I put off getting ready till late. (Glances at the clock.) Oh! it is very warm in 'ere. I zink I will seat myself by ze window. (Goes to

the window and opens it, looking out at the same time.)

All—Why, it isn't too warm in here.

Adeline—Why, child, you will freeze us out with that open window.

Hester—(eagerly.) Yes, do.

Jeannette—(closes window and takes a seat, also chocolate.) Mon enfant, you are as frilcuse as ce leetel fishes. But I will reconté you a 'istory, say you? Zat will tell you flourgeat I am so warm.

(All lean eagerly forward. Jeannette calmly drinks her chocolate.)

Marion—(after a moment's pause.) I am most anxious to hear your story, Jeannette. Please go on.

Adeline—(who has been talking to Dorothy.) Is she going to tell us a story?

Hester—Yes, and (turning to Jeannette) will you not commence, for we are waiting most patiently?

Adeline—I hope it isn't tragical.

Dorothy—Are there love affairs in it?

Jeannette—Oui, it is a love 'istory. Ah, mademoiselles, I am so 'appy, I am transported vit joy. But a swallow of chocolate—my troat is dry. (Drinks.)

Jeannette—You, Adeline, will perhaps comprehend me better zan ze others, for you come from a varm 'erted country. But I must demand in all of your life if you have ever been in love. Beatrix, I vill commence vit you. Have you ever been in love?

Beatrix—Well, I suppose I'm in love.

Jeannette—And you?

Dorothy—(briskly.) Oh, yes, indeed, I'm in love.

Jeannette—And you?

Adeline—(sentimentally.) Oh! I, too, have given my heart into another's keeping. (Sighs.)

Jeannette—And you?

Hester—I am beloved, but I cannot yet determine on reciprocating his love. At

present he is beneath me and my parents would never consent to the marriage.

Jeannette—Do not be angry, Ma Chere 'Ester, mais you talk stupidly. In loves every one is equal and one must always expect many obstacles. And it is ze glory of conquering zem zat makes grow your love.

Adeline—Oh, yes, Jeannette! You are speaking from your soul, I see. If what you say is true, then I indeed love, for there are many obstacles in my path. (Sighs.)

Jeannette—Zo you all love already. You all 'ave been wounded by ze little gentleman vit ze bow and arrow. Zen you vill promise me your sympatie ven you hear my trist 'istory. Is it not so?

All—Yes, yes.

Jeannette—Eh! bien! zis morning I vas sitting in my boudoir, ven some von knocks at ze door. I say, entry! and ze maid come in vit a note vitch a leetle gamin had left for me. I know not ze writing, so I open it quick; zen I start, for it is from some one zat I 'at only spoken to une fois; but 'e passes our window every day at ze same hour. I vas much surprised, but oh! it madé me so heureuse. It is a most beautiful! 'E is a true poet. (Draws letter from her pocket.) "May diere Miss Durand:—I know zat I am taking a great liberty in writing zus (Adeline looks surprised, draws her letter from her pocket, and reads it while Jeannette is reading), but how can a poor grub-worm (Dorothy draws out her letter from her pocket and reads it while Jeannette is reading. She also looks surprised.)—vat is zat?—of a student hope to bring 'imself to your notice, except through the cold, steely methods of his pen? Since ve met a few days ago your face has ever been vit me, and I would zat you could know 'ow

supremely 'appy I am ven I catch a glimpse of you as I pass beneath your window. (Beatrix same business as Dorothy.) Pardon me for stopping to gaze at you, but I can no longer conceal my love, my deep, enduring love. Ah! so 'appy you should make me if on Vensday night at ze college play you would 'old an 'andkerchief to your lips so zat I may know zat my boldness is forgiven. (Hester same business as Dorothy, and puts on glasses to read.) If you do not grant my request you may regrette ze consequences, for I cannot live. But enough of dark thoughts.

"Yours with undying love,
"EDMUND LOVERING."

(As Jeannette finishes reading, all rise and look at each other.)

All—(vigorously.) It's shameful.

Adeline—The flirt!

Hester—The Don Juan.

Beatrix—Oh, it's outrageous!

Dorothy—Well, he sold me completely.

Jeannette — (surprised.) Vat is ze matter? Vat is it? Vat 'ave you all?

Adeline—(speaking very fast.) My dear, I received exactly the same letter from that perfidious monster, only I was to wear a rose in my bosom.

Beatrix—I was to drop my program.

Hester—And I was to take off my glove and wave it at the fall of the curtain.

Dorothy—And I was to eat three pieces of candy in quick succession, during the first act.

Jeannette—(overcome.) Mais I cannot believe it; zere is some mistake. Let me see your letters. (All hold letters while Jeannette compares handwriting. Finally she shakes her head and throws up her hands.) Ah! now Dure! and I 'ad faith in 'im. (Draws handkerchief and weeps.)

Dorothy—(banging on table and breaking it.) I'll get even.

Hester—I thirst for revenge.

Adeline—Oh, the villain! (Sighs.)

Beatrix—The trickster!

Dorothy—Yes, I'll get even if it takes all my spare brains to do it.

Jeannette — (putting handkerchief in her pocket.) Oui, oui, ve vill venger ourselves (hysterically.) And now, now.

Dorothy—Come, let's think how we can square ourselves with him. We can't let a practical joker like that get ahead of us.

All—No, no, indeed.

(Pause while all think. Hester jumps up.)

Hester — (pompously.) Hold, my wronged sisters. Permit me to lay the following proposition before you. Let us write this misore out a letter, signed by all of us, and enclose all our letters. What do you say?

Marion—Yes, that will be good.

Adeline—This trifling with a maiden's heart must be stopped. (Sighs.)

Jeannette — (tearfully.) Oui, ve must make 'im suffer.

Beatrix—I should like to see him thrashed.

Adeline—(sadly.) And I would have gone with him into the wide world; love in a cottage! Ugh! it makes me shiver. (Sighs.)

Dorothy—(gets paper, pen and ink off table and places them before Hester.) Now hurry. You do the writing, Hester, and if you need my help in spelling, ask me.

(Hester puts on glasses, and, drawing herself up, gives Dorothy a severe look, while others read their letters once more.)

Hester—Orthography was never any

trouble to me, thank you. Will this do? (Writes.) "To Mr. Edmund Lovering, Esq. Dear Sir:—We, the undersigned, hasten to acknowledge the receipt of your letters and beg to state that they afforded much amusement. Their style is perhaps a little florid, but the penmanship is good, and idea is quite original. Believe us always, Your obedient servants." Here, come and sign.

Adeline—(steps forward and signs.) I am glad he will never know my feelings. "Adeline Von Lindau." (Sighs.)

Beatrix—(comes to table and signs.) I am glad none of my New York friends know of this. "Beat. Van Kortlandt."

Jeannette—(goes to table and signs.) Ah! 'e is not an honnete homme. "Jeannette Durand."

Dorothy—(indignantly as she signs.) He came near getting me into a pretty pickle. "Dorothy Green."

Hester—He is a venomous reptile. "Hester Beacon."

Dorothy—We must put in a postscript, or he won't believe we girls wrote it.

Hester—Well, you write that.

Dorothy—(writes standing.) "P. S.—We return letters in case you should want them for future use." (Puts all the letters in envelope and seals it.) Now how shall we get it to him?

Jeannette—'E passes my 'ouse about zis time every day on 'is way back to the college. All rush to window and look up street and down.

All—There he is!

Beatrix, Adeline, Jeannette, Hester—Throw it to him, Dot.

(Dorothy gives slight cough and tosses letter out of the window. Then all quickly aside, laughing.)

(Curtain quick.)

THE MONTHS OF THE YEAR.

(A very pretty exercise for twelve children, suited to Christmas or New Year's entertainment. The children should dress in costumes suited to the season in which the months come.)

First Child—

JANUARY comes the first of all,
Ready to make a New Year's call.

Second Child—

February is next in line,
Bringing to all a valentine.

Third Child—

March comes next with wind and noise,
Here's a kite for all the boys.

Fourth Child—

April's eyes are brimming over,
Silvery drops that start the clover.

Fifth Child—

May with blossoms stops the way,
And brings us Decoration Day.

Sixth Child—

Laughing June her face discloses
Almost hid among the roses.

Seventh Child—

Boom of cannon, roar of gun,
In comes July. Oh, what fun!

Eighth Child—

August comes with berries red,
Sheaves of wheat about his head.

Ninth Child—

Next September. Ho, for school!
Study now must be the rule.

Tenth Child—

Dropping nuts, and shortening days,
October comes with woods ablaze.

Eleventh Child—

What brings cold and bleak November?
Oh, Thanksgiving! I remember.

Twelfth Child—

Last and best of all we see,
December brings a Christmas tree.

—Lizzie M. Hadley.

THE SEVEN DAYS OF THE WEEK.

(For seven little girls dressed to represent their work.)

All.

SEVERN little girls are we,
Each one goes to school;
There we try to do our work,
And mind our teacher's rule.

We are learning very fast,
How to read and spell,
Many stories do we know,
One of which we'll tell.

This is one about the week,
We are each a day;
Truly ones of course we're not,
But just so in play.

Mary.

I am Monday, and you see
I can wash quite fine,
First the clothes I rub and boil,
Then hang them on the line.

Margaret.

I am Tuesday, the next day,
Full of work am I,
All the clothes I have to press,
But I will not cry.

Ines.

I am Wednesday, and must cook
Puddings, pies and cake,

For my hungry little flock
Eat everything I make.

Blanche.

I am Thursday, and I guess
I must take a walk,
Many calls I have to make
And much I'll have to talk.

Anna.

Friday comes, and I must try
All the rooms to clean;
For we dislike to see the dust
Anywhere, I mean.

Julia.

Saturday is here at last,
And I'm quite perplexed;

With so many things to do,
What shall I do next?

Amy.

Sunday is the day of rest,
And we'll try to do
Just what God would want of us,
All the whole day through.

All.

Now we've said our piece to you
And we'll take our seat,
Hoping at some future time,
You again we'll meet.

—Cora Woodward Foster.

THE SILENT SYSTEM.

A Comedy in One Act.

Husband: C. Coquelin, de la Comédie-Française.
Wife: Agnes Booth, of the Madison Square
Theatre Company.

Time: The present—and a little before 11 p. m.
Place: New York—and in the pleasant parlor
of the happy pair.

SCENE—A small parlor with doors right and left. Two armchairs and a sofa. Small table on the right, with ice-water pitcher, glass and lamp. The wife is seated doing needlework. She pauses for a moment and sighs. Then she resumes her work with impatience. The clock on the mantel piece strikes eleven.

WIFE—Eleven o'clock! And he isn't home yet! (Sighs again.)
Eleven o'clock! (Noise of footsteps heard off.) Hark! Ah, at last! (Takes up her work again. The door on the right opens, and the husband enters briskly and smiling, with his hands extended toward the wife. The wife does not move; she works on steadily. The husband pauses, surprised. He looks at her doubtfully. She seems calm, and if she has not looked up, it is because she has not heard him. He smiles again, and going up to her on tiptoe, bends over her chair to kiss her on the neck. The wife then draws herself up stiffly, and

looks at him frigidly. The husband at first starts back in astonishment. Then he steps toward her.)

Wife—(thrusting back her chair.) Do not touch me!

(The husband is about to speak.)

Wife—(rising and recoiling.) Do not dare to touch me, sir!

(She goes toward the door on the left. The husband hesitates, in doubt, following her with his eyes.)

Wife—(with her hand on the door.) After your conduct to-night all is over between us forever!

(She opens the door and goes out. The husband darts after her, but the door

slams in his face. He is astounded. What can this mean? What has happened? Is she in earnest or in jest? Perhaps it is a joke, and she may be laughing now. He listens with his ear to the key-hole. He hears nothing. Something is wrong; there is a domestic hurricane blowing up. Well, he can stand it, and it will not be the first. He will let it blow over. Rubs his hands with energy. Then takes up the evening paper, throws himself on the sofa, and begins to read.)

Wife—(coming out of her room and standing before him.) And how long do you suppose this sort of thing can go on?

(The husband is surprised.)

Wife—(explosively.) How long do you think I will lead this life?

(The husband is more surprised.)

Wife—Do you imagine that I can spend my evenings alone waiting for you?

(The husband is about to rise.)

Wife—Oh, don't move on my account, I beg. I could never forgive myself if I disturbed you! I don't doubt that you feel the need of rest after five hours passed out of the house!

(The husband is about to speak.)

Wife—(suddenly.) I'm only sorry that I had to sit up for you. If I had known that you wouldn't come home until after midnight—

(The husband looks at the clock.)

Wife—(quickly.) I beg your pardon! That clock is slow; it is at least an hour slow. It is now half-past twelve!

(The husband looks at his watch.)

Wife—But what do you care how lonely I am! I suppose I must get used to your coming home at all hours of the night. When I accepted you I thought I was going to have a man for a husband—not an owl!

(The husband is about to protest.)

Wife—But I suppose you men are all

alike—birds of a feather! Oh, I know you, and I am not taken in by your affected calmness. I know you have been up to some mischief this evening. I see it in your eyes.

(The husband is about to protest again.)

Wife—Don't talk to me! I know you, I say,—and there isn't anything you are not capable of!

(The husband smiles.)

Wife—Oh, you can smile and smile! But you can't persuade me that a gentleman would make his wife cry—and then laugh at her.

(The husband protests again.)

Wife—(feverishly.) Oh, I can laugh, too.

(The husband stands impassive.)

Wife—And I suppose you have been as fascinating as usual this evening? How many hearts have you ensnared to-night?

(The husband is reduced to apathy.)

Wife—Answer me one question. How many women were there at this party?

(The husband revolts at last.)

Wife—Oh, I know what you are going to say. It was a college dinner, of course—and all the old professors were there. You would all have liked to take your wives, no doubt, but it is against the rules! That's a pity, isn't it?—for we should have found ourselves in good company at this college dinner, shouldn't we?

(The husband tries to protest.)

Wife—At least, we could have laughed with you, drank with you, sang with you: "For he's a jolly good fellow." A college dinner is always so lively.

(The husband suggests a doubt.)

Wife—It wasn't gay? So much the worse. If it had been, you would have been in your element. At times you are so funny!

(The husband modestly deprecates this compliment.)

Wife—At least, they say so—I never discovered it. I never heard you make a good joke.

(The husband is disconcerted.)

Wife—Perhaps that is because you don't put yourself out to please me. You keep your wit for others.

(The husband approaches her, smiling.)

Wife—No, sir, no! Don't try to put your arm around me! How do I know whom you have been hugging this evening!

(The husband recoils indignantly.)

Wife—I know that I can't pretend to rival some women in your eyes.

(The husband wonders what she means.)

Wife—Oh, I know your perverted taste. I haven't watched you talking to Mrs. Sargent for nothing.

(The husband looks at her reproachfully.)

Wife—And I know how devoted you were to her before she was married. Was Mr. Sargent at this college dinner?

(The husband shakes his head.)

Wife—Why not? Wasn't he a class-mate of yours? Isn't he your best friend? But I warn you that people will talk when they see you go to the same house every Saturday afternoon, week after week.

(The husband is about to explain.)

Wife—Of course, you have an excellent excuse; you are taking lessons in whist. I suppose Mrs. Sargent is your partner, so that you can gaze into her eyes across the table; though you can only gaze into one of them at a time—for she squints.

(The husband lifts up his eyes.)

Wife—You spend your days and nights out of the house, and I suppose I could follow your example, but I am not one to go gadding about.

(Hitherto the wife had spoken incessantly, rattling off speech after speech

without a pause, but now she stops for breath. Hitherto the husband has responded rather by his looks and by his gestures than by any actual attempt to speak, though the actor must be careful not to suggest to the audience the husband is dumb. Now, at last, as the wife pauses, the husband sees his opportunity, and prepares to seize it.)

Wife—(starting afresh.) Not another word! You needn't tell me that Mr. Sargent likes to see his wife dressed up as she is.

Wife—No matter what this Mrs. Sargent may do, I am to say nothing. She may steal you away from me, she may rob my poor children of their father, she may bring ruin and desolation and despair on a household once happy, and I am to make no complaint; I am to eat out my heart alone, and in secret.

(The husband again looks at her in wonder.)

Wife—Isn't that enough? What more do you want me to do? Must I go to this Mrs. Sargent and throw myself at her feet, and beg her humbly to keep up her flirtation with my husband? Is that what you want?

(The husband has at last a chance to reply, but he feels it would be useless. He shrugs his shoulders and turns away.)

Wife—That's right! Lose your temper! That's the best thing you can do when you dare not answer me!

(The husband turns back.)

Wife—What have you to say in self-defense?

(The husband looks at her calmly.)

Wife—Nothing! You can't even make up a likely story! I have believed them before, why shouldn't I now? You might at least pay me the compliment of lying to me! But you have nothing at all to say—nothing, nothing!

(The husband approaches her.)

Wife—Well, go on! Strike me!

(The husband is staggered by this.)

Wife—Why don't you strike me?

(The husband does not know what to do.)

Wife—What are you waiting for? You are the stronger—you are the man—I am only a weak woman. Don't be frightened—I shall not try to defend myself!

(The husband has again a chance to speak, but what could he say? Obviously, the best thing he can do is to go. So he starts toward the door on the right.)

Wife—So you don't intend to beat me? Are you afraid I shall call for help?

(The husband turns back.)

Wife—You are wrong to fear that. I am not one of the women who like to make a noise and a scandal.

(The husband is about to answer, but he checks himself.)

Wife—I hate scandal, and I love peace and quiet.

(The husband raises his eyebrows.)

Wife—(furiously.) Don't you know that?

(The husband takes up his paper quietly, and sits down again.)

Wife—Have you nothing to say for yourself? Do you persist in behaving like a brute?

(The husband begins to read.)

Wife—(drawing near to him.) And you can read a newspaper when your poor wife is in tears? There are husbands who would at least try to explain their conduct. When a wife is miserable, when she is tormented by doubts and misgivings, when perhaps she is in the wrong, but when surely she is suffering cruelly, there are husbands who would try to soothe her by a kind word, by a gentle glance. Is it so very hard to have pity on those we love?

(The husband, touched by this, lays aside his newspaper.)

Wife—Well, well, I will allow that there was a college dinner! But you must admit that it isn't natural for a man to come home after midnight—

(The husband is about to speak.)

Wife—Well, well, call it twelve o'clock, half-past eleven, what you will. But the dinner was over by half-past nine—

(The husband is again about to speak.)

Wife—You told me so yourself.

(The husband protests.)

Wife—Is it any wonder that I am surprised? that I am worried? that I am wounded?

(The husband hesitates.)

Wife—And you refuse to answer a single question?

(She falls, sobbing, on the sofa. The husband looks at her compassionately.)

Wife—(sobbing.) Oh, mother, mother! How you would suffer if you only knew how miserable I am!

(The husband is sorrowful.)

Wife—(sitting up.) And this is nothing to what I may expect in the future. This is only the beginning!

(The husband goes towards her.)

Wife—(thrusting him aside.) Let me alone! I have no need of your hypocritical consolation. You wanted to see me cry. Well, I've been crying—and I hope you are satisfied!

(The husband thinks this is a little too much. He loses patience completely, and in his anger strides to and fro.)

Wife—Oh, I know it is absurd for me to take on so. I have no business to weep. I ought to be used to neglect by this time. I suppose that we poor women can get accustomed to anything.

(The husband continues to pace to and fro.)

Wife—When we were married, only five years ago, I little thought it would come to this. Ours was a beautiful wed-

ding, and everybody said we were going to be so happy! Everybody except old Aunt Anastasia—she was more keen-sighted than the rest.

(The husband turns at this last speech.)

Wife—Yes, sir, Aunt Anastasia was keen-sighted, for all she was eighty-seven. She said, "Virginia, my dear child, be on your guard. You are marrying a middle-aged man—"

(The husband was indignant.)

Wife—Aunt Anastasia called you a middle-aged man! And she said that you were a broker, and that you had lived in clubs, and that you went to the races, and that you probably played poker.

(The husband is impatient.)

Wife—And that it was very doubtful whether you would make a good husband.

(The husband is more and more impatient.)

Wife—And so Aunt Anastasia advised me to be on my guard, and if you ill-treated or neglected me, to get a divorce at once.

(The husband has taken up a paper-cutter from the table, and at the word "divorce" he breaks it.)

Wife—There, you see, you break everything! That's the way you answer me! Your temper is getting worse and worse every day. I shall live in fear of my life soon! (The husband is about to let his indignation break out, but he controls himself. Going to the little table, he pours out a glass of water.)

Wife—So—you are thirsty! I don't doubt it! Your college dinner must have made you very dry.

(The husband pours out a little more water, filling the glass up.)

Wife—Cold water ought to be good for you; it ought to calm your violence.

(The husband sips his glass slowly, and in great calmness.)

Wife—(furiously.) But I will beg you not to be as careless in the future as you have been in the past.

(The husband sets down the glass and wipes his lips.)

Wife—(after a pause.) The night before last you spilt half a glass of ice-water on my velvet prayer-book.

(The husband listens to her coldly but politely, and then goes to the little table and sets down the glass.)

Wife—(very angry). And there never was a time when I needed my prayer-book more than now. What would become of me if I had only this world to think of?

(The husband still listens frigidly.)

Wife—Oh, I know what your views are! You always go to sleep during the sermon! But you cannot make me forget the lessons I learned at my mother's knee.

(The husband, resigned to anything, listens in silence.)

Wife—What do you say?

(The husband, by a gesture, suggests that there is no need for him to say anything.)

Wife—My mother was a noble woman!

(The husband shrugs his shoulders.)

Wife—You don't think so? I didn't believe you capable of insulting my mother!

(The husband raises his hands in a silent appeal to Heaven.)

Wife—(sobbing.) You insult my poor, dear mother. And what day do you choose for this outrage? A day when all my family used to try to make me happy—my birthday!

(The husband listens stolidly.)

Wife—Oh, yes, to-day is December 20th.—my birthday. But you had forgotten it.

(The husband protests.)

Wife—Confess now that you didn't remember it—that you never remember it!

(The husband is about to speak.)

Wife—Oh, don't say a word! You would only tell me another story!

(The husband looks at the audience, as though to call them to witness. Then he turns to his wife smiling.)

Wife—Well, what is it? What is the matter with you? Why don't you speak?

(The husband takes a jewel-case from his pocket, and opens it.)

Wife—What's that?

(The husband hands it to her.)

Wife—A bracelet? For me?

(The husband nods.)

Wife—(reading the inscription inside the bracelet.) "Virginia—from Paul—December 20th." And this is why, you were late?

(The husband nods again.)

Wife—(effusively.) Oh, Paul, how good you are to me! And how I do love you! (Throwing herself into his arms.)

(Curtain.)

—Brander Matthews.

TRUE COURAGE.

RALPH—Good - morning, Cousin Laura! I have a word to say to you.

Laura—Only a word! It is yet half an hour to school time, and I can listen.

R.—I saw you yesterday speaking to that fellow Sterling—Frank Sterling.

L.—Of course I spoke to Frank. What then? Is he too good to be spoken to?

R.—Far from it. You must give up his acquaintance.

L.—Indeed, Cousin Ralph! I must give up his acquaintance? On what compulsion must I?

R.—If you do not wish to be cut by all the boys of the academy, you must cut Frank.

L.—Cut! What do you mean by cut?

R.—By cutting, I mean not recognizing an individual. When a boy who knows you passes you without speaking or bowing, he cuts you.

L.—I thank you for the explanation. And I am to understand that I must either give up the acquaintance of my friend Frank, or submit to the terrible mortification of being "cut" by Mr. Ralph Burton and his companions!

R.—Certainly. Frank is a boy of no spirit—in short, a coward.

L.—How has he shown it?

R.—Why, a dozen boys have dared him to fight, and he refuses to do it.

L.—And is your test of courage a willingness to fight? If so, a bull-dog is the most courageous of gentlemen.

R.—I am serious, Laura; you must give him up. Why, the other day Tom Harding put a chip on a fellow's hat, and dared Frank Sterling to knock it off. But Sterling folded his arms and walked off, while we all groaned and hissed.

L.—You did? You groaned and hissed? Oh, Ralph, I did not believe you had so little of the true gentleman about you!

R.—What do you mean? Come, now, I do not like that.

L.—Were you at the great fire last night?

R.—Yes; Tom Harding and I helped work one of the engines.

L.—Did you see that boy go up the ladder?

R.—Yes; wouldn't I like to be in his shoes! They say the Humane Society are going to give him a medal; for he saved a baby's life and no mistake—at the risk of his own, too; everybody said so; for the ladder he went up was all charred and weakened, and it broke short off before he got to the ground.

L.—What boy was it?

R.—Nobody could find out, but I suppose the morning paper will tell us all about it.

L.—I have a copy. Here's the account: "Great fire; house tenanted by poor families; baby left in one of the upper rooms; ladder much charred; firemen too heavy to go up; boy came forward, ran up; seized an infant; descended safely; gave it into arms of frantic mother."

R.—Is the boy's name mentioned?

L.—Ay! Here it is! And who do you think he is?

R.—Do not keep me in suspense.

L.—Well, then, he's the boy who was so afraid of knocking a chip off your hat—Frank Sterling—the coward, as you called him.

R.—No! Let me see the paper for myself. There's the name, sure enough, printed in capital letters.

L.—But, cousin, how much more illustrious an achievement it would have been for him to have knocked a chip off your hat! Risking his life to save a chip of a baby was a small matter compared with that. Can the gratitude of a mother for saving her baby make amends for the ignominy of being cut by Mr. Tom Harding and Mr. Ralph Burton?

R.—Don't laugh at me any more, Cousin Laura. I see I've been stupidly in the wrong. Frank Sterling is no coward. I'll ask his pardon this very day.

L.—Will you? My dear Ralph, you will in that case show that you are not without courage.

SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS.

(Appropriate for "Arbor Day.")

AND God said, Let the earth bring forth the fruit tree yielding fruit after its kind; and the earth brought forth the tree yielding fruit; and God saw that it was good. And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food.

And Abraham said to the three angels: Rest yourselves under the tree; and he stood by them under the tree and they did eat.

The tree of the field is man's life. Then shall the trees of the wood sing out at the presence of the Lord; then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice before the Lord. The trees of the Lord are full of sap, the cedars of Lebanon which He hath planted; where the birds make their nests; as for the stork the fir trees are her house.

Blessed is the man whose delight is in the law of the Lord; he shall be like a

tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth its fruit in due season; his leaf shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

Of Wisdom, the wise man saith: She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her, and happy is every one that retaineth her. And again, the fruit of the righteous is a tree of life; while Hope deferred maketh the heart sick, when the desire cometh it is a tree of life; and a wholesome tongue is a tree of life.

And the angel carried me away in the spirit, and showed me that great city, the New Jerusalem; in the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded its fruit every month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. And he said, To him that overcometh, I will give to eat of the tree of life which is in the midst of the Paradise of God.

SCENES FROM SHAKESPEARE.

(These selections are appropriate for plays, readings or recitations. It is not necessary to reproduce them here, as Shakespeare's complete works are already in many homes and can also be found at the various city libraries.)

(1)

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I. Scene II.

The Forest of Arden.
(Orlando enters with a paper.)

Act I. Scene III.

A Room in the Palace.

(2)

KING HENRY VIII.

Act II. Scene IV.

A Hall in Blackfriars.

(3)

KING HENRY V.

Act II. Scene II.

Southampton.

Act V. Scene II.

The French King's Palace.

(The reading begins when King Henry,
Katherine and Alice are left alone in the
apartment.)

(4)

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Act IV. Scene I.

(Enter Narissa, dressed like a lawyer's
clerk.)

(5)

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Act III. Scene II.

The Forum.

(Enter Brutus and Cassius and Citizens.)

Act IV. Scene III.

The Tent of Brutus.

(Enter Brutus and Cassius.)

(6)

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Act I. Scene I.

(7)

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Act. II. Scene II.

Capulet's Garden.

(Enter Romeo.)

THE SICK BABY.

(Dialogue for boy and girl.)

Little Mamma (with a sick doll):

COME and see my baby dear;
Doctor, she is ill, I fear.
Yesterday, do what I would,
She would touch no kind of food;
And she tosses, moans and cries;
Doctor, what do you advise?

Doctor (should be dressed in long coat and
have on a plug hat, and carry medi-
cine case):

Hum! ha! Good madam, tell me, pray,
What have you offered her to-day?
Ah, yes—I see; a piece of cake,
The worst thing you could make her take.
Just let me taste. Yes, yes, I fear
Too many plums and currants here—
But stop! I will just taste again,
So as to make the matter plain!

Little Mamma:

But, doctor, pray excuse me; oh!
You've eaten all my cake up now!

I thank you kindly for your care;
But don't you think it's hardly fair?

Doctor:

Oh, dear me! Did I eat the cake?
Well, it was for dear baby's sake.
But keep her in bed, well warm,

And you will see she'll take no harm.
At night and morning, use, once more,
Her drink and powder as before;
And she must not be overfed,
But may just have a piece of bread.
To-morrow, then, I dare to say,
She'll be quite right. Good-day! good-day!

THE LARGE-HEARTED LITTLE ONES.

(Dialogue for Sunday-school entertainment, Four little girls and four little boys, on the stage, with presents in their hands.)

Teacher.—What have you there?
Girl A.—A doll.

T.—Where did you get it?

A.—It was a Christmas present.

Girl B.—I had a present, too.

T.—What was it?

B.—A kitty.

T.—Was it a live one?

B.—No, it was not alive; but it cries.

Boy C.—I had a horse and wagon.

Boy D.—And I had a train of cars.

Girl E.—I had a new dress and hat.

Boy F.—I had a pair of boots.

Girl G.—I had a little book.

T.—And what did you have, H?

Boy H.—I didn't have anything.

T.—Didn't you? Why not?

H.—Mother said I couldn't have any, because we were so poor.

T.—I am very sorry. How many of you had more than one present?

All.—I did.

T.—What did you have, D?

D.—I had a little boat, and a train of cars, and a cane, and a book.

T.—And what did you have, E?

E.—I had a new dress and hat, and a little carriage, and some playthings.

T.—Won't some one of you give Johnny one of your presents? (No response.)

D., who gave you such nice presents?

D.—Mother, and father, and auntie, and grandma.

T.—Now, I'll tell you a true story. When I went to the toy-shop, to buy some presents for my little ones, I saw a little girl on the sidewalk, whose feet were bare, whose clothes were ragged, and whose face was very sad. She was looking in at the window of the toy-shop, and looking so earnestly that I spoke to her, and asked her what she wanted. She burst into tears, and said, "I want a Christmas present; but mother says it's more than she can do to give us bread, and so I must go without." So I bought a little picture book and gave her; and you should have seen how her face grew bright. Now, all you tell me, if you can, who gave you your nice home, and kind parents to give you pretty presents, while so many little boys and girls are poor, and have no nice warm homes, and cannot have any Christmas presents?

E.—Is it Jesus, teacher?

T.—Yes, Jesus has given you a father and a mother to take care of you, and has given them money to buy food for you, and clothes, and presents to make you happy. Now, what will you give Jesus for all this?

G.—Why, teacher, Jesus don't want any of my things! He don't want my doll or my hat?

T.—No, Jesus don't want them to play with, as you do; but He wants you to

give some of your things to those who have none. Johnny has had no Christmas present this year, and no birthday present, and no New Year's present.

A.—I will give him my card.

B.—I will give him my kitty.

C.—I will give him my horse and wagon.

G.—I don't suppose he wants my doll, but I will give him my little picture book.

T.—I am glad to see my little ones so generous. Jesus loves to see us willing to give our gifts for Him; but there is something that Jesus wants more than these.

G.—Is it my new hat?

F.—Is it my new boots?

T.—No, not these.

A.—What is it?

T.—Jesus wants you to give Him your heart. Sometimes your little heart is naughty, and loves to do wrong; but Jesus can make it all new and good. Jesus loves you, and wants you to love Him, and be His little child, and then, by and by, He will take you to live with Him in His beautiful home.

G.—I want to give Jesus my heart. May I give it to Him now?

T.—Yes, Jesus wants it now. Don't you all want to love Jesus, and give Him your hearts?

All (bowing reverently)—Please, Jesus, take my heart, and make it good, and make me thy little child.

T.—Sing "Jesus loves me."

CHOOSING A TREE.

First Boy.

CLASSMATES, this is Arbor Day, and we mean to plant a tree. What kind shall we choose? Our school asked me to pick out a good tree for them to plant, and I have tried to do so, but there are so many kinds that I cannot decide. Please to help me. Has any one a choice?

Second Boy.

I would select the Oak. It is noted for its strength and usefulness. Oliver Wendell Holmes has said of it: "I wonder if you ever thought of a single mark of supremacy which distinguishes this tree from those around it? The others shirk the work of resisting gravity, the oak defies it. You will find that in passing from the extreme downward droop of the branches of the weeping willow to the extreme upward inclination of those of the poplar, they sweep nearly half a circle. At ninety degrees the oak stops

short; to slant upward another degree would mark infirmity of purpose; to bend downward, weakness of organization."

School.

A song to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long,
Here's health and renown to his broad
green crown
And his fifty arms so strong.

There's fear in his frown when the sun
goes down
And the fire in the west fades out,
And he showeth his might on a wild
midnight,
When the storms through his branches
shout.

Then here's to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who stands in his pride alone;
And still flourish he, a hale old tree,
When a hundred years are gone.

Third Boy.

I am in favor of the Pine. There are thirty varieties in the United States. The timber is the most important in the American market. Some are cut for lumber, some for building, for fire-wood, for railroad ties, and for making many articles. The seeds of a few are used for food. Burroughs pays tribute in these words: "How friendly the pine tree is to man—so docile and available as timber, and so warm and protective as shelter! Its balsam is salve to his wounds, its fragrance is long life to his nostrils; an abiding, perennial tree, tempering the climate, cool as murmuring waters in summer, and like a wrapping of fur in winter."

Fourth Boy.

I vote for the Maple, which is highly prized for ornamental planting. Its wood is generally light colored, with perhaps a reddish tinge, and is much used for cabinet work. In autumn it is among the most brilliantly dressed trees, and always adds beauty to the landscape.

School.

Maple tree! Maple tree! none can compare with thee!

Sipping earth's nectar, to sweetness impart,

Sweeter thy loving care, sweeter thy shadows are,

Sweeter thy songsters that gladden the heart.

Fifth Boy.

Why not choose the Hemlock? Burroughs says: "In the absence of the pine, the hemlock is a graceful and noble tree. In primitive woods it shoots up in the same manner, drawing the ladder up after it, and attains an altitude of nearly or quite a hundred feet. It is the poor

man's pine, and destined to humbler uses than its lordlier brother." Its branches are

"Green not alone in summer time,
But in the winter's frost and rime,"

and so it helps to make the world beautiful even in the desolation of winter.

Sixth Boy.

Let us have a Willow. It is noted for its size, rapid growth, and the graceful droop of its long foliage. Its wood is light and tough, and is easily worked. Its bark is used for tanning and medicinal purposes.

School.

What tree brings the children the first news of spring?

Oh! 'tis the willow, the willow.

Where do the early birds love best to sing?

Oh! on the willow, the willow.

Down where the bridge spans the river so fair,

Oh! see the willow, the willow.

What makes the perfume that's filling the air?

Oh! 'tis the willow, the willow.

Seventh Boy.

I cast my vote for the Walnut. The service that it renders to mankind is very great. From it we get delicious nuts to eat, and wood for fuel and furniture. It grows to a good height and it always pays to cultivate it, provided the soil be not too dry. A picture has been made about it, too, by Whittier. Listen to it:

"And the rough walnut bough receives
The sun upon its crowded leaves,
Each colored like a topaz gem."

Eighth Boy.

I am certainly in favor of planting a tree. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes said: "I have written many verses, but the

best verses I have written are the trees I have planted." Now we cannot write poems, as he does, but we can plant trees. Let us have an Elm, say I.

School.

Hail to the elm, the brave old elm!

Our last lone forest tree,
Whose limbs outstand the lightning's
brand,
For a brave old elm is he.

For fifteen score of full-told years
He has borne his leafy prime,

Yet he holds them well, and lives to tell
His tale of the olden time.

Then hail to the elm, the green-topped
elm,

And long may his branches wave,
For a relic is he, the gnarl'd old tree,
Of the times of the good and brave.

—N. S. Dodge.

First Boy (or any other boy, as the case
may be.)

All who wish to plant an Elm say "aye."
Well, we will have an Elm. Let us go at
once and plant it.

QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

(Julius Cæsar.—Act IV. Scene III.)

CASSIUS—

That you have wronged me doth
appear in this:

You have condemned and noted Lucius
Pella

For taking bribes here of the Sardians,
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted
off.

Brutus—

You wronged yourself to write in such
a case.

Cassius—

In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offense should bear its
comment.

Brutus—

Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching
palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cassius—

I an itching palm?

You know that you are Brutus that
speak this,

Or, by the gods, this speech were else
your last.

Brutus—

The name of Cassius honors this cor-
ruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide
his head.

Cassius—

Chastisement!

Brutus—

Remember March, the Ides of March
remember!

Did not great Julius bleed, for justice'
sake?

What villain touched his body, that did
stab,

And not for justice? What, shall one
of us,

That struck the foremost man of all this
world

But for supporting robbers; shall we
now

Contaminate our fingers with base
bribes,

And sell the mighty space of our large
honors

For so much trash as may be grasped
thus?



"'TIS YOU THAT CAN FLATTER," MISS BIDDY REPLIES.

(From Recitation, "Irish Coquetry.")

- I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
- Cassius—
Brutus, bay not me.
I'll not endure it; you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
- Brutus—
Go to; you are not, Cassius.
- Cassius—
I am.
- Brutus—
I say you are not.
- Cassius—
Urge me no more, I shall forget myself.
Have mind upon your health, tempt me
no further.
- Brutus—
Away, slight man!
- Cassius—
Is't possible?
- Brutus—
Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash
choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman
stares?
- Cassius—
O ye gods! ye gods! must I endure all
this?
- Brutus—
All this? Aye, more; fret till your
proud heart break;
Go, show your slaves how choleric you
are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must
I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and
crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your
spleen,
Though it do split you; for from this
day forth,
- I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my
laughter,
When you are waspish.
- Cassius—
Is it come to this?
- Brutus—
You say you are a better soldier;
Let it appear so; make your vaunting
true,
And it shall please me well; for mine
own part
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
- Cassius—
You wrong me every way; you wrong
me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better.
Did I say "better"?
- Brutus—
If you did, I care not.
- Cassius—
When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus
have mov'd me.
- Brutus—
Peace, peace! you durst not thus have
tempted him.
- Cassius—
I durst not?
- Brutus—
No.
- Cassius—
What? Durst not tempt him?
- Brutus—
For your life you durst not.
- Cassius—
Do not presume too much upon my
love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
- Brutus—
You have done that you should be sorry
for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your
threats;
For I am armed so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, which you
denied me;

For I can raise no money by vile
means;

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than
to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their
vile trash

By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me. Was that done
like Cassius?

Should I have answered Caius Cassius
so?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his
friends,

Be ready, gods, with all your thunder-
bolts;

Dash him to pieces!

Cassius—

I denied you not!

Brutus—

You did.

Cassius—

I did not; he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus
hath rived my heart.

A friend should bear his friend's
infirmities,

But Brutus makes mine greater than
they are.

Brutus—

I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cassius—

You love me not.

Brutus—

I do not like your faults.

Cassius—

A friendly eye could never see such
faults.

Brutus—

A flatterer's would not, though they do
appear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cassius—

Come, Antony, and young Octavius
come!

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world:

Hated by one he loves; braved by his
brother;

Checked like a bondman; all his faults
observed,

Set in a note-book, learned, and conned
by rote,

To cast into my teeth. Oh, I could
weep

My spirit from mine eyes! There is my
dagger,

And here my naked breast; within, a
heart,

Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than
gold;

If that thou be'st a Roman, take it
forth;

I, that denied thee gold, will give my
heart;

Strike as thou did'st at Cæsar; for, I
know,

When thou didst hate him worst, thou
lovedst him better

Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Brutus—

Sheathe your dagger;

Be angry when you will, it shall have
scope;

Do what you will, dishonor shall be
humor.

O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears
fire;

Who, much enforced, shows a hasty
spark,

And straight is cold again.

Cassius—

Hath Cassius lived

To be but mirth and laughter to his
Brutus,

When grief and blood ill-tempered,
vexeth him?

Brutus—

When I spoke that I was ill-tempered,
too.

Cassius—

Do you confess so much? Give me
your hand.

Brutus—

And my heart, too. (Embracing.)

Cassius—

O Brutus!

Brutus—

What's the matter?

Cassius—

Have you not love enough to bear with
me,

When that rash humor which my
mother gave me

Makes me forgetful?

Brutus—

Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,

When you are over-earnest with your
Brutus,

He'll think your mother chides, and
leave you so.

—Shakespeare.

PREACHING A SERMON.

(Charlie, seven years, and John, five years of age.)

CHARLIE—Come, John, let's play go
to church, and I'll be the min-
ister, and preach you a sermon.

John—Well, and I'll be the peoples.

Charlie—(lifts John into a chair.)

There, this is your pew, and you must
listen to my sermon. My text is a very
short one, and easy, too—a part of the
one the minister had one Sunday, and all
I can remember of it. There are some
little texts in the Bible on purpose for little
children, and this is one: "Be kind!"
Now, these are the heads: First, Be
kind to papa, and don't make a noise
when he has a headache. I don't believe
you know what headache is; but I do: I
had it once; and I didn't want anybody
to speak a word. Secondly, Be kind to
mamma, and don't make her tell you to
do a thing more than once. It is very
tiresome for her to tell you to keep still
twenty times a day. Thirdly, Be kind to
baby, and don't let her cry.

John—You have leaved out, Be kind to
Charlie.

Charlie—Yes; I did not want to say
myself in my sermon. But I want you to
be kind to Minnie, and let her have your
red scldier when she wants it. Fourthly,

Be kind to Jane, and don't kick and
scream when she washes and dresses you.

John—But she pulled my hair with the
comb.

Charlie—People must not talk in meet-
ing; besides, you must not let your hair
snarl. Now, I don't know whether the
next was fifthly or sixthly.

John—I don't know what fily is.

Charlie—Oh, that's because you cannot
count. See here; I will count them on
my fingers for you. One, Be kind to papa.
Two, Be kind to mamma. Three, Be
kind to baby. Four, Be kind to Jane.
Oh, yes, that's it! Now, the little finger is
five. Fifthly, Be kind to Kitty. Do
what will make her purr; but don't do
what will make her cry.

John—Baby made her meow right out
loud to-day. She pulled her tail, and
kitty jumped right off the cradle, and ran
to the door, and I shutted it for her.

Charlie—Opened it, you mean.

John—Isn't the sermon most done? I
want to sing. (He sings, and just then
the supper bell rings.)

Charlie—(running off the stage.)
There! there is the bell for supper.
Come, John. (Exit.)

ARBOR DAY RECITATION.

(For seven pupils.)

First.

THE groves were God's first temples; ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The round of anthems,—in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplications. —Bryant:

Second.

I shall speak of trees as we see them,
love them, adore them, in the fields where
they are alive, holding their green sun-
shades over our heads, talking to us with
their hundred thousand whispering
tongues, looking down on us with that
sweet meekness which belongs to huge
but limited organisms—which one sees
most in the patient posture, the out-
stretched arms, and the heavy drooping
robes of these vast beings, endowed with
life, but not with soul—which outgrow us
and outlive us, but stand helpless, poor
things—while nature dresses and un-
dresses them. —Holmes.

Third.

Give fools their gold and knaves their power;
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;
Who sows a field, or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree, is more than all.

For he who blesses most is blest;
And God and man shall own his worth,

Who toils to leave as his bequest
An added beauty to the earth.

—Whittier.

Fourth.

There is something nobly simple and
pure in a taste for the cultivation of forest
trees. It argues, I think, a sweet and
generous nature to have this strong relish
for the beauties of vegetation, and this
friendship for the hardy and glorious sons
of the forest. There is a grandeur of
thought connected with this part of rural
economy. . . . He who plants an
oak looks forward to future ages, and
plants for posterity. Nothing can be less
selfish than this. —Irving.

Fifth.

What conqueror in any part of "life's
broad field of battle" could desire a more
beautiful, a more noble, or a more patri-
otic monument than a tree, planted by
the hands of pure and joyous children,
as a memorial of his achievements.

—Lossing.

Sixth.

Oh! Rosalind, these trees shall be my
books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll
character,
That every eye which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witnessed everywhere.

—Shakespeare.

Seventh.

There is something unspeakably cheer-
ful in the spot of ground which is covered
with trees, and smiles amidst all the
rigors of winter, and gives us a view of
the most gay season in the midst of that
which is the most dead and melancholy.

—Addison.

Eighth.

As the leaves of trees are said to absorb all noxious qualities of the air, and to breathe forth a purer atmosphere, so it seems to me as if they drew from us all sordid and angry passions, and breathed forth peace and philanthropy.

—Irving.

Ninth.

I care not how men trace their ancestry,
To ape or Adam; let them please their
whim;

But I in June am midway to believe
A tree among my fair progenitors,
Such sympathy is mine with all the race,
Such mutual recognition vaguely sweet
There is between us.

—Lowell.

Tenth.

Trees have about them something
beautiful and attractive even to the

fancy. Since they cannot change their plan, are witnesses of all the changes that take place around them; and as some reach a great age, they become, as it were, historical monuments, and, like ourselves, they have a life growing and passing away, not being inanimate and unvarying like the fields and rivers. One sees them passing through various stages, and at last, step by step, approaching death, which makes them look still more like ourselves.

—Humboldt.

Eleventh.

Summer or winter, day or night,
The woods are an ever new delight;
They give us peace, and they make us
strong,

Such wonderful balms to them belong;
So, living or dying, I'll take my ease
Under the trees under the trees.

—Stoddard.

KINDNESS AND CRUELTY

(Big boy of twelve and little boy of eight.)

PAUL—Are you the boy who called me names the other day?

Charles—If you are the boy who threw stones at a toad, I am the boy who called you cruel.

P.—Then I shall give you a beating.

C.—I do not see how that would change the fact. You would still be cruel.

P.—Are you not afraid of me?

C.—I am just about as afraid of you as I am of our big rooster when he jumps on a fence and crows.

P.—I am larger and stouter than you are.

C.—So a hawk is larger than a king-bird; but the king-bird is not afraid of him.

P.—Why did you call me cruel for stoning an ugly toad?

C.—Because it is a cruel act to give needless pain to any living thing.

P.—Would you not like to have all the toads put out of the way?

C.—By no means. The toad is of use, and does us no harm. Four or five toads will keep a garden free from bugs, worms and flies, that would spoil the leaves. A good gardener would rather have you strike him than kill a toad.

P.—I never heard before that a toad was of any use.

C.—Probably all the creatures in the world are of use, in some way, though we may not yet have found it out. But what harm did you ever know a toad to do? See how he tries to hop out of your way as soon as he hears your step.

P.—It is true; I never heard of a

toad's doing any harm. What is your name?

C.—My name is Charles Larcom.

P.—Charles Larcom, I have been in the wrong, and you have been in the right. Will you shake hands with me?

C.—Gladly; I'd much rather shake hands than fight.

P.—I was cruel in stoning the toad, and you said no more than the truth about me.

C.—I think we shall be good friends.

Come and see me; I live in the white house by the brook, near the old willow tree.

P.—I know the house. Will you go and pick berries with me next Saturday afternoon?

C.—That I will; and my brother would like to go, too.

P.—I'll call for you at three o'clock; till then, good-bye.

C.—Good-bye, Paul Curtis; I'm glad to have met you.

OCCUPATION OF GIRLS.

(For six little girls in costume.)

Julia (holding a plate of cakes, etc.):

I LOVE to get the breakfast,
The pancakes I can bake;
The table then I nicely set
And help make bread and cake.

Mary (with a milk-stool and pail):
I love to milk the gentle cows,
It's fun, I'd have you know,
To take my stool and milking-pail,
And say, "So—Bossy—so."

Kate (swinging her hat):
It's better fun to get the cows.
"Co-Boss! Co-Boss!" I call.
I run and climb the highest fence
And never get a fall.

Emily (with gay dolls in her hand):
I'm fond of dressing pretty dolls,
In lovely lace and silk;
To trim their clothes and velvets fine,
Is nicer than to milk.

Eliza (with a book and some stockings
that need mending):

I love to read good story-books,
And spend a while at play;
And then I wash the dishes up
And stockings mend, each day.

Ellen (holding a broom and dustpan):
I love to take a broom and sweep,
I make the beds and sew;
Such work as this, my mother says,
Is good for me to do.

(Standing in a semicircle and holding up
the implement of work, etc.; when it is
named, all recite together, slowly and
clearly):

Baking cakes for breakfast,
Milking cows at morn,
Climbing fences safely,
With our clothes not torn;

Dressing dolls in laces,
Reading and some play,
Dishes washed and stockings mended,
Brooms well used each day—
Doing these while on time whirls,
Makes us happy, useful girls.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

A TEMPERANCE PLAY.

(Characters—Man and his wife; Nellie, a daughter, ten years old; Friend, dressed in a man-of-the-world style; A. and B., two young men, dressed in business suits.)

Scene I.

(**M** R. L. and his wife on the stage;
Mr. L. dressed for his work,
and about to go.)

Mrs. L.—Albert, I wish you would give me seventy-five cents.

Mr. L.—What do you want seventy-five cents for?

Mrs. L.—I want to get some braid for my new dress.

Mr. L.—Haven't you something else that will do?

Mrs. L.—No. But, then, braid is cheap; and I can make it look quite pretty with seventy-five cents.

Mr. L.—Plague take these women's fashions. Your endless trimmings and thing-a-ma-jigs cost more than the dress is worth. It is nothing but shell out money when a woman thinks of a new dress.

Mrs. L.—I don't have many new dresses. I do certainly try to be as economical as I can.

Mr. L.—It is funny kind of economy, at all events. But if you must have it, I suppose you must.

(Takes out his purse, and counts out carefully seventy-five cents, and puts his purse away angrily. He starts to go; but when at the door, he thinks he will take his umbrella, and goes back for it. Finds his wife in tears, which she tries hastily to conceal.)

Mr. L.—Good gracious! Kate, I should like to know if you are crying at what I said about the dress.

Mrs. L.—I was not crying at what you said I was thinking of how hard I have to work. I am tied to the house.

I have many little things to perplex me. Then to think—

Mr. L.—Pshaw! What do you want to be foolish for? (Exit.)

(In the hall he was met by his little girl, Lizzie.)

Lizzie—(holding both his hands.) Oh, papa, give me fifteen cents.

Mr. L.—What in the world do you want it for? Are they changing books again?

Lizzie—No. I want a hoop. It's splendid rolling; and all the girls have one. Please, can't I have one?

Mr. L.—Nonsense! If you want a hoop, go and get one off some old barrel. (Throws her off.)

Lizzie—(in a pleading tone.) Please, Papa?

Mr. L.—No, I told you!

(She bursts into tears, and he goes off muttering, "Cry, then, and cry it out.")

Scene II.

(Albert and Wife enters.)

Mrs. L.—I am glad you are home thus early. How has business gone to-day?

Mr. L.—Well, I am happy to say.

Mrs. L.—Are you very tired?

Mr. L.—No; why?

Mrs. L.—I want you to go to the sewing circle to-night.

Mr. L.—I can't go; I have an engagement.

Mrs. L.—I am sorry. You never go with me now. You used to go a great deal.

(Just then Lizzie comes in crying, dragging an old hoop, and rubbing her eyes.)

Mr. L.—What is the matter with you, darling?

Lizzie—The girls have been laughing at me, and making fun of my hoop. They say mine is ugly and homely. Mayn't I have one now?

Mr. L.—Not now, Lizzie; not now. I'll think of it.

(Lizzie goes out crying, followed by her mother. A friend of Mr. L. enters.)

Friend—Hello, Albert! What's up?

Mr. L.—Nothing in particular. Take a chair.

Friend—How's business?

Mr. L.—Good.

Friend—Did you go to the club last night?

Mr. L.—Don't speak so loud!

Friend—Ha, wife don't know—does she? Where does she think you go?

Mr. L.—I don't know. She never asks me, and I am glad of it. She asked me to go with her to-night, and I told her I was engaged.

Friend—Good! I shan't ask you where, but take it for granted that it was with me. What do you say for a game of billiards?

Mr. L.—Good! I'm for that. (They rise to go.) Have a cigar, Tom?

Friend—Yes. (They go out.)

Scene III.

(Two men in conversation.)

B.—Billiards? No, I never play billiards.

A.—Why not?

B.—I don't like its tendency. I cannot assert that the game is, of itself, an evil,

to be sure. But, although it has the advantage of calling forth skill and judgment, yet it is evil when it stimulates beyond the bounds of healthy recreation.

A.—That result can scarcely follow such a game.

B.—You are wrong there. The result can follow in two ways. First, it can lead men away from their business. Secondly, it leads those to spend their money who have none to spend. Look at that young man just passing. He looks like a mechanic; and I should judge from his appearance that he has a family. I see by his face that he is kind and generous, and wants to do as near right as he can. I have watched him in the billiard saloon time after time, and only last night I saw him pay one dollar and forty cents for two hours' recreation. He did it cheerfully, too, and smiled at his loss. But how do you suppose it is at home?

A.—Upon my word, B., you speak to the point; for I know that young man, and what you have said is true. I can furnish you with facts. We have a club for a literary paper in our village. His wife was very anxious to take it; but he said he could not afford the \$1.25 for it. And his little Lizzie, ten years old, has coaxed her father for fifteen cents, for a hoop, in vain. My Nellie told me that.

B.—Yes; and that two hours' recreation last night, would have paid for both. It is well for wives and children that they do not know where all the money goes.

EXERCISES WITH MUSICAL ACCOMPANIMENT.



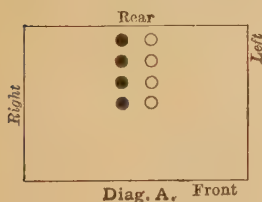
THE NATIONAL FLAG DRILL.

(Written specially for this volume, by Cora Holmes Mogg.)

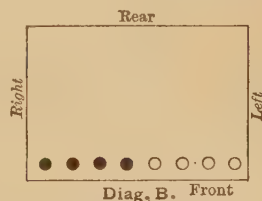
[The national flags of the country in which this exercise is given should be used. In the diagrams the black dots represent the boys, the white ones the girls.]

(Four girls and four boys about six years of age. Girls wear short white dresses decorated with flags. Flags are crossed on skirt, shoulder, slippers, and on top of head. Boys wear military suits with caps. Each child carries a flag. A medley of patriotic marches should be played, such as "Yankee Doodle," "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," "Marching Through Georgia," etc., if played in the States, and "Jolly Boys," "British Grenadiers," etc., if played in Canada.)

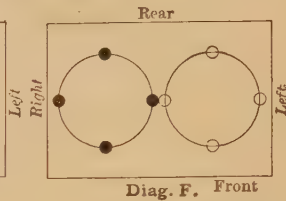
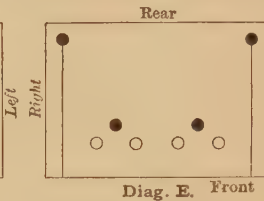
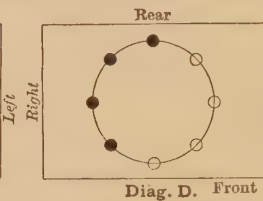
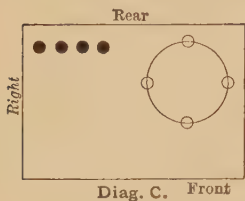
ARRANGE children in pairs, tallest girl and boy first, and shortest last. First couple enter from center of rear of stage. Stand about three feet apart with sides turned toward audience; raise flags above head and cross them. If there is no center entrance to stage, boys enter from right and girls from left, taking the positions they would if there was a center entrance. Second couple enter from rear (or sides), march under flags held by first couple; take position by side of first couple (with sides toward audience); and cross flags above head. Third couple ditto; fourth couple ditto. The positions now are those of diagram A. First couple now pass under flags held by second, third and fourth couples, taking positions at center of front of stage. Second couple ditto with third and fourth couples, taking positions by sides of first couple. Third and fourth couples ditto. Positions are now illustrated by diagram B.



Girls march to left rear, across to right rear, up to right front, to center of stage, and repeat. Boys march to right rear, across left rear, up to left front, to center of stage, and repeat. The two lines cross at center front and rear. Stop as at diagram B, with the exceptions that girls are on right and boys are on left.

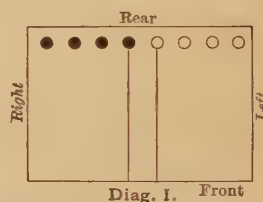
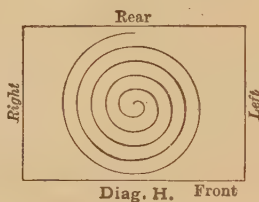
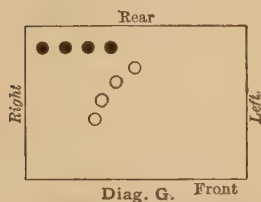


Couple nearest center march to back, girl and boy crossing so that girl will be on left and boy on right. Second couple come to center, march to back, cross like first couple, and take position by sides of first couple. Third and fourth couples ditto, forming in line at back of stage with girls on left and boys on right.



Girls go around to form a circle four times at left of stage (diagram C). After girls finish and come to rear of stage, boys circle four times at right. Form in line at rear of stage. First girl leads in one large circle at center (diagram D).

Girls go to center of stage. Kneel, holding flags up at sides. Two smaller boys stand behind them holding flags over them. Two larger boys, with arms straight down at sides, hold flags up parallel to arms and march back and forth twice at extreme sides of stage, making all turns military and precisely at the same time. Smaller boys change places with larger boys, marching back and forth twice as at Diagram E. Girls now rise, hold flags over smaller boys, who kneel in front of them. Two larger boys march as before. Smaller boys rise, march back and forth twice, while larger boys kneel in front of girls. Smaller boys come to center of front of stage, lift caps to each other (one measure), march to rear and take places in right



corner. Larger boys rise; come to center of front of stage in front of girls; lift caps to each other (one measure), and march to rear, taking position by side of other boys so that they will be in line at right rear stage. Girls make a deep bow (two measures), march to rear so that they will form in line with boys.

Girls and boys form two circles, going round four times (see diagram F). Form in line at rear of stage. Girls march toward front and side. When in position of diagram G, boys fall in line. March in spiral form as at diagram H. When center girl is at center of stage, all wave flags four times (two measures). Unwind, smallest boy leading the line. Form line at back of stage, smallest boy and girl at center, largest boy at right, and largest girl at left. March as at diagram I, other couples following center couple. Separate at center of front of stage, girls marching to left side and to rear of stage; boys marching to right side and to rear of stage; form in line at back of stage with girls on right and boys on left. Keep time (two measures).

Boys lift caps. Girls pass off left side, smallest girl first. Boys put on caps; make military turn to left; march off stage.

CUBA'S KINDERGARTEN SONG.

(Music by special permission of Brokaw Music Pub. Co.)

(This selection can be recited without the music, but is more effective with it.)

MAMMY'S little pickaninny gwine to go to sleep,
 Hush-a-by, hush-a-by.
 Don' yo' hear de coon dog bayin' loud an' deep?
 Hush-a-by, hush-a-by.

Mock-bird's notes a-callin', don' yo' hear 'em sing?
 Daddy's gone a-huntin' an' a possum home'll bring;
 There's water-millions coolin' in the shadders of the spring;
 Hush-a-pickaninny, an' a-by-by.

There's sweet pertaters bilin' an' a ham to boot,
 Hush-a-by, hush-a-by.

Daddy's got a grave-yard rabbit's left hind foot,
 Hush-a-by, hush-a-by.

(Sing:)—

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The third system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The music is in a simple, folk-like style. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment is written on two staves (treble and bass clef). The first system of the piano accompaniment starts with a *mf* marking. The second system of the piano accompaniment has a *mf* marking. The third system of the piano accompaniment has a *mf* marking. The music ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Jest yo shut yoah eyes, you yal - ler pick - a - nin - ny;

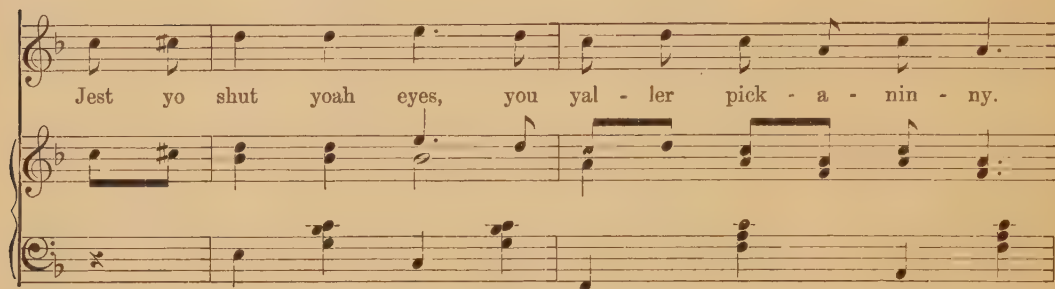
Shut yoah eyes you lit - tle yal - ler coon, Big moon sees dat you

ain't a - sleep - in' an - y, Bri - er Fox 'll be heah pur - ty soon.

So hush-a-pickaninny while de sout' win's moan;
Go to sleep so mammy kin leab yo' all alone,
Foh she's gwine to mek yoah pappy a big co'n pone.

(Sing:)—

Sh, sh—



THE MAY-POLE.

(This selection is one of the most effective opening acts for an evening's entertainment that can be imagined or devised, and fully repays the comparatively trifling amount of trouble and preparation necessary for its representation.)

IT requires a pole ten feet high with a revolving head-piece, to which the ribbons are attached; the lower end of the pole should be inserted and tightly wedged into the middle of a piece of wood to serve for a stand, into which a suitable hole has been mortised to receive the pole; the stand concealed by green branches and flowers, or in any other way that may suit. The pole is placed in the center of the stage, the stand being strongly secured to the floor. For outdoor purposes the pole may be sunk in the ground.

Next provide eight strips of paper-muslin or ribbon about six feet longer than the height of the pole, and about three inches wide. Four of the strips should be white, two of them red and two blue. One end of each strip should be fastened firmly on the top of the pole, and so arranged that they will hang down around the pole in regular order, a white strip and a colored strip alternately. The width of the strips, which we will call "banners," should be regulated to suit the thickness

of the pole; their width ought not to exceed its diameter. A wreath or garland will make a pretty finish for the top of the pole. For a small pole eight performers are sufficient; with a larger pole twelve or more may join, but always an equal number of boys and girls to form couples, and the total number divisible by four, with sufficient ribbons for one for each.

It may save possible confusion to loop up the ends of the banners clear of the floor and secure them to the pole with a pin, each in its proper order. The pole and banners are now ready for use.

The dance is here arranged for four couples, costumed in old holiday style.

The girls may be dressed in short dresses resembling a gypsy, milk-maid, etc. The boys may wear knee breeches and blouse with a scarf around the waist, tied at one side. Round hats with garlands for the girls, and sailor hats for the boys.

The dresses should be of very bright colors—with white or black rows of

braid; or a blue red cambric skirt, with bands of plain white cotton cloth sewed in rows around the bottom, will look almost as well on the stage at night as silk; while dancing no one can distinguish the difference.

When the curtain rises, the music should strike up a lively tune in well-marked polka time, and the four couples enter, dancing, in their order. The movements of all should be regulated by the first couple, on whom, therefore, a great deal of responsibility rests. The preliminary dancing may be arranged to suit the manager; but it must be so contrived that it leaves the four couples standing around and facing the pole (each boy having his partner on his right), holding hands so as to form a ring as large as possible. A circle marked on the floor, having the pole for its center, and its circumference about six feet from the pole, will form a very good line for the dancers to stand upon.

At a signal the boys advance to the pole, keeping strict time to the music, and each takes a pair of banners, the left one white, and the right one colored; they dance backwards to their places, each boy handing the colored banner to his partner, and retaining the white one himself.

Another signal is given, when all, holding their banners in their right hands, dance backwards, each in a line directly away from the pole, as far as the banners will conveniently allow.

All now face to the right, and dance in perfect order round and round the pole. This movement—if executed in exact precision, the dancers preserving the same distance from each other, and the banners kept just tight enough to prevent them from hanging loosely—will wind the banners around the pole, giving it the appearance of a barber's pole.

As soon as the dancers, by the continuous winding of the banners, have got conveniently near to the pole and to one another, a signal is given, at which they stop; all face half round, and then dance in reverse direction until the banners are entirely unwound, and the dancers have resumed their starting-points, where they stop. At another signal all take the banners in their left hands, the boys only face half round, taking their partners by the right hand, and then right and left all round, in the same manner as at the beginning of the last figure of "The Lancers," continuing until the banners are evenly braided upon the pole, and the space for dancing becomes too confined for comfort. The leader should then give the signal to stop, as soon as the dance brings him face to face with his own partner.

Another signal is then given, at which all face half round, bringing each boy opposite a new partner, whose right hand he takes, and the movement, thus reversed, is repeated in the same manner as before, until the banners are entirely unwound again.

To succeed in this dance, it is absolutely necessary for all the dancers to keep exact time to the music, and to keep regular intervals, or distances, between each other; the banners will then lie evenly and symmetrically on the pole, and present a very pretty appearance; a fearful forfeit being exacted from the unlucky individual who, by carelessness or inattention, gets his banner out of its proper place, as this, of course, stops the dance entirely. The only way to avoid such an accident is to rehearse the whole dance frequently and thoroughly, until each is perfect in all the details.

Previous to the figure just described, other figures may be introduced. The

revolving head-piece will allow of all joining hands, holding the ribbons, and dancing around the pole to the right; stopping at a signal, and each couple

balance to partner; then all hands around to the left. Various pleasing combinations would suggest themselves to the arrangers of the dance.

THE MINUET.

(This should be recited with a musical accompaniment of a "minuet." Between each stanza dance a few measures, and on the final line the reciter should bow himself gracefully off the stage, keeping time to the music.)

GRANDMA told me all about it,
Told me so I couldn't doubt it,
How she danced—my grandma
danced—

Long ago.

How she held her pretty head,
How her dainty skirt she spread,
How she turned her little toes—
Smiling little human rose!—

Long ago.

Grandma's hair was bright and sunny;
Dimpled cheeks, too—ah, how funny!

Really quite a pretty girl,

Long ago.

Bless her! why, she wears a cap,
Grandma does, and takes a nap
Every single day; and yet
Grandma danced the minuet

Long ago.

Now she sits there, rocking, rocking,
Always knitting grandpa's stocking—

(Every girl was taught to knit

Long ago.)

Yet her figure is so neat,
And her way so staid and sweet,
I can almost see her now
Bending to her partner's bow,

Long ago.

Grandma says our modern jumping,
Hopping, rushing, whirling, bumping,
Would have shocked the gentle folk

Long ago.

No—they moved with stately grace.
Everything in proper place,
Gliding slowly forward, then
Slowly courtesying back again,

Long ago.

Modern ways are quite alarming,
Grandma says; but boys were charming—

Girls and boys, I mean, of course—

Long ago.

Bravely modest, grandly shy—
What if all of us should try
Just to feel like those who met
In the graceful minuet

Long ago?

With the minuet in fashion,
Who could fly into a passion?

All would wear the calm they wore

Long ago.

In time to come, if I, perchance,
Should tell my grandchild of our dance,
I should really like to say,

"We did it, dear, in some such way,

Long ago."

—Mrs. Mary M. Dodge.

HER LETTER.

(Party Costume.)

(This selection is more effective when "The Blue Danube" waltz
is played softly behind the scenes.)

I'M sitting alone by the fire,
Dressed just as I came from the
dance,

In a robe even you would admire—
It cost a cool thousand in France;
I'm be-diamonded out of all reason,
My hair is done up in a cue;
In short, sir, the "belle of the season"
Is wasting an hour on you.

A dozen engagements I've broken;
I left in the midst of a set;
Likewise a proposal, half spoken,
That waits—on the stairs—for me yet.
They say he'll be rich—when he grows
up—
And then he adores me, indeed.
And you, sir, are turning your nose up,
Three thousand miles off as you read.

"And how do I like my position?"
"And what do I think of New York?"
"And now, in my higher ambition,
With whom do I waltz, flirt, or talk?"
"And isn't it nice to have riches,
And diamonds and silks, and all that?"
"And isn't it a change from the ditches
And tunnels of Poverty Flat?"

Well, yes—if you saw us out driving
Each day in the park, four-in-hand—
If you saw poor, dear mamma contriving
To look supernaturally grand—
If you saw papa's picture, as taken
By Brady, and tinted at that,
You'd never suspect he sold bacon
And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this moment, when sitting
In the glare of the great chandelier—
In the bustle and flutter befitting
The "finest soiree of the year,"
In the midst of a gaze de Chambéry,
And the hum of the smallest of talk—
Somehow, Joe, I thought of the "Ferry,"
And the dance we had on "The Fork;"

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster
Of flags festooned over the wall;
Of the candles that shed their soft luster
And tallow on head-dress and shawl;
Of the steps that we took to one fiddle;
Of the dress of my queer vis-à-vis;
And how I once went down the middle
With the man that shot Sandy McGee;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
On the hill, when the time came to go;
Of the few baby peaks that were peeping
From under the bedclothes of snow;
Of that ride—that to me was the rarest;
Of—the something you said at the gate;
Ah, Joe, then I wasn't an heiress
To "the best-paying lead in the State."

Well, well, it's all past; yet it's funny
To think, as I stood in the glare
Of fashion, and beauty, and money,
That I should be thinking, right there,
Of some one who breasted high water,
And swam the North Fork, and all that,
Just to dance with old Follinsbee's
daughter,
The Lily of Poverty Flat.



A CHRISTMAS GREETING



From Photograph by Morrison

AN EASTER RECITATION

Down on your knees for your lives, men!
Sing, girl, sing the Catholic psalm."

*"Thou that hast looked on death, aid us
when death is near,*

*Whisper of heaven to faith, sweet mother,
sweet mother, hear—*

*Ora pro nobis, the wave must rock our
sleep,*

Loud the storm-fiend was shrieking in
fury, but the Catholic psalm still
rang on,

Ora, mater, ora, Star of the Deep,"

Till at last the wild demon was vanquished,
and the terrible peril was gone.

Then, drifting without helm or rudder,
drifting without spar or mast,

Drifting and drifting ever, the ship
through the dreary night passed.

But we saw, when the on-coming morning
had driven the night-fog away,

And the rays of the golden sun, rising,
foretold a bright, beautiful day,

That she'd drifted safe into harbor, and
there, while no anchor bound,
Nor ever a cable held her, she rode gently
on, safe and sound.

With one impulse we thought of the
maiden, and hastened to bring her
ashore;

We all hurried down to the cabin, but
paused as we entered the door,

For sitting there facing the gang-way, with
one hand pressed close to her side,

And the baby asleep on her bosom, the
saintly singer had died.

Her lips were still partly open, her last
glance was upward cast—

She had sung until she, like the sailors,
safe into harbor had passed.

*"Ora pro nobis, the wave must rock our
sleep,*

Ora, mater, ora, Star of the Deep."

—Elizabeth Ingram Hubbard;
arranged by Charles Carlisle.

"PLANT THE TREES, CHILDREN."

(Dedication Chorus.—Air, "Ring the Bell, Watchman.")

ROUND the green play-ground the
dear children stand,
Joy in their faces and shovel in hand,
Waiting a word to be borne on the breeze—
Ready for the welcome mandate: "Plant,
plant the trees."

Chorus.

Plant the trees, children, plant, yes
plant,

Plant for a joy that the future will grant,
New York again sends her word on the
breeze—

Joyfully obey the summons: "Plant,
plant the trees."

When you are old you may bask in the
shade

Which by the growth of this planting is
made.

Your children's children, so Heaven
decrees,

Will rejoice you heard the summons:
"Plant, plant the trees."

(Chorus.)

Plant trees of knowledge where ignorance
reigns;

Plant trees of virtue on sin's arid plains;
Make of yourselves "trees of righteous-
ness;" these

Plantings fill the world with beauty:
"Plant, plant the trees."

(Chorus.)

When, having passed to the happier land,
Fast by the "Tree of Life" joyful you
stand,

Gladly you'll learn how the Master decrees
Earthly planting blooms in glory: "Plant,
plant the trees."

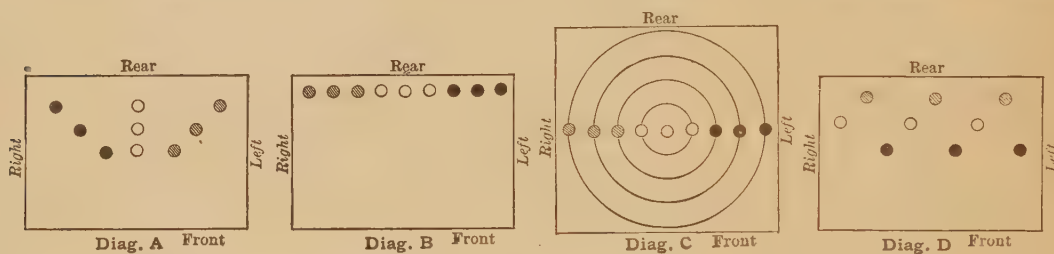
(Chorus.)

PATRIOTIC DRILL WITH POSING.

(Written and arranged especially for this volume.)

(Nine girls, about fifteen years of age. Empire gowns with very full skirts; three red, three white, three blue. Any slow march music may be used throughout the drill; but for variety it is prettier to use march music for marching and special music to interpret posing. In the diagram the black dots represent the girls in red, the medium dots the blue, and the white dots the girls in white.)

ENTER from rear in rows of three; girls in red from right, blue from left, and white from center. Each row should be arranged with the tallest girl wearing the color of that row in front; and the shortest girl last. Advance to center, rows on right and left marching obliquely. When in position of diagram A, girls in front row curtsy (two measures). After curtseying, they march on to front of stage, crossing each other so that girl in red will be at left of stage and girl in blue will be at right. Rest (one measure). Prepare for movement (one measure). Girl on right, with weight on left leg, holds skirt up on right side, turns head and bends to right, and places left hand on left hip with palms out; girl on left does same, reversed;



while girl in center makes a deep bow (two measures). Make military turn; march to rear; and, with another military turn, face audience and keep time until next movement. After first row has curtseyed, second row marches on to center of stage, curtseys, repeats movements of first row, and marches to back. Third row, ditto.

When girls have formed a row at back, as illustrated by diagram B, they advance abreast to center of stage. With military turn, girls left of fifth girl face back of stage. Still keeping abreast, they describe a circle, as at diagram C, using center girl as a pivot; circling one and one-half times. Rest (one measure) when girls in red reach center of right side second time. With military turn, girls in blue face audience. Keep time (two measures).

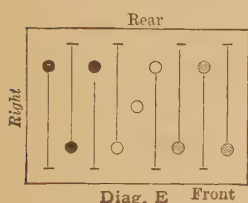
Group for picture, "Inquisitiveness." Girls in red in front, girls in white at center, and girls in blue at back and right side. If march time is used, hold picture four measures. If special music is arranged, hold until music is changed.

Group as in diagram D. Give poses, "The Coquette," and "Defiance." (In march time, each pose four measures.) In "The Coquette," the back is almost turned to audience. Gown is held to shoulder by the finger tips of hand nearest audience; face turned smilingly toward audience; other hand lifts gown by finger tips very slightly toward back. Without dropping the arms to sides, change from "The Coquette" to "Defiance." In "Defiance," arm toward audience is brought across back at waist

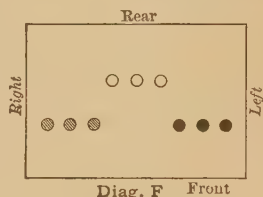
line; weight away from audience; arm away from audience clinched and brought very strongly to side; head drawn (but not turned) away from audience with an expression of "I defy you" on face.

Form line at center of stage, those in front of center marching backwards. Girls in red are on right, white in center, and blue on left. Center girl keeps time at center of stage; places her hands over her head, with palms turned out and touching top of head, and with elbows straight out from shoulders. Four girls on left move abreast diagonally to center of front of stage, and four on right move diagonally backwards to center of back of stage. Keep time (two measures). Girls separate, hold gowns out even with waist line, touch each other's hands. The two rows march to one in center and back again. With military turn, four in front face back of stage. The two rows march; the front to back of stage, and the rear to front of stage, passing each other as at diagram E. In passing, the hands are dropped to the sides.

The two rows march diagonally abreast to form a straight line at center. The



three in white march backwards until about centrally between center and rear of stage, while those in red and blue march forward until about centrally between center and front of stage. Girl in red and girl in blue nearest center move forward to front of stage. Count (one measure). Bow



very deeply to girls in white (one measure). Girls in white return the bow (one measure). Then the two girls in red and blue march to rear of stage. Keep time until the others have in the same manner repeated their bows and are at back of stage. Rest (one measure).

Group for posing, as shown in diagram F: Give poses, "Timidity," "Fear," and "Flight." Each pose four measures. In "Timidity," side of body is turned toward audience; hand on that side catches gown; arm is brought slightly from audience; first finger of other hand in mouth; face very bashful. For "Fear," draw head away from imaginary object at which one is frightened; weight on back foot and away from audience; arm nearest object brought to chest with palm straight down and fingers extended; other arm close to side; face expresses fear. In "Flight," slide the advanced foot almost to a kneeling position as the slide is made. Back knee should be bent and only the toe touch the floor. Body is slightly turned from audience. Right arm is straight out and almost parallel to right leg, and left arm is straight back almost parallel to left leg. All this should be done with one movement.

For next movement, count one measure for each part.

Part 1. Put all of the weight on left leg. Bring right foot over on the toe to opposite side, describing a semicircle. At the same time, place right hand with palms turned outward on right hip; hold skirt with left hand, and turn head to left.

Part 2. Bring right foot over on toe to right side. Hold skirt out in right hand, turn head towards right, and place left hand on left hip.

Part 3. Hold skirt out even with waist line with both hands and make a deep bow.

Part 4. Position.

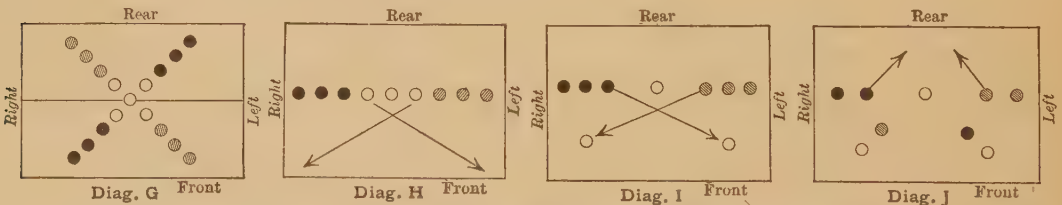
Repeat. Ditto with left foot and repeat.

Next follows a short series of sentiments, "Scorn," "Suspicion," "Fear," "Grief," and "Condemned." Each pose is held four measures. Scorn is expressed by turning body to right side, waist and head slightly farther toward back of stage than rest of body; and by forcibly throwing arm straight out from shoulders towards audience. In "Suspicion," the head is turned in direction of the imaginary object of which one is suspicious, but is drawn away from object; weight away



FLIGHT.

from object and away from audience; eyes and face express distrust; arm toward object is bent at elbow; hand brought near chest with palm down; other arm bent at elbow and hand and forearm slightly turned out at side; gown held in both hands. Imagine object to be suspicious and afraid of at right side. In "Fear," start back from object and bring gown closer to body. "Grief" brings hands to cover face, with gown in front of face and body; head lowered slightly; feet very close together, one in front of the other. In "Condemned," turn back to audience; kneel with hands clasped around knees; head very low.



Form in line at center of stage, those in front marching backwards. March backwards to rear of stage abreast. Fifth girl marches to center of stage. Others get in straight line with her, forming two oblique lines from center to rear of stage.

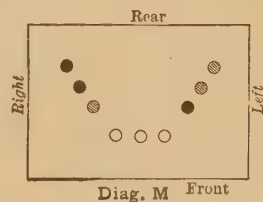
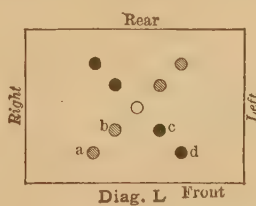
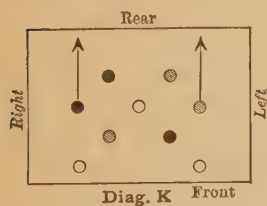
Hold skirts out even with waist line; touch hands. The two lines march toward each other, describing a circle twice. Whenever positions indicated by diagram G are reached, girls drop skirts to sides, rest, keep time (one measure). Bow very deeply (one measure).



DEVOTION.

Group for "The Intercessor;" girls in blue at right, girls in white at center, and girls in red at left. (Four measures.) In "The Intercessor," the center girl of each group is trying to become a peacemaker between the other two.

Group for "Devotion." Music should be arranged for this picture, as march time will not do. (We would suggest "Nearer, My God, to Thee.")



Form line at back of stage with red at right, blue left, and white center. March to center of stage. Bring hands to top of head with palms up and elbows straight out from shoulders. March as indicated by dotted lines in diagrams H, I, J, K, getting in position as at L. The girls then take side steps toward center girl and, with arms still to head, interlock. Girls in diagram L marked a, b, c, d, face opposite

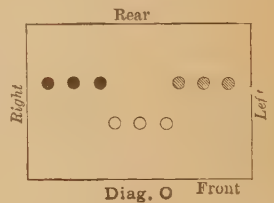
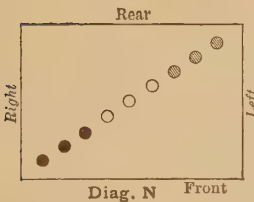
direction. March to describe a circle, stopping as at L. Girls now release each others' arms, but keep them to head. The three in white march to center of front of stage. Girls are now in position of diagram M. Girl in red on left crosses to right, interlocks with girl in white on right; while girl in blue on right interlocks with



GOSSIP.

girl in white on left. Girls in red and blue nearest front of stage march to front and interlock with red and blue, respectively. Last couple, ditto.

The line now marches diagonally backwards to form an oblique line across the stage, girl on right remaining in right corner front, while girl on left marches to left corner rear. Rest in position (one measure), as at diagram N. Line then moves diagonally backward until girl who was in right corner front is in right corner rear, so forming a line at back of stage. Release hands and bring arms to sides.



Group for "Gossip"; red at right, white at center, and blue at left. Hold picture four measures. Group for poses "Listening," and "Vanity," as shown in diagram O. In "Listening," body and head are inclined to right; right hand is brought up to about even with chin and about six inches from it; hand is curved; palm turned outward; gown is caught with finger tips; left hand to side and a little back; gown slightly lifted with finger tips; face turned with great intentness to right. For "Vanity," hands are brought to back of head; elbows are straight out from shoulders; head back and inclined a little to one side.

Groups bow, girls on right to girls on left, girls on left to girls on right, and girls in center to both.

Any little foot exercise or dance step may be taken to front of stage and then to position for next picture. Take position now for picture "The Dance." A graceful dance movement should be played for this picture, girls holding the position during first strain, and then swaying slightly as curtain falls. If preferred, "The Revels of the Muses" may be given in the same manner instead of "The Dance."

"ABIDE WITH ME."

(The reader should make selections of the parts to be sung from the following recitals. Snatches of music woven in with the recitation can be given with excellent effect.)

"**A**BIDE with me, fast falls the even-
tide,"

A simple maiden sang with art-
less feeling,

"The darkness deepens, Lord, with me
abide,"

While in her voice the tender accents
stealing,

Fell softly as the dying day,

From those sweet lips and died away.

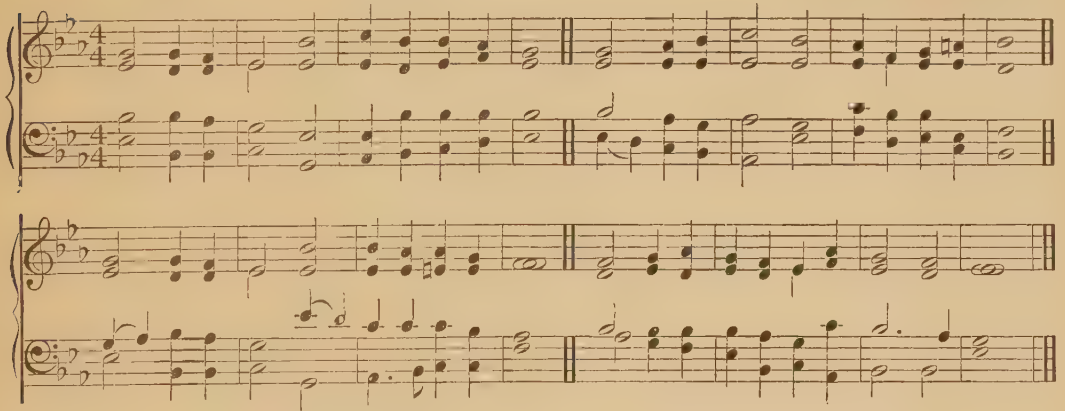
"The darkness deepens," slowly fell the
sound,

As if with plaintive grief the notes were
laden,

Yet not a sorrow had her bosom owned,
Nor ever sadness touched the lovely
maiden;

How could she sing "Abide with
me,"

Or know its hidden mystery?



"Abide with me," she could not know the
plea—

The utter consecration—in her dreaming;
Joy, like a bird, made life a melody,
And spring, its sun along her pathway
beaming,

Stirred her young heart with gentle
fires

And quickened her with sweet desires.

"The darkness deepens," and the years go
by,

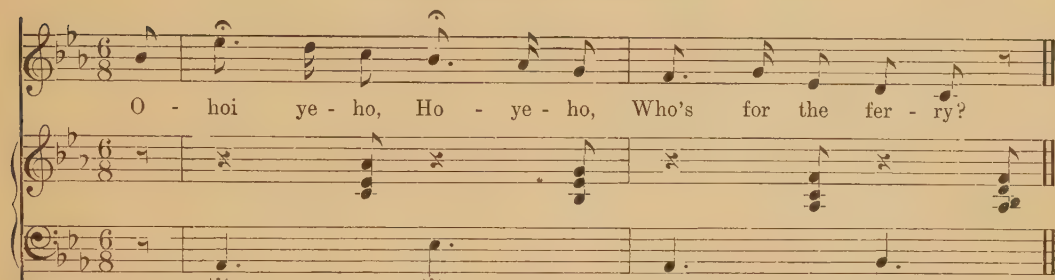
The maiden 'neath the shadows oft has
wandered;

Joy, like a bird, has left its nest to fly,
And bonds of love and happiness are
sundered;

Lo, all the friendliness of earth

Has taken wings, with joy and mirth.

TWICKENHAM FERRY.



O - hoi ye - ho, Ho - ye - ho, Who's for the fer - ry?

O HOI-YE-HO, HO-YE-HO, Who's
for the ferry?
The briars in bud, the sun going
down,

And I'll row ye so quick and I'll row ye
so steady,

And 'tis but a penny to Twickenham
Town.

The ferryman's slim and the ferryman's
young,

And he's just a soft twang in the turn
of his tongue,

And he's fresh as a pippin and brown as a
berry,

And 'tis but a penny to Twickenham
Town.

O hoi-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho.

O hoi-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, I'm for the
ferry,

The briars in bud, the sun going
down,

And it's late as it is, and I haven't a
penny,

And how shall I get me to Twickenham
Town?

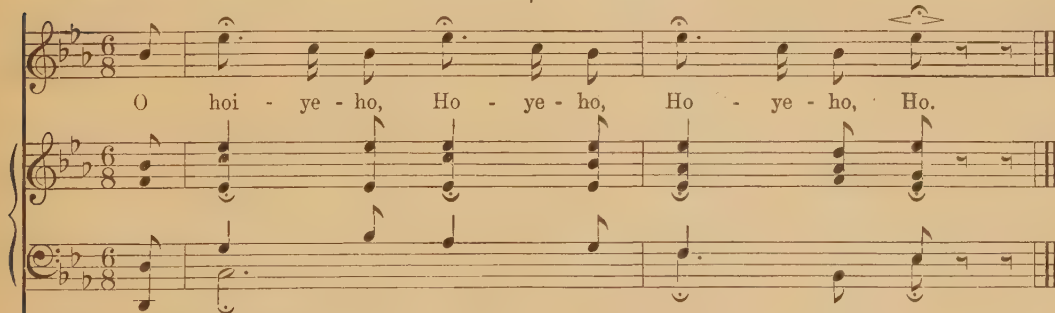
She'd a rose in her bonnet, and oh! she
looked sweet

As the little pink flower that grows in
the wheat,

With her cheeks like a rose and her lips
like a cherry,

"And sure and you're welcome to
Twickenham Town."

O hoi-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho.



O hoi - ye - ho, Ho - ye - ho, Ho - ye - ho, Ho.

O hoi-ye-ho, Ho, you're too late for the
ferry,

The briars in bud and the sun going
down,

And he's not rowing quick and he's not
rowing steady,

You'd think 'twas a journey to Twicken-
ham Town.

"O-hoi, and O-ho," you may call as you
will,

The moon is a-rising on Petersham Hill,
And with love like a rose in the stern of
the wherry,

There's danger in crossing to Twicken-
ham Town.

O hoi-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho.

CHILDREN'S PRAISE SONG.

(Air, Webb.—"The Morning Light is Breaking," etc.)

THUS came the welcome favor
 From the Creator's hand,
 Dispensing life and beauty,
 With joy to every land;
 The earth received the blessing,
 And, grateful to her King,
 Doth, each recurring season,
 Rich tribute to Him bring.

Then, let us now, most grateful,
 To the Creator raise
 Our hearts in adoration,
 In joyful words of praise;
 For thus, may all creation,
 In worship so divine,
 Unite in pure devotion,
 At Nature's holy shrine.

In grateful imitation,
 Of the Creator's hand,
 Let us extend the blessing
 In this, our favored land;
 On Arbor Day be willing
 To multiply the gift,
 While gentle rains distilling,
 Shall cause abundant thrift.

Thus, through the lapse of ages,
 The blessing shall extend,
 And earth's most beauteous pages
 Grow brighter to the end;
 While we with songs of gladness,
 Shall ever grateful raise,
 To the all-wise Creator,
 Our heartfelt words of praise.

—W. B. Downer.

ARBOR DAY MARCH.

(Air—"Marching Through Georgia.")

Note.—Children singing this selection could be provided with small flags to be waved during the singing of the words "Hurrah."

CELEBRATE the Arbor Day
 With march and song and cheer,
 For the season comes to us
 But once in ev'ry year;
 Should we not remember it
 And make the mem'ry dear—
 Memories sweet for this May day?

Chorus.

Hurrah! hurrah! the Arbor Day is
 here,
 Hurrah! hurrah! it gladdens ev'ry
 year;

So we plant a young tree on this blithe-
 some Arbor Day
 While we are singing for gladness.

Flow'rs are blooming all around—
 Are blooming on this day,
 And the trees with verdure clad,
 Welcome the month of May,
 Making earth a garden fair
 To hail the Arbor Day,
 Clothing all Nature with gladness.

(Chorus.)—Hurrah! hurrah! etc.

—Ellen Beauchamp,
 Baldwinsville, N. Y.

TABLEAUX.



(In presenting statuary, the drapery should be white, preferably some soft, clinging material; the hair, face and hands well powdered, and the body kept perfectly still. The picture is strengthened when the wall and floor are covered with black cloth. Lights should be low. Soft music adds greatly to the effect.)

U. S. PATRIOTIC TABLEAUX.

THERE are a large number of these which can be introduced before an audience in a pleasing and effective manner. To represent the events at the time of the Revolution, we suggest a group of the strong advocates of "Independence"—such men as Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, Patrick Henry, John Adams, etc.—dressed in colonial fashion, knickerbockers and powdered wigs, seated around a table on which is placed a large bell made of paper, marked "Liberty Bell." Near this the usual decorations of the day can be arranged, a flag with thirteen stars, etc.

2nd. Another tableau could represent the war of 1860. A very excellent impression could be made by reproducing the scene occurring between Grant and

Lee at the time of the latter's surrender at Appomattox Court House. In the arrangement remember that their meeting was courteous and kind, as became men who had both fought for a principle that was dearer than life.

3d. Any number of good tableaux could be made from various scenes that have been presented during the recent war of the U. S. with Spain. Perhaps one of the best scenes would be the condition of the suffering Cubans, which enlisted the sympathy of Americans. Another would be the victory at Santiago; and still another, and perhaps the best, would be the final evacuation of the Spaniards at Havana and the turning over of the island to the U. S. This would necessitate the use of the Spanish, Cuban and American colors.

CANADIAN PATRIOTIC TABLEAUX.

FOR Canada we suggest Queen Victoria at the time of her coronation.

Another twenty years later, seated majestically on her throne surrounded by her people. Another as she appeared at the Jubilee festivities. The costumes, crown, etc., would make of each a most effective scene.

2nd. Another good tableau is that of Sir John A. MacDonald surrounded by


Indians, with whom he was ever a favorite, all smoking the pipe of peace while Sir John himself tells a story.

3d. Another good scene is that of a habitant driving into town with sleigh and dogs, greeted by the residents of a French-Canadian village.

The above are offered as suggestions. There are many more in this line that can be produced with effect.

"CHARITY."

(Three Figures.)

 ONE full-grown girl stands with arms extended parallel to the floor, and a small child stands close to her on either side.

"FAITH."

(One Figure.)

A girl kneels with arms extended upward, palms raised.

"FRIENDS."

(Three Figures.)

Two well grown girls or boys "make a chair" by interlacing the hands, and a small child is seated on this improvised chair.

"READY FOR THE PARTY."

(Two Figures.)

One in full evening dress fastening a glove, the other back of first figure and a little to the side stands with a cape extended to place on the shoulders of first figure.

"THE TOILET."

(Four Figures.)

One girl seated and looking into a mirror held before her by a kneeling girl—another girl placing a flower in the hair of seated figure, the effect of which she is

looking into the mirror to see. Another girl holds a powder puff ready to dust the hair of the seated girl.

"THE THREE GRACES."

Three young ladies, one taller than the others, should constitute a group—the tallest should be the center figure. Faith should stand on the right, resting right arm on a cross. Hope should be placed on the left holding in left hand an anchor, arms intertwined and pose of all most graceful.

Cross and anchor may be made of wood, covered with white paper.

"DIANA."

Young girl in short white dress, long white stockings, open quiver filled with arrows thrown over the right shoulder. A bow in the left hand, and the right hand reaching back as though in the act of taking an arrow from the quiver. Pose agile.

Bow and arrows may be made of the same material as mentioned in the "Three Graces."

"SINGING LESSON."

(One man and any number of pupils.)

The man has a music stand before him on which is a sheet of music—a baton raised. The pupils are all watching the master and some should have the mouth slightly open as if singing.

HIAWATHA.

(Abridged.)

(The Story of Hiawatha told in verse and tableaux. Well adapted for
 "Poet's Day" entertainment.)

Directions.—Let one person recite the entire parts, standing on the stage in front of the curtain—stepping to the right each time a tableau is presented. In setting the tableau follow the poem carefully for expression and delineation.

Part. I.

"**A**S unto the bow the cord is,
 So unto the man is woman;
 Though she bends him, she
 obeys him,
 Though she draws him, yet she follows,
 Useless one without the other!"

Thus the youthful Hiawatha
 Said within himself and pondered,
 Much perplexed by various feelings,
 Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,
 Dreaming still of Minnehaha,
 Of the lovely Laughing Water,
 In the land of the Dacotahs.

"Wed a maiden of your people,"
 Warning said the old Nokomis;
 "Go not eastward, go not westward,
 For a stranger, whom we know not!"

"Bring not here an idle maiden,
 Bring not here a useless woman,
 Hands unskillful, feet unwilling;
 Bring a wife with nimble fingers,
 Heart and hand that move together,
 Feet that run on willing errands!"

Smiling answered Hiawatha:
 "In the land of the Dacotahs
 Lives the arrow-maker's daughter,
 Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
 Handsomest of all the women.
 I will bring her to your wigwam,
 She shall run upon your errands,
 Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,
 Be the sunlight of my people!"

Still dissuading said Nokomis:

"Bring not to my lodge a stranger
 From the land of the Dacotahs!
 Very fierce are the Dacotahs,
 Often is there war between us,
 There are feuds yet unforgotten,
 Wounds that ache and still may open!"

Laughing answered Hiawatha:

"For that reason, if no other,
 Would I wed the fair Dacotah,
 That our tribes might be united,
 That old feuds might be forgotten,
 And old wounds be healed forever!"

Thus departed Hiawatha
 To the land of the Dacotahs.

(Tableau No. I. Scene—A wigwam.
 Nokomis seated in doorway and Hiawatha standing near—both in Indian costume. Skins and guns and the usual paraphernalia strewn about.)

Part II.

HIAWATHA'S JOURNEY.

At the doorway of his wigwam
 Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,
 In the land of the Dacotahs,
 Making arrow-heads of jasper,
 Arrow-heads of chalcedony.
 At his side in all her beauty,
 Sat the lovely Minnehaha,
 Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,
 Plaiting mats of flags and rushes;
 Of the past the old man's thoughts were,
 And the maiden's of the future.

He was thinking as he sat there,
Thinking of the great war-parties,
How they came to buy his arrows,
Could not fight without his arrows.

She was thinking of a hunter,
From another tribe and country,
Young and tall and very handsome,
Who one morning in the springtime,
Came to buy her father's arrows,
Sat and rested in the wigwam,
Lingered long about the doorway,
Looking back as he departed.
She had heard her father praise him,
Praise his courage and his wisdom;
Would he come again for arrows
To the Falls of Minnehaha?

(Tableau 2. Scene—A wigwam, in the doorway of which sits the arrow-maker making arrow-heads. Near him sits Laughing Water plaiting mats. Both in Indian costume.)

Part III.

HIAWATHA'S WOOING.

At the feet of Laughing Water
Hiawatha laid his burden,
Threw the red deer from his shoulders;
And the maiden looked up at him,
Looked up from her mat of rushes,
Said with gentle look and accent,
"You are welcome, Hiawatha!"

Very spacious was the wigwam,
Made of deer-skin dressed and whitened,
With the gods of the Dacotahs
Drawn and painted on its curtains,
And so tall the doorway, hardly
Hiawatha stooped to enter,
Hardly touched his eagle-feathers
As he entered at the doorway.

Then uprose the Laughing Water,
From the ground fair Minnehaha,
Laid aside her mat unfinished,
Brought forth food and set before them,
Water brought them from the brooklet,
Gave them food in earthen vessels,
Gave them drink in bowls of bass-wood,
Listened while the guest was speaking,
Listened while her father answered,
But not once her lips she opened,
Not a single word she uttered.
Yes, as in a dream she listened
To the words of Hiawatha,

"After many years of warfare,
Many years of strife and bloodshed,
There is peace between the Ojibways
And the tribe of the Dacotahs:"
Thus continued Hiawatha,
And then added, speaking slowly,
"That this peace may last forever,
And our hands be clasped more closely,
And our hearts be more united,
Give me as my wife this maiden,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dacotah women?"

And the ancient Arrow-maker
Paused a moment ere he answered,
Smoked a little while in silence,
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,
Fondly looked at Laughing Water,
And made answer very gravely:
"Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!"

And the lovely Laughing Water
Seemed more lovely as she stood there,
Neither willing nor reluctant,
As she went to Hiawatha,
Softly took the seat beside him,
While she said, and blushed to say it,
"I will follow you, my husband!"

This was Hiawatha's wooing!
 Thus it was he won the daughter
 Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
 In the land of the Dacotahs.

(Tableau 3. For scene follow poem as given in Part III.)

Part IV.

HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE.

From the wigwam he departed,
 Leading with him Laughing Water;
 Hand in hand they went together,
 Through the woodland and the meadow,
 Left the old man standing lonely
 At the doorway of his wigwam,
 Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
 Calling to them from the distance,
 Crying to them from afar off,
 "Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker
 Turned again unto his labor,
 Sat down by his sunny doorway,
 Murmuring to himself, and saying:
 "Thus it is our daughters leave us,
 Those we love, and those who love us!
 Just when they have learned to help us,
 When we are old and lean upon them,
 Comes a youth with flaming feathers,
 With his flute of reeds, a stranger
 Wanders piping through the village,
 Beckons to the fairest maiden,
 And she follows where he leads her,
 Leaving all things for the stranger!"

(Tableau 4. The arrow-maker alone,
 watching the departure of Laughing
 Water.)

Part V.

HIAWATHA'S RETURN.

Pleasant was the journey homeward
 Through interminable forests,
 Over meadow, over mountain,
 Over river, hill, and hollow,

Short it seemed to Hiawatha,
 Though they journeyed very slowly,
 Though his pace he checked and slackened
 To the steps of Laughing Water.

Over wide and rushing rivers
 In his arms he bore the maiden;
 Light he thought her as a feather,
 As the plume upon his head-gear;
 Cleared the tangled pathway for her,
 Bent aside the swaying branches,
 Made at night a lodge of branches,
 And a bed with boughs of hemlock,
 And a fire before the doorway
 With the dry cones of the pine-tree.

All the traveling winds went with them
 O'er the meadow, through the forest;
 All the stars of night looked at them,
 Watched with sleepless eyes their slumber.

Pleasant was the journey homeward!
 All the birds sang loud and sweetly
 Songs of happiness and heart's ease;
 Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa,
 "Happy are you, Hiawatha,
 Having such a wife to love you!"
 Sang the robin, the Opechee,
 "Happy are you, Laughing Water,
 Having such a noble husband!"
 From the sky the sun benignant
 Looked upon them through the branches,
 Saying to them, "O my children,
 Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,
 Life is checkered shade and sunshine,
 Rule by love, O Hiawatha!"

From the sky the moon looked at them,
 Filled the lodge with mystic splendors,
 Whispered to them, "O my children,
 Day is restless, night is quiet,
 Man imperious, woman feeble;
 Half is mine, although I follow;
 Rule by patience, Laughing Water!"

Thus it was they journeyed homeward.
 Thus it was that Hiawatha
 To the lodge of old Nokomis
 Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight,
 Brought the sunshine of his people,
 Minnehaha, Laughing Water.

Handsomest of all the women
 In the land of the Dacotahs,
 In the land of handsome women.

(Final Tableau. The welcome home—
 Old Nokomis receiving the lovers.)

CONTENTMENT BETTER THAN RICHES.

(Suited to Sunday-school or school. When used at an entertainment, the boys should dress according to the characters they represent. Closing with tableaux representing the rich and poor as loving one another.)

Arthur Rich:

YOUR hat is too big for your head,
 Martin Lee,
 Your jacket is threadbare and old,
 There's a hole in your shoe and a patch on
 your knee,
 Yet you seem very cheerful and bold.

Martin Lee:

Why not, Arthur Rich? for my lesson I
 say,
 And my duty I try hard to do;
 I have plenty of work, I have time, too,
 to play,
 I have health, and my joys are not few.

Arthur Rich:

See my vest, Martin Lee, and my boots
 how they shine!
 My jacket, my trousers, all new!

Now, would you not like such a nice ring
 as mine?

Come, give me the answer that's true.

Martin Lee:

Such clothes, Arthur Rich, would become
 me, and please,
 But I'm content in the thought,
 Since my mother is poor, that I'd rather
 wear these
 Than make her work more than she
 ought.

Arthur Rich.

You are right, Martin Lee, and your way
 is the best;
 Your hat is now handsome to me;
 I look at the heart beating under your vest,
 And the patches no longer I see.





From Photograph by Morrison, Chicago

"ALIKE TO THOSE WE LOVE, AND THOSE WE HATE"

(See Poem, "Good-bye.")



"THEY DID NOT KNOW HOW HATE CAN BURN
IN HEARTS ONCE CHANGED FROM SOFT TO STERN"

SONGS.



A SONG PLEDGE.

T. M. T.

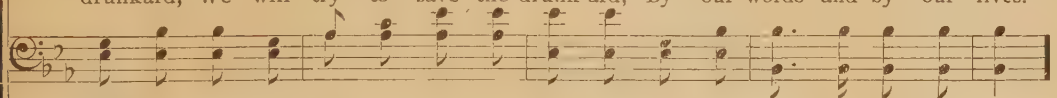
Arr. From the HUTCHINSONS.



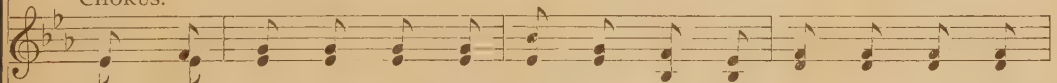
1. Here we meet as temp'rance chil - dren, Here we meet as temp'rance
 2. We will leave the leg - is - la - tion, We will leave the leg - is -
 3. We will work for "Home Pro - tec - tion," We will work for "Home Pro -
 4. We will try to save the drunk - ard, We will try to save the



chil - dren, Here we meet as temp'rance chil - dren, And we'll sing a - gain our pledge.
 la - tion, We will leave the leg - is - la - tion To the vot - ers of the land.
 tec - tion," We will work for "Home Pro - tec - tion," While we keep our temp'rance pledge.
 drunkard, We will try to save the drunk - ard, By our words and by our lives.



CHORUS.



Wine and ci - der, beer and bran - dy, Vil - est drink, we ne'er will



touch it, But for - ev - er we will fight it With our might and with our main!



IF WE COULD SAVE OUR FATHER.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. If we could save poor fa - ther, Could win him from his ways,..... 'Twould
2. Perhaps if we are pa - tient, And speak but words of love,..... He

bring new life to moth - er, And bright-en all our days. O fa - ther! fa - ther!
may re - sist this de - mon, And pray to God a - bove. So now let's pledge to -

ff f m Ad lib.

father! Why will he yield to drink! If we could on-ly turn him From ru-in's fear-ful brink!
gether To do whate'er we can, To help our tempted fath - er Be- come a so-ber man.

LIBERTY'S JUBILEE SONG.

Copyright 1898 by McPhail & Dekins.

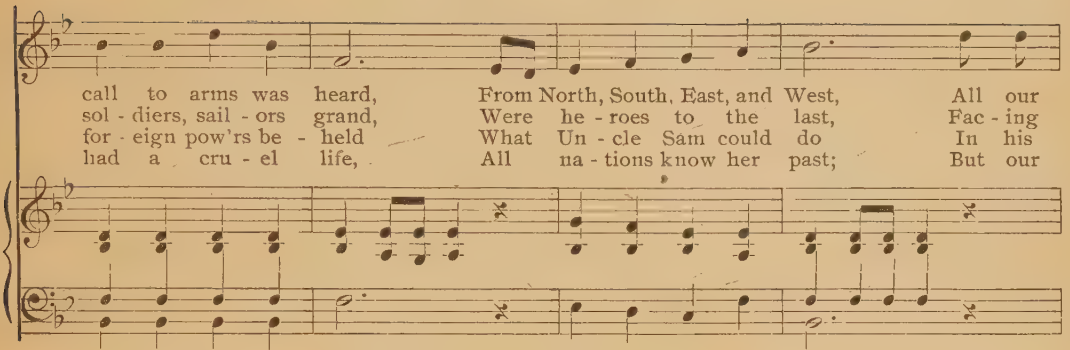
Words by S. T. DEKINS.

(By permission of the Author.)

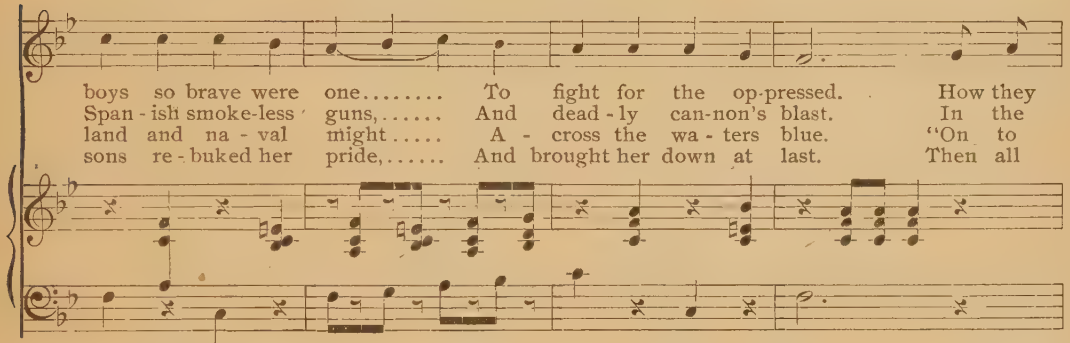
Music by JOHN McPHAIL.

March movement.

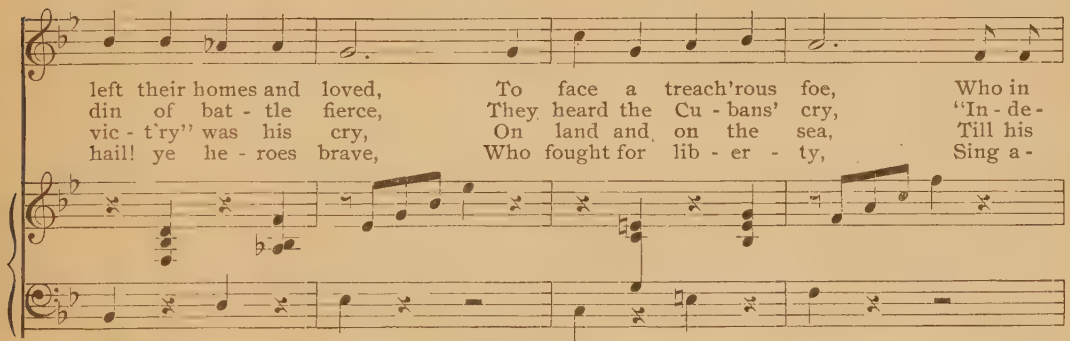
1. When the
2. All our
3. While the
4. Spain has



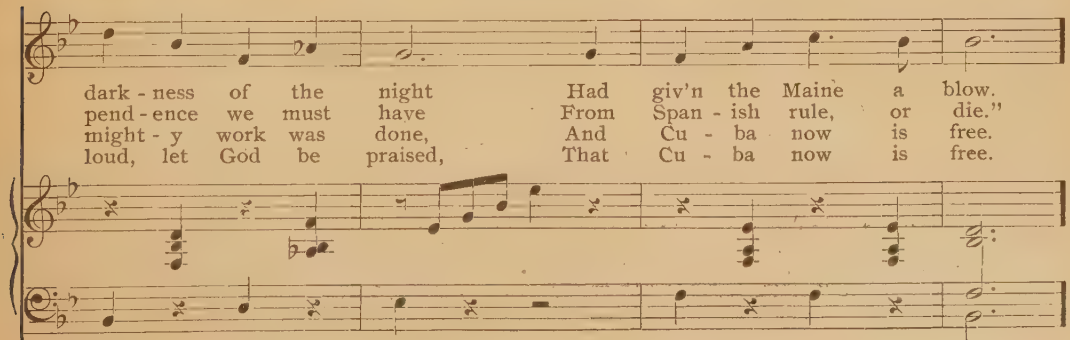
call to arms was heard, From North, South, East, and West, All our
sol - diers, sail - ors grand, Were he - roes to the last, Fac - ing
for - eign pow'rs be - held, What Un - cle Sam could do, In his
had a cru - el life, All na - tions know her past; But our



boys so brave were one..... To fight for the op-pressed. How they
Span - ish smoke-less guns,..... And dead - ly can-non's blast. In the
land and na - val might..... A - cross the wa - ters blue. "On to
sons re - buked her pride,..... And brought her down at last. Then all



left their homes and loved, To face a treach'rous foe, Who in
din of bat - tle fierce, They heard the Cu - bans' cry, "In - de -
vic - t'ry" was his cry, On land and on the sea, Till his
hail! ye he - roes brave, Who fought for lib - er - ty, Sing a -



dark - ness of the night Had giv'n the Maine a blow.
pend - ence we must have From Span - ish rule, or die."
might - y work was done, And Cu - ba now is free.
loud, let God be praised, That Cu - ba now is free.

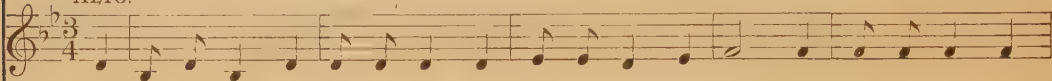
CHORUS.

SOPRANO.



A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! Sweet land of lib - er - ty; Thy peo - ple were u -

ALTO.



TENOR.

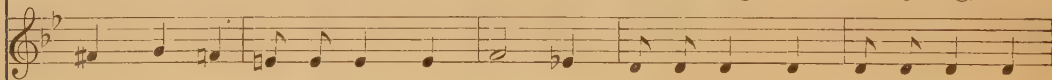


A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! Sweet land of lib - er - ty; Thy peo - ple were u -

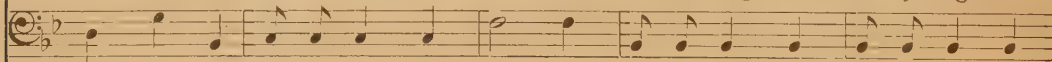
BASS.



ni - ted, And Cu - ba now is free! Un - furl the flag, the star - ry flag, Em -



ni - ted, And Cu - ba now is free! Un - furl the flag, the star - ry flag, Em -



blem of lib - er - ty, And let it wave in tri - umph O - ver land and

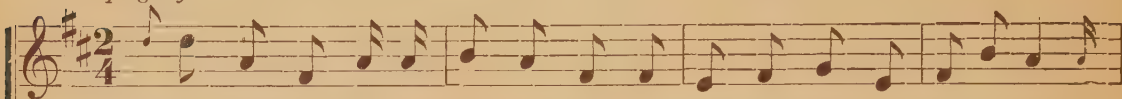
blem of lib - er - ty, And let it wave in tri - umph O - ver land and

The first system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top four staves are vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass) in G major, 4/4 time. The fifth staff is the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "blem of lib - er - ty, And let it wave in tri - umph O - ver land and". The system ends with a repeat sign.

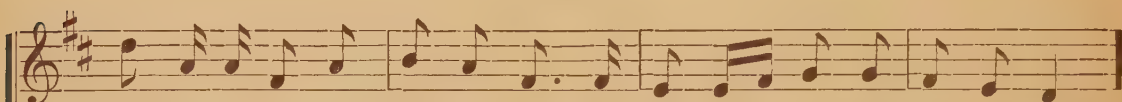
sea, O - ver land and sea.

sea, O - ver land and sea.

The second system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top four staves are vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass) in G major, 4/4 time. The fifth staff is the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "sea, O - ver land and sea." The system ends with a repeat sign. The piano accompaniment features a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand and a triplet of eighth notes in the left hand.

Sprightly. THE BIRDIES' BALL. (Spring.)

1. Spring once said to the night-in - gale, I mean to give you birds a ball;
2. Soon they came from each bush and tree, Sing - ing sweet-est songs of glee;
3. The wren and woodpecker danc'd for life, The raven waltz'd with the yellow bird's wife, The
4. The woodpecker came from his hole in the tree, And presented his bill to the com-pa-ny.
5. They danc'd all day till the sun was low, Then the mother birds all pre-pared to go, When



Pray, madam, ask the bird - ies all, The birds and bird-ies great and small;
 Soon they came from each co - sy nest, Each one dress'd in his Sun - day best;
 awkward owl and the bash-ful jay, Wish'd each oth - er a very fine day;
 Ber - ries ripe and cher-ries red, 'Twas a ver - y large bill the bird-ies said;
 one and all both great and small, Flew home to their nests from the birdies' ball;



Tra la la la la la, tra la la la la la, tra la la la la la, tra la la la la la,



Tra la la la la la, tra la la la la la, tra la la la la la la la la.



SPECIAL PROGRAMS.



ARRANGED FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS FROM SELECTIONS CONTAINED
IN THIS VOLUME.

THE question is often asked, why do we not have more literary and musical programs to brighten our social gatherings? The day has long gone by when people seem satisfied to spend a whole evening playing games or in gossip, so, for the benefit of those who are at a loss to know how to plan parlor as well as other entertainments, we suggest herewith a few which can be changed to suit the time and circumstances.

PROGRAM FOR PARLOR ENTERTAINMENT.

Music—Piano.....To be furnished by hostess
Remarks—(Constituting the "Word of Welcome," after which the host announces in an impromptu manner: "We will now be entertained by ——." etc, giving the name of each contributor as he or she is called upon.)

	PAGE.
Reading—"So was I." (Humorous)	203
Music—A quartette.	
Reading—"Consult Thy Wife." (A story with a moral).....	210
Music—Whistling solo.	
Reading—"Little Boy Blue" (Pathetic).....	179
Music—Violin, with Piano accompaniment.	
Reading—"What Would You Call It?" (Very effective when recited with dash)...	236
Longfellow Charade—This can be made simple or elaborate; one or many persons can take part in it. Select his favorite poems, acting one out at a time; for instance, "The Rainy Day." Dress in costume suggested by poem, etc.	
Music—Some old-fashioned song—"Way Down Upon the Suwanee River," or something of a like nature, which all may join in singing.	

REFRESHMENTS.

Coffee, sandwiches, salted almonds, and doughnuts.

(Served either in the dining-room or on small tables scattered through the parlors.)

At "coffee" throw off formality and spend a half-hour or so in a rollicking good time.

Close with the song, "We Won't Go Home till Morning."

PROGRAM FOR "PATRIOTIC" ENTERTAINMENT.



OF these occasions, that are many and varied, we herewith suggest one suitable for a Public Entertainment. The upper line is arranged to commemorate our recent war with Spain, the lower line suggests patriotic selections for Canada.

Music by the band—Medley of Patriotic Airs.

Music by the band { "America."
"The Maple Leaf Forever."

Prayer.

Song in Chorus... { "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."
"The Land for Me."

Original Oration.. { Eulogy on the Heroes of 1898.
Events that took place upon the heights at Queenstown.

PAGE.

Reading, with Musical Accompaniment—"The Catholic Psalm"..... 398
(Representing life upon the sea.)

Tableau—Patriotic { The United States Freeing Cuba..... 401
Sir John A. McDonald..... 401

Song in Chorus... { "The Star Spangled Banner."
"O Canada, Fair Canada."

Recitation { "It's Spanish, Quite Spanish, You Know" 75
"The Miller of Dee"..... 166

The National Flag Drill (with a medley of patriotic marches)..... 391
(Four girls and four boys in military costume.)

(Suitable for either the United States or Canada. Original, pleasing,
and catches every time.)

Recitation—"The Two Great Flags"..... 43
(Appropriate for United States, Canada, or England.)

Music in Chorus—"Red, White and Blue."

Benediction.

Music by the band { "Yankee Doodle."
"The Old Union Jack."

For the "birthdays" of our heroes, "Fourth of Julys," "Decoration Days," etc., the program should be varied according to circumstances. The author had all of these in mind when making up this book.

LABOR DAY PROGRAM.

WE are indebted to Paul J. Maas, editor of the Labor Département of the Chicago Times-Herald, for the following information and suggestions, which he has personally and most courteously furnished for the benefit of labor organizations over the world.

The agitation for a special holiday for the working men and women of this country began in 1882; the first celebration being held in New York City and Chicago in September of the same year.

At the fourth annual convention of the Federation of Organized Trades and Labor Unions of the United States and Canada (now the American Federation of Labor), held in Chicago in October, 1884, the following resolution was presented and adopted:

“Resolved: That the first Monday in September of each year be set apart as a laborers’ national holiday, and that we recommend its observance by all wage-workers, irrespective of sex, calling, or nationality.”

Congress passed the law June 28, 1894, making Labor Day a legal holiday.

PROGRAM OF EXERCISES.

Music by the band.

Parade, consisting of the membership of the different organizations, through the principal streets, in which the flags and banners of the nation and unions are carried to some centrally-located picnic ground.

Basket dinner.

Music—“America.”

PAGE.

Reading—“Keep It before the People”..... 331

Music by the band.

Address, by some well-known labor man, dwelling on the day, its significance, the wants, aims, and needs of the toiler, benefits of organization, etc.

Music—Quartette.

Address, by a man in public life, risen from the ranks of labor. Subject, the laws enacted to benefit labor, proposed laws, the judiciary and its interpretation of such laws; counsels moderation in demands for better wages, conditions, etc., thus creating a more friendly feeling and intercourse between employer and employé.

(Note.—This program can be shortened or lengthened to suit occasion. Recitations by the young people and children can be added with much effect. This book contains many most appropriate ones.)

Dancing and various sports usual to an outdoor picnic next in order.

PROGRAM FOR "OLD SETTLERS'" ENTERTAINMENT.

Song (in which all join)—"Should Old Acquaintance Be Forgot?"

Opening Address—By a prominent old settler, giving a review of the important changes which have taken place affecting the interest of those present.

	PAGE.
Reading—"The Barefoot Boy"	147
(Suitable for lady or gentleman.)	
Reminiscences—"An Old-Time Quilting Bee," by Mrs. ———.	
Recitation—"Whistling in Heaven." (Realistic)	138
Reminiscences—"An Old-Time Husking Bée," by Mr. ———.	
Music—Quartette.	
Reading—"Putting up the Stove." (Humorous)	216
(To be recited by a lady who is a good mimic.)	
Old-Fashioned Song—By "Uncle" John and "Aunt" Polly (in old-time costume).	
Recitation—"Saving Mother"	181
(Splendid when well recited, impressing a lesson not soon to be forgotten.)	
"Laughable Incidents in My Early Life in This Community," by a jolly old settler.	
Recitation—"Two Little Shoes." (Pathetic)	201
Music.	
Informal Talk—"How We Built Our First Church," by an old settler.	
Recitation—"Me an' Pap an' Mother"	199
(Suited to a boy of fifteen.)	
Music.	
Reading—"Fire in the Woods; or, The Old Settler's Story"	177
Tableau—"An Old-Time Wedding."	
Music—"Auld Lang Syne."	

NOTE—At the close of the song, hand-shaking should take place and then should follow a dinner such as only old settlers' wives can prepare.

PROGRAM FOR ARBOR DAY.

ARBOR DAY was designed primarily to draw the attention of the people to the great waste of timber in this country and to propose a remedy by replanting of trees. Nearly all the states and many of the territories now observe one day in the year as Arbor Day—a day for the planting of trees. To Nebraska belongs the distinction of inaugurating this observance. A program may be varied as taste, circumstances and opportunities permit. For the school we suggest the following:

	PAGE.
Devotional Exercises—Reading of Scripture.....	375
Music—Children's Praise Song	410
Reading—The Law Establishing Arbor Day.	
Dialogue—"A Grove of Historic Trees." (For eleven pupils).....	354
Declamation—"Woodman, Spare That Tree."	
Song.	
Address—Subject: "How to Beautify Our School Grounds and Our Homes."	
Short Essays—Subjects for different pupils: "My Favorite Tree Is the Elm," and give reasons; "The Oak," "The Beech," "The Maple," "The Ash," etc.	
Class Exercise—Arbor Day Recitations.....	386
Song.	
Organization of local "Shade Tree Planting Association" (for the purpose of seeing that trees are watered and cared for).	
Concert Exercise—"Choosing a Tree	378
Arbor Day March. (Pupils now march to the tree.)	

PROGRAM AT THE TREE.

Arriving at the place designated for the planting of the tree, everything should be found in readiness by previous preparation. The tree should be dedicated to some particular person, and tied to it, painted on wood, should be the name of the person to whom it is dedicated.

	PAGE.
1st. Place the tree carefully in position.	
2d. Song—"Plant the Trees, Children".....	401
3d. A statement by the teacher or some guest concerning the person to whom the tree is dedicated.	
4th. Quotations from the writings of the person thus honored.	
5th. Let as many pupils as practicable throw a spadeful of earth around the tree.	
6th. Song—"America." (When impossible to plant trees, shrubs, vines or flowers may be substituted.)	

SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENTS.

MAKE the old stage home-like, with a rug, a flag, a handsome lamp, table, etc. The harmony of color, the breaking of the every-day outlines, lends an enthusiasm to the children and a pleasure to the audience that is half the battle. Tack small branches of evergreen across the platform's edge. Twisted flagging by the yard is not expensive, and very appropriate for Thanksgiving, the birthdays of our heroes and poets, Decoration Day, and all the other glorious holidays. The effect is worth your while, and the boys and girls will grow thoughtful and even artistic as they help in the arrangement.

PROGRAM FOR THANKSGIVING DAY.


Music—Song by the School	{ “America.” “O Canada, Fair Canada.”	PAGE.
Concert Reading—The Twenty-third Psalm, “The Lord Is My Shepherd.”		
Arranged for five little boys or girls after the manner suggested on.....		279
Music—Quartette of Little Folks; Chorus by School.		
A Boy's Lecture.....		280
Recitation—“We Thank Thee”.....		119
Declamation—“Thanksgiving at Grandma's”.....		112
Song—“The Red, White and Blue.” (Let each pupil wear a red, white and blue cap made as follows: White cardboard for the band, red cotton flannel for soft crown, with a tassel of blue at top. Each pupil should carry in his right hand a small paper flag. To make same, use tissue paper of several thicknesses, cut in strips and fastened to a short stick wound about with the same color. When singing the chorus, raise the flag and wave it over the head, keeping time with the music. This produces a rustling sound very novel and taking.)		
Reading by the Teacher—“A Child's Dream of a Star”.....		191
Recitation—“The First Thanksgiving Day”.....		111
Declamation—“Give Thanks for What?”.....		116
Music by the School.		
Patriotic Drill—with posing (musical accompaniment).....		391
(For nine girls dressed in empire gowns, three red, three white and three blue.)		
Dialogue—“The Best of All”.....		108
(A Thanksgiving exercise for six people.)		
Music by the School—“We Thank Thee, Our Father.”		

PROGRAM FOR "TEMPERANCE ENTERTAINMENT."

	PAGE.
Prayer by the Rev. Dr. ———.	
Music—Quartette. "O Father, Dear Father, Come Home with Me Now."	
Address by the Sunday-School Superintendent or any good speaker who is interested in temperance. He should in a few well-chosen words speak of the curse of intemperance, and close by saying: "This occasion is for the double purpose of entertaining the company and impressing temperance lessons upon the young."	
Reading—"Closed for Invoice." (Stage scenery and costume as described)....	256
Music—Solo. "Oh, Ask Me Not to Sip the Wine."	
Informal talk by a business man—"Evils of Intemperance as I Have Seen Them."	
Recitation—"I'll Sign the Pledge To-night." (For a boy of 8 to 14 years)	254
Music—Male Quartette.	
Recitation—"What the Temperance Cause Has Done for John and Me." (Very effective when recited in costume suggested by the poem, and with gestures as indicated).....	261
Music—Vocal Duet.	
Dialogue—"The Way of the World." (A temperance play in which five characters take part, showing how a happy home is ruined by an innocent game of billiards)	389
Recitation—"Good-night, Papa." (Prose. Very pathetic. Oftentimes a deep sorrow is the only means of reclaiming one from the road to ruin)	266
Oration—"A Glass of Cold Water." (A stirring temperance speech with gestures).....	257
Music—A Chorus of Voices.—"If We Could Save Our Father.".....	420
Tableau—	
SCENE I.—A Wedding Feast. (Let as many guests as possible take part, either seated at the table or standing. As the wine—cold tea—is passed, let each one participate.)	
SCENE II.—Saloon on one side of the stage, a deserted home on the other. (Represent the young husband as drinking at the bar, the young wife bending over a cradle, the surroundings indicating poverty.)	
SCENE III.—"The Guarding Angel." (Husband in a drunken sleep by the wayside. Angel watching at a distance.)	
SCENE IV.—The Home. (Father comes in late at night, a three-year-old child caresses him, saying: "Poor papa, poor mamma," at which the father replies: "God helping me, I'll drink no more.")	
SCENE V.—A Happy Family. (The husband reclaimed.)	
Song by Audience—"Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?"	

SPECIAL PROGRAMS.

CHURCH ENTERTAINMENTS.

 F these there are many kinds. Those in which children and young people take the most active part are Christmas, Easter, Children's Day, Junior Christian Endeavor, Epworth League, The Band of Hope, Daughters of the King, etc. These entertainments may vary in style and form as time and circumstances permit.

For a Christmas Entertainment the usual Christmas tree has so often been exhibited that we suggest the following, simply as a change. The program given below is calculated to instruct and at the same time to inspire merriment.

DIRECTIONS.

Take from one to three tall evergreen trees, turning them bottom side up, and with a rope and pulley attachment raise them to the ceiling, the tallest one in the center. These, when trimmed with electric lights, wax tapers and presents, give a most novel and beautiful effect. Under the center tree place a table, covered with a white cloth reaching two-thirds to the floor; decorate with wreaths, festoons and flowers. Santa Claus should be seated on one side of the table and Mrs. Santa Claus on the other.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

A small boy, padded and attired in the traditional costume of Santa Claus, should personate that mythical individual. The more ungainly and awkward he appears, the better. It might be an addition to use a mask with a comical expression.

Mrs. Santa Claus should be represented by a tall man, dressed as a woman. The dress should be outlandishly old-fashioned, and trimmed with white wadding and sprigs of holly.

Each performer as he steps upon the stage should bow first to Mr. and then to Mrs. Santa Claus. They in a characteristic manner should respond. If the parts are well acted by Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus, the stiff formality that often characterizes a Christmas festival is entirely gone.

PROGRAM.

	PAGE.
Music—Anthem.	
Scripture Reading—The Birth of Christ (Matthew, chap. ii). By class of boys in concert, alternating with the teacher.	
Music—Quartette.	
Class Exercise—"Let the Angels Ring the Bells." (By a Sunday-school teacher and class of girls).....	101
Declamation—"The Things I Want." (By a small boy)	102
Music by the School—"Christmas Bells."	
Recitation—"Christmas Day Has Come at Last"	97
Dialogue—"The Large-Hearted Little Ones." (For four little girls and four little boys, holding presents in their hands)	377
Reading—"The Kingdom of Heaven." (For a young lady).....	284
Music—Male Quartette.	
Recitation—"Christmas." (Costume of a ragged urchin)	240
Class Exercise—"The Months of the Year." (For twelve children in costume suited to the season in which the months come)	368
Reading—"Christmas Bells." (In costume as represented on page)	92
Dialogue—"Contentment Better than Riches." (With tableau).....	416
Reading, with a Musical Accompaniment—"Abide with Me".....	407
Closing Address by a Boy	328
Music.	
Distribution of Presents by Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus.	
Tableau—"Good-Night," or Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus' Departure.	

